THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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FEB. 10, 1917

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More Than
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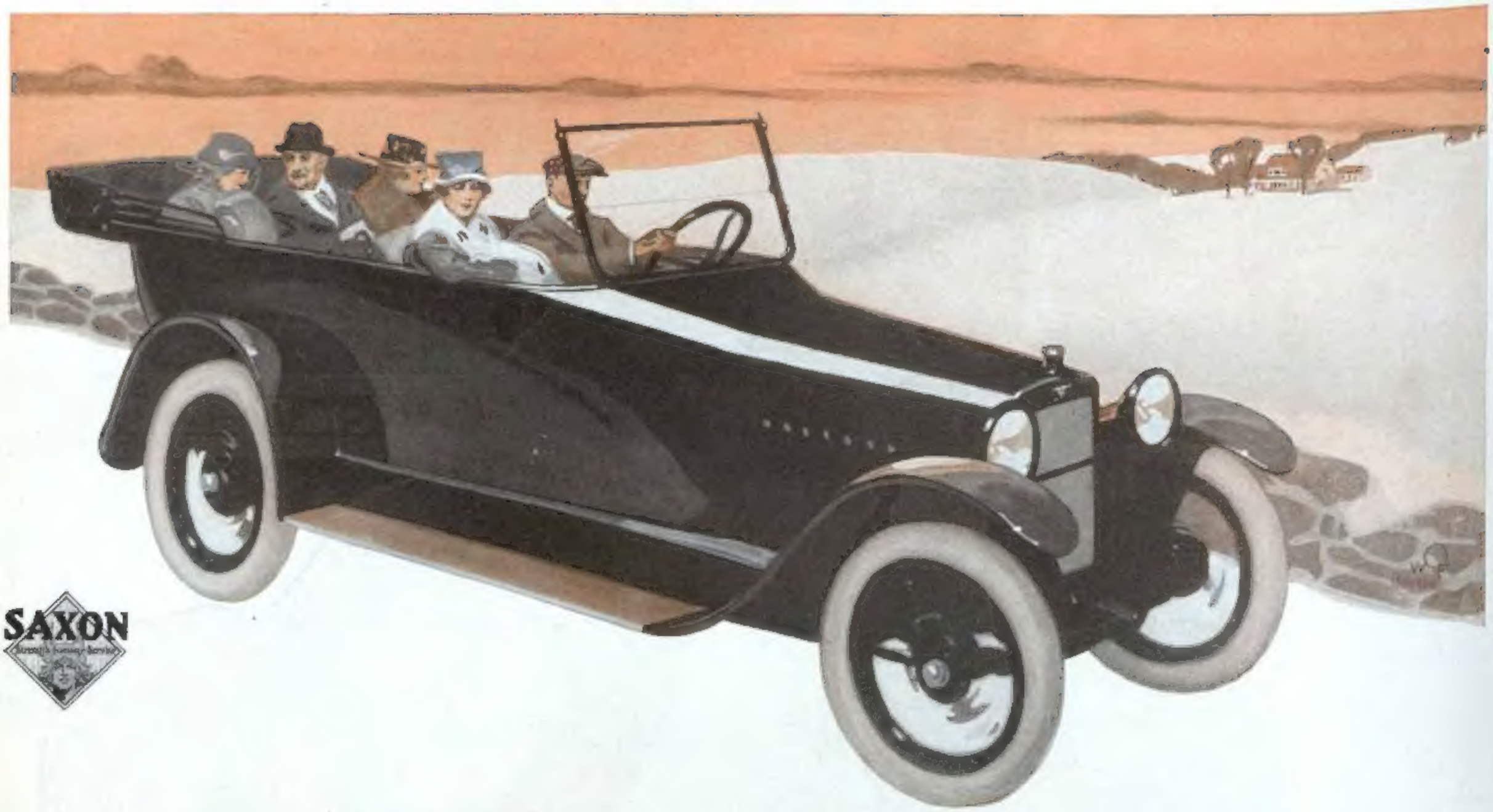
Beginning

THE HOUSE OF CRAIGENSIDE—By Richard Matthews Hallet



SAXON

A Car Whose Quality Lifts It Above the Level of Its Price

Since the early days of the automobile industry people have been accustomed to class cars by price.

Rightly or wrongly, they have mainly clung to the belief that cars of nearly equal cost closely compared in quality, too.

It is as true today as ever.

Save in one case. And this is the exception that proves the rule.

Though priced at less than $1000 Saxon "Six" has forced—actually compelled—people to think of it in the terms of costly cars.

Such a situation is unprecedented.

No other car we know of has ever accomplished this feat.

Can **you** think of any car in any other price class whose superiority is as distinct and pronounced as that of Saxon "Six" among cars costing less than $1200?

The answer of course is in the motor—the famous Saxon "Six" high-speed motor.

Its performance today is probably as nearly perfect as has ever been attained.

In high-gear work, in pulling power, in smoothness, in flexibility, Saxon "Six" gives a performance that seems incredible in a car from the less-than-$1200 class.

If you search for specific reasons for this superiority of Saxon "Six" you can find them most quickly through comparison with other cars of like price.

Consider if you will a certain car of "less-than-six-cylinders" of similar price and good reputation.

At a speed of twenty miles per hour this "less-than-six" under test developed 1512.73 power impulses per minute.

Saxon "Six" showed 2993.925 impulses per minute.

Or, under the same working conditions the Saxon "Six" motor showed nearly 98% greater continuity—greater smoothness—greater uniformity of torque.

It is quickly apparent that the "less-than-six" motor leaves much to be desired.

For the less the number of impulses per minute the less smooth is the power-flow and the greater is the vibration.

And vibration induces friction which is, as of course you know, the fiercest foe a motor car has to face.

Now you will see just how much advantage accrues from the 98% smoother power-flow of Saxon "Six."

This well-known car of less-than-six-cylinders previously mentioned, in repeated trials required 30 seconds to reach a 45 miles per hour speed from a stock-still stand.

Under the same conditions Saxon "Six" time and again duplicated this feat in 23 seconds.

This shows 22% faster pick-up in favor of Saxon "Six."

A hill-climb test illustrates what this smoother power-flow means in developing greater pulling power.

This "less-than-six"—shifting gears once—climbed a mile-long hill in 2 minutes flat.

Saxon "Six"—without shifting gears—did it in 1 minute and 2 seconds.

These instances are not cited as extraordinary performances of Saxon "Six." Nor are you to view them as such. For they are not.

Rather are they representative of the **type of performance** Saxon "Six" gives.

And they picture, with fairness we believe, the inherent superiority of Saxon "Six" over any other at less than $1200.

Saxon "Six" is $865; "Six" Sedan, $1250; "Four" Roadster, $495; f. o. b. Detroit. Canadian prices: "Six" Touring car, $1175; "Six" Sedan, $1675; "Four" Roadster, $665. (734)

SAXON "SIX"

A BIG TOURING CAR FOR FIVE PEOPLE

SAXON MOTOR CAR CORPORATION, DETROIT

The illustration shows "Tarvia-X" being applied under pressure on the wearing course—at this step the road is about half constructed. The view in the circle is the finished road. Note that the speeding auto leaves no trail of dust.

Finished Roadway at Green Lake, Wis. Constructed with "Tarvia-X," penetration method, in 1913. Note smooth, dustless surface.

Has *Your* Community a Good Roads Program?

MOST municipal engineers in the large centers have what they call a "Road Program"; that is, the plan for all the streets and roadways within their jurisdiction covering from three to five years or more in the future.

In the smaller cities and towns such a paving program is occasionally prepared by outside consulting experts.

They come in and make scientific studies of the traffic on various streets—the grades, the kind of materials that are available, etc.

Then they lay out a complete scheme calculated to keep the road department working for many years ahead towards a well-defined objective of a perfectly-paved town.

More frequently, however, no program is followed and roads are built and maintained by rather loose and costly methods.

Every town, no matter how small, ought to have a definite road program.

Every county ought also to have one.

Roads should not be built in a patch-work, haphazard fashion, for the only result of such a policy is stretches of good roads interspersed with stretches of bad roads.

As a chain is no stronger than its weakest link, so a road is only as passable as its poorest parts.

Therefore, alternating *good* and *bad* roads are a costly abomination to all who travel over them and all who pay taxes for their construction and maintenance.

Our Service Department has persuaded many towns to work out a systematic road policy; because we have been able to demonstrate that great sums of money can be saved by so doing.

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Tarvia roads are not only low in their first cost, but exceedingly low in maintenance cost.

Once a town or city adopts the policy of building Tarvia roads it rarely goes backward, but the mileage is increased from year to year.

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THE HOUSE OF CRAIGENSIDE

By Richard Matthews Hallet

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

Behind the Rusty Pendulum Was a Little Pug-Nosed Idol of Green Jade

THE house of the Craigensides had loneliness and terror written plain on its pillared front—for it is certain that houses, whether by chance or of design, do convey something of the mysteries of human expression. It was a solid, four-square house, flanked by funereal cedars, and bearing on its roof and within its pediment a quantity of ship's scrollwork. The pediment itself was supported by six marvelous fluted pillars with ornamented capitals; and in front of each of these pillars crouched a teakwood dragon, with mouth wide open and battered wings half raised. These were the spoils of one of Jared Craigenside's last adventures in the East; and they formed a guard very suitable for a house of that tradition.

The ground in front of the house had been graded into terraces, which descended to the river's bank, and were connected by short flights of stone steps, worn monoliths which the action of frosts had cracked and upheaved from mossy beds.

The house sat fairly on the shoulder of a grassy dune, with Hodder's River flowing past on one side and the sea encroaching on the other. Thus the view everywhere was of water and sand, and more water and more sand. The sand appeared to copy the action of the water, as if the same sad devils of unrest had prompted it, and so it took the shape of ribs and ripples where the water teased it into animation, and farther inland reared up in sharp, white, sphinx-like mounds, whose crests and curves reflected with strange faithfulness the lineaments of the winds which fled across them. Made up of material blown about and sorted by the wind, those glittering Æolian drifts were never constant, and so the coast could never establish itself in equilibrium with their activities.

The prevailing winds in Dockport blew, at the time of which I write, parallel to the coast, northwest and southeast; and in consequence the dunes were high and numerous, tossing surge on surge, until they were shattered and cast down by the flanks of the great sea cliffs which extended to the east of Dockport.

The dunes were desolate; but they were not less beautiful than desolate. They were adapted, both in their forms and in the spirit which seemed to animate them, to reciprocate the eternal vicissitudes of the sea. They absorbed color as a sponge takes water, and the least change in atmospheric conditions meant an altering of their visual significance. They most usually exhibited a long, wind-wrought curve bearing from southeast to northwest, and on their northwest side were as steep as sand will lie. Along those curves, with their swordlike edges, the sand devils danced their whirling dances, and invisible wind sculptors produced momentary effects of whimsical genius, effects as strange as fleeting.

I speak thus particularly of the dunes because I can never think of the house of the Craigensides except in its connection with them. If the dunes might be said to reciprocate the prowling spirit of the seas, then the house no less reflected the solitary arbitrament of the dunes, which alone might read the dark riddle of its destiny. As the wilderness, however often driven back, creeps up on the cabin of the pioneer, so the dunes encroached on that house of doubtful omen. They allied themselves with the winds to form sand blasts which poured against the hand-carved seraphim on the roof and rendered the expressions on those wooden faces indecipherable. In tiny grains and invincible atoms the sand sifted in upon those sunken floors. It was hurled through cracks in the splintered paneling of the great front door, and found a resting place in the folds of Oriental stuffs which hung within. It rattled into the maw of the huge fireplace in the sitting room, fled into the wide mouths of two old brass-mounted dueling pistols which lay crossed on the mantelpiece, and was prevented from insinuating itself between the window sashes only by means of huge rolls of red cloth stuffed with sand and laid close to the panes.

"It takes sand to fight sand," Mercy Cobb said gloomily to me one day with a glance out of the window at the menacing dunes. "They are coming to snatch at my old body," she would add in lower tones, "like ravening hounds, but I'll defeat 'em of it yet. Not that it makes a difference to me where men lay my old bones when I am done with them—and the Lord have mercy on my soul that day—but I vow I have sat here so long looking at them that I have an appetite against them, as some people have an appetite against onions."

She sat then, as almost always, in a great rocking chair with a wide horsehair back. She was a stern little old lady with an implacable nose and sallow features. She dressed always in some stiff black material that shimmered, that crackled. She was an old lady cramped into a beetle's case. On her head she wore a flat black ribbon fashioned into a knot exactly square. Like the lady in a hideous old crayon portrait which hung yellowing in the hall, she wore on her withered lip a slight but perfectly defined black mustache.

"They will cover the tomb in time," she said, returning her piercing old eye to the blazing rounds of birch laid across the firedogs. "And Amos would have wished it so."

She had reference to the family vault of the Craigensides, which had been built into a rock ledge at the edge of the dunes. She herself was not a Craigenside, "nor any part of them," she might have said, but her affair with Amos had all but made her so.

Years before, in company with two sisters, she had undertaken the task of keeping house for Amos Craigenside, then a rising shipbuilder and navigator. It was about a year after the death of his first wife that the unscrupulous old seaman had hit upon this dodge of importing three maiden ladies to keep his house in order, and to compete in ministering to his comfort when he was home from foreign voyages. It was a complete success, from the point of view of Craigenside. He did not have to lift a hand. They read his wants before he could so much as utter them, with the mysterious divining power which only such female slaves acquire or possess.

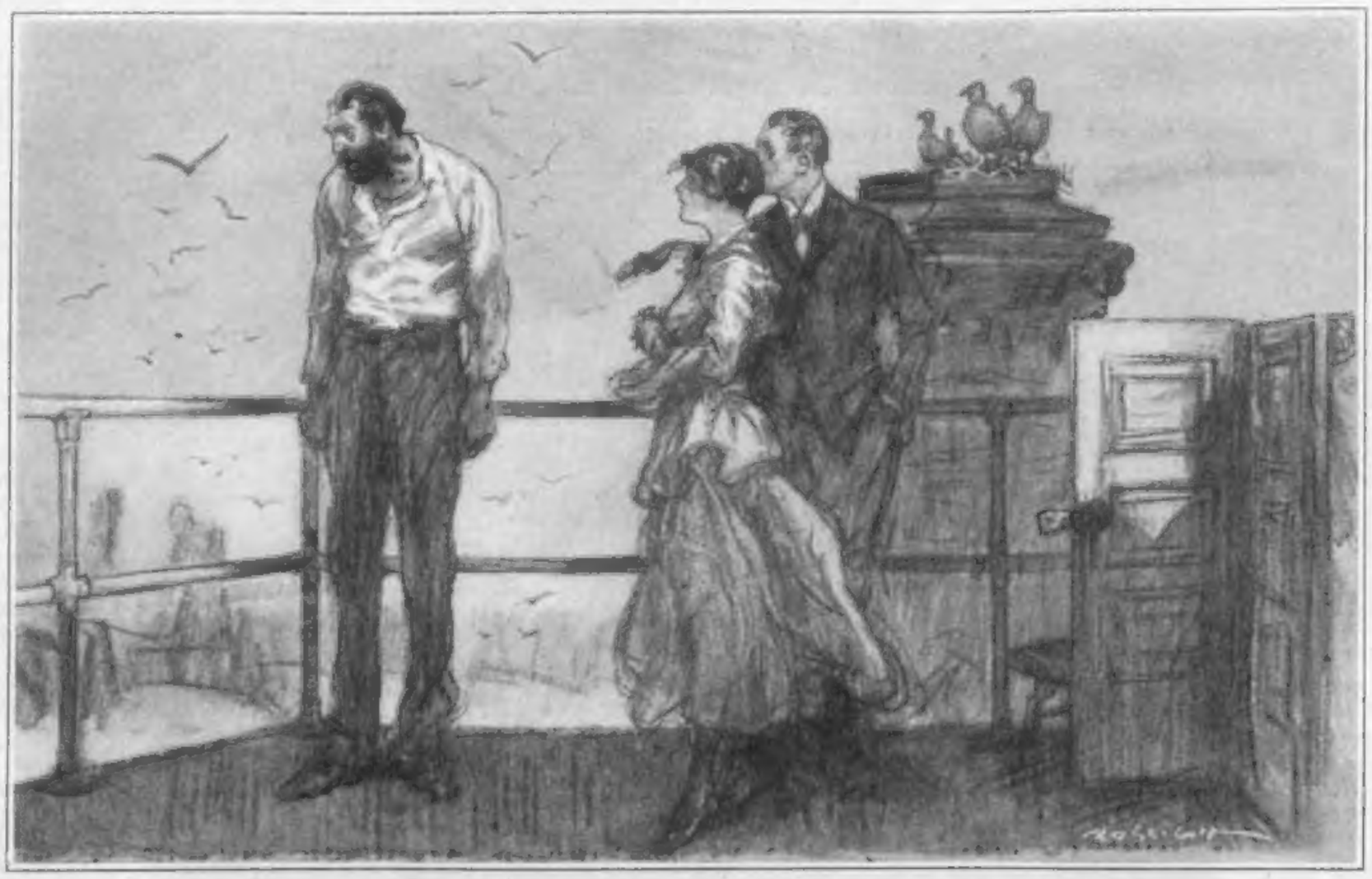
After some years one of the two sisters died; but at once on her decease the other two pitched in, as the expression is, competing with twice their former energy and now with redoubled hope and rivalry. And so the old pirate was hardly less well served than before. By this time it must have been understood between the three of them that the

survivor of the two servitors who were working their fingers to the bone in his behalf might in time aspire to privileges beyond those of mere housekeeper and drudge. But when, in the fullness of time, Mercy had a clear field, it availed her nothing. Her employer had treasured up for her no tenderer affection than he was prepared to lavish upon the brazen mermaid which served as a knocker on the front door, and went away very shortly upon another foreign voyage.

II

MERCY COBB had the reputation in the village of a Tartar. "She's a Tartar" were words often on the lips of citizens of Dockport. And strangely enough, though no one thereabouts had ever seen a Tartar, no one was at all in doubt as to what the main characteristics of Tartars were. Mercy was looked upon with that species of awe usually reserved for mild-eyed old seamen who have a name for having been in their day among the most intractable despots of the sea. "She's a bad one to cross," people muttered. "She knows more than she will say" was another utterance dropped with a slanderous intent.

She was certainly a mysterious and awesome old lady. On windy days I used to find her in the kitchen, her legs thrust in at the oven door and her rusty black skirts hanging down like a harpy's wings. Her invariable query then was, "Where's the wind?" with a pious hope thrown in that it had hauled round into a quarter more favorable to her "cold old bones." She was a seagoer herself, and my innocent unconcern as to the prevailing wind evoked in her a slight contempt. She had with her as a constant companion a cane, made out of the vertebræ of a small shark, wired together, and equipped with a handle in the shape of a pair of jaws filched from an enormous albatross.



Why Should Ruel Craigenside Stand With a Slack Jaw and Glazed Eyes at the Mere Flashing of a Lens?

It was not, however, my interest in the Tartar which drew me time and again to the house of the Craigensides, to the neglect of my duties as special officer at Silver Glade. There was a girl in that establishment—Jane, the granddaughter of Amos—who had caught my fancy from the first. I fairly lost my head over Jane. I chose any pretext and any hour to absent myself from the amusement park, where I belonged, and went ostensibly to sit at the old lady's feet and drink her tea, actually to cast sheep's eyes at Mistress Jane. She had very beautiful dark eyes, it is certain. The head was a noble one from which these eyes looked out; the lips full and red, the chin delicately square; but it was a face whose whole implication could be changed in an eyewink, a certain shadow of melancholy then being lost in a blaze of unexpected light, a certain laxness within giving place to an impetuous fire.

Her father was dead, but she had lived her early life on his ships, and she held herself like a sailor. Her movements exhibited a sinuous ease, with more than a hint of that unobtrusive power in the limbs which, from long training, can leap forth in a flash, like a slavish imp, and fall back again, its residence in the very marrow. This power was noticeable in the ease with which her smooth arm swayed over the table, in the deftness with which her long fingers dealt with teapots or laid hold upon the stems of flowers, and, more fancifully, in the reticence which enabled her tongue, when it did give utterance, to do so with discretion and a full balance in the meaning. But a wistful light was often in those dark eyes.

"Look at her there," said Mercy one day. "Every sigh takes a drop of blood from the heart, it is said. I declare I wonder there is any blood left in that girl's body. If it wasn't for her full constitution I wouldn't answer for her."

The girl had not heard us. A little later, when I threw myself at her feet, she yawned and said distractedly: "I feel this moment as if I could sleep away my life."

"Then," I said, "let me be enchanted, too, so that we may wake together."

"What's all this talk of enchantment?" said Mercy sharply. "Have you gone back to fairy tales again?"

"Yes, I think I am enchanted," said the girl with a sudden energy. She snatched back the wide, flowing sleeve from her arm and laid it in the dragon's mouth.

"Bite!" she cried, regarding the beast with slanted eyes and an air of ironical impatience. "I beg of you, good dragon, do something with your great ugly mouth besides yawn, for I assure you it is infectious, and I shall yawn until I fall into it one of these days if you don't stop."

But the dragon, glaring seaward with a consuming ferocity, forbore to bite.

"You see, I am charmed," she said whimsically. Her white arm lay inert and flattened between the weather-beaten jaws.

Her eyes looked into mine.

"How shall I break the spell?" I asked eagerly.

Her countenance waned again, and she murmured: "Ah, Mr. Policeman, that is never in your power."

"You say that with a very special meaning," I returned. "But I see you don't mean that I shall understand you more fully."

"Oh, I wish you might," she cried, "but I do not know my own meaning, I'm afraid. Tell me, how are you affected by this house?"

She looked swiftly at the Tartar, who had fallen asleep, with her aged fingers knotted about the creased pink jaws of the albatross.

"It has a flavor of its own certainly. If it were deserted, and I happened on it at a late hour of the night, I should think it might be haunted. But with you in it ——"

"Bewitched, at the very least," she cried as I hunted for the word. "Nothing short of that will do. Look at those horrible mutilated faces in the eaves—how they stare and spy one out. And then that terrible cast-iron hound, and these rusty balconies and tall windows. I have always been afraid of it, as if a shadow hung over it which had nothing to do with the sun. Look there—the gulls."

We both stared in their direction. They were in truth a gross and greedy flock, frowsy reprobates shrieking over that part of the current which bore in to them its choicest morsels. The wings of some were white and shining, but more were of a dirty gray, as if even self-respect had gone in the exigencies of their perpetual chiding flight, and the wrangling contests given rise to by insatiable hunger. Here they circled high, and there sank low to the water, with necks outstretched, skinny legs hanging and convulsive movements of the body preluding a dive. Now they sat on the tide, like wooden images of birds, or perched statuesque on the tips of black buoys; and again rose triumphant, in their talons shining fish, which they occasionally dropped and caught again in mid-air, swooping down with fantails spread. And at times they wrenched the food out of one another's very mouths, and went away squawking, their fat bodies tipsy in gusts of wind whose approach they had been too nearly concerned with their prey to anticipate.

It was a very feast of sensualists—wrapt, self-absorbed and inconsiderate.

"Did ever you hear it said," she began again softly, "that gulls are the embodiment of the souls of lost seamen?"

I shook my head.

"It is almost a tradition in this house. You know how superstitious sailors are. Look—how aimless. They toss and turn and are whirled like leaves in Tartarus. I suppose it isn't a pleasant thought in the least, and yet I often dwell on it."

"See them try to come nearer on the wind, like so many drunken fools," I said.

"And they never go beyond this house," she added. "They cluster over the roof, but they never pass beyond it. And now, look there, at their very head, do you see the dirty one with a loop hanging from his neck? He has got caught in a weir somehow, I suppose; but Dave Crooker says that that man was hanged by the neck until dead. He went after it with a shotgun, but it bears a charmed life. There! It's directly over us."

The ugly gray bird passed overhead with motionless wings, and a perceptible loop was hanging from its throat. The girl's head had fallen back; her lips were parted.

At that moment the halting noise in old Mercy's throat ceased. She opened her black eyes, renewed her grip on the queer cane and started forward in her chair.

"Where's the wind?" she muttered hoarsely. It was her customary question on awaking; but this time before answer could be made she heard the gulls shrieking overhead.

"There's a pack of ragamuffins if ever there was one," she continued. "Will nothing satisfy them? I have thrown out old fish enough in all conscience to quiet them, but they give me no peace. I declare it hairs me all up to hear them at it. When your uncle comes I shall set him on them with a shotgun, law or no law. They're possessed to take their stand over this house."

She sank back and closed her eyes again.

"She reads an omen into them," whispered the girl, touching her lip uneasily with her long forefinger. "It *is* harrowing to hear them. But it is nonsense to be wrought up as she is. We are expecting my Uncle Ruel any day now," she added with seeming irrelevance. "You know we left him in the Orient a year ago, to come home in a steamship."

At that moment there came a sinister hiss from the open hallway, followed by four jangling strokes of a bell. It proceeded from an odd-looking clock, perhaps seven feet tall, which stood in one corner swathed in musty draperies.

"Time and Eternity," muttered the old lady, half asleep. "Will I never get it out of my ears, I wonder?"

III

THIS clock had a history which well became the expression written on the pillared front of the house in which it was lodged. The story had its root in the lifetime of Jared Craigenside.

Jared was the first shipbuilder, the first of his race to have ambitions beyond those of a mere navigator. It was he who established the great shipyard in Dockport, whose very bedlogs had now rotted away. It was Jared who built the family tomb and set the dragons on the lawn to guard the house. He became the first aristocrat of Dockport. Many men living in our day could remember seeing the old gentleman stride over the dunes in a green cape with a black felt hat pulled well over his brow and his white beard blowing in the wind. He was the very figure of a shipbuilder—stern, masterful, decisive in thought and act.

Such men are often more liable than others to the tricks destiny plays. He grew old. His faculties deserted him by slow degrees; and having no son he took into partnership with him a nephew, Amos Craigenside. This act was fatal to him. Amos in time found a way to question the acts of his old partner; suspicion was cast on Jared's books; an order issued from a court of equity to compel him to produce these books or go to jail.

When old Jared's eye fell on this order he clapped on his beaver hat and walked into the jail with defiance written in every line of his old body. And there he stayed

until his incarceration became so great a scandal that men whose fortunes he had made could no longer stomach it. He was released, only to find that Amos, by crafty management, by sales of partnership land and by secret sales of ships reported lost, had swindled him of all he had.

Old Jared was forced to take a tiny cottage on the edge of Dockport; and there he made a living by compounding drugs and nostrums. One day Amos looked through the window of his shop, and saw him mingling his ingredients.

"What have you there?" asked the younger man abruptly.

"This is an acid," said the old man. "This is the sort of acid that will remove the dark stains from a man's conscience. Will you buy?"

"You are an old wizard then," said Amos. "In another age you would have been burned at the stake for strewing curses."

"Curses?" cried the old man in a fury. "Where is the curse in all the world bitter enough to call down on your head? You are the viper I nourished in my bosom. I took you from nothing, I can bring men aplenty to testify if I like—I brought you to my house, I taught you a trade, I made a man and a builder of you. And now you think I will come on my knees to you in my old age. Gall and wormwood, may you know the taste of hell at last."

The younger Craigenside was staggered to find so deep an enmity lurking against him there; but he went off laughing.

Before long Jared hauled to his premises a load of teakwood boards; and when his nephew came by again he had a coffin built and laid across two saw horses in front of his house.

"So! You drive the nails in your coffin," said Amos.

"You have done your part already," returned his uncle.

In a week he had a second coffin laid beside the first. When next they met the nephew said:

"You are very kind to be looking out for my comfort in another world."

"Comfort," muttered the old builder. "A curse on you all, and may you be driven out to squawk like those gulls yonder is the best wish I have for you. I give you that box with my earnest prayer that it will close over the last of the Craigensides, and extinguish the house—root and branch."

Amos took the coffin in an uproarious mood. For a long time it was up-ended in a storeroom; but some time after Jared's death he had a notion, as he said. He stood the great box on its end in the hallway, and set the head of a grandfather's clock on its top, with a hole bored for the pendulum rod.

"There we are," he said. "Time and Eternity together, and they make a fine race of it."

It stood there for many years—until the time of which I write, indeed. Sometimes, when he was home from foreign voyages, he would stop his pacing in the hall, clasp his hands behind him, and grin tolerantly at Jared's gift.

The cracked yellow dial affixed like a death's-head to the mournful brow of that upright receptacle seemed to grin back at him, as if at a joke which had a meaning between them alone. Over the dial hovered a full-rigged ship, cut out of tin and set on the head of the pendulum rod. With every tick of the clock the ship plunged in a painted sea, and came no nearer than ever to the painted headland in the offing. So Time and Eternity were symbolized.

"Why do you tie one hand behind you by clinging so fondly to that contraption?" Mercy Cobb asked him more than once. "Your father went through life with a stuffed peacock in the corner that dogged every venture he made with bad luck, and that was bad enough. But here is something a thousand times worse, and yet you handicap yourself with it."

"I thrive on it," said Craigenside. "I grow fat on it, Mercy. 'One man's meat is another man's poison.'"

And yet it was a fact that almost from the very day on which Amos received into his house that fateful teakwood

I Did Not Like the Eyes of Mr. Smith. I Did Not Like Any Part of Him

case his fortunes declined. Shipbuilding fell off. The chips grew gray in his shipyards. Great broad flights of steps rose beside the empty ways, and no man ascended them. Several of his ships were lost.

At length, when there was very little left of his former estate except the bark Asphodel, old Craigenside decided to adventure into the Orient again. It had been the success of his early voyages there which had won him a partnership with Jared.

But the spirit of adventure looks with a bleak face on the desperate casts of old age. The times were not what they had been in the glorious epoch of the clipper ships. Freights were low. Moreover, cables had been laid and opportunities for private dickering with benighted peoples had nearly passed away. It was getting so that the captain of a merchantman was no more highly regarded than a shopkeeper.

Thus nobody in Dockport was greatly surprised when Mercy Cobb brought back the body of this man, in whose service she had slaved away her days, from the last of his voyages. How came he to die? There was no answer to be wrung from the set lips of that grim old Tartar. Some said that old Amos had taken Mercy with him on that last voyage because he had a premonition of his own death, and did not want to be thrown inconsiderately to the fishes. It was true that the old lady had once apprenticed herself to an undertaker, and knew something of the embalming art. At all events, she brought him back pickled in brine, it was averred by old sea-dogs in and round Dockport who had seen service in the Black Ball Line.

There were only the vaguest rumors concerning the cause of his death. In certain quarters it was affirmed that he had died broken-hearted because of the loss of so great a part of his estate; others whispered that the curse had fallen which had hung over him invisible for so long and that he had dropped in the full flush of health without a mark on his body. Still again it was argued that he had sold himself to foreign devils—a frequent practice, it is believed, among skippers of the older tradition. Dave Crooker averred that something like a banshee scream had been heard over that lonely house.

"Must have been the gulls," suggested some of his tormentors.

"What if it was gulls?" said the old fisherman mysteriously. There was more to gulls than met the eye apparently.

Nothing was really known beyond this, that Mercy Cobb had brought old Craigenside home, and with him his orphaned granddaughter Jane.

At the time of my installation as special officer at Silver Glade, old Amos had been dead a year. Indeed, it was almost a year to a day from the brief ceremony which consigned him to his rest beside the dunes to that summer's morning which marked the reappearance in Hodder's River of Ruel Craigenside, his one living son, who now brought the Asphodel to her old anchorage.

IV

OUR source for the greater part of this brief history was little Doctor Starr, the local medical man, who used to come on pleasant mornings to smoke a pipe with us on the water front.

"'Time and Eternity, gentlemen, hand in glove,' was how he put it," said the little doctor crisply.

He favored the bark Asphodel with a long, appraising scrutiny. She had dropped anchor in the river three nights previous to this, and now lay with her yards squared, canvas lashed down tight and decks deserted.

"And, gentlemen," continued the little doctor, "whatever the old man may have thought of it in his secret heart, it's not too pleasant a reflection to Captain Ruel, if you will take my word for it. I believe on my soul he'd throw the cursed thing on the tide, if he dared. Yes, it's come to that. The man doesn't dare. Superstitious as the devil, I suppose."

"You have seen him since his return?"

"Yesterday. They called me in on the old lady's account. He's an odd stick for certain. That clock struck ten as he was going out the door with me, and on the first stroke round he wheeled as if he'd been shot out of a gun. He straightened out quick enough, to be sure, but I had seen his antics. He's plain afraid of the thing, if the truth was known and told. Ah, here comes Dave Crooker. He'll back me up in what I say. Yes, and he'll do more, unless I'm much mistaken. Our old friend tells me he saw the mark of a ghost in the dunes yesterday—the ghost of Amos Craigenside, no less."

Dave Crooker, the fisherman, was approaching in a dory.

His long sculling oar, thrust out over the stern, churned up the water to a swaying motion of his wrist; his body was chronically bent, as if it had been cramped for years about the round of some huge spar. His blue eyes looked out warily over bronze cheeks. As the dory swung in under the bank, its yellow interior was seen to be spotted with shining scales, newly detached and silvery, like money which the sea had minted.

"Dave," said the doctor, "they tell me you have seen a ghost."

The little fisherman looked up with a forbidding air, which seemed to echo Montaigne in saying that it is folly to refer truth or falsehood to our own sufficiency.

"It suits you to laugh," he said, "and I'm glad for you—I'm glad for you. I've always contended that those without brains were the happiest on the whole. But some are never to be learned that things come to pass here below never found in print."

The old physician twinkled.

"Ghosts, for example."

"If I believe in a thing I ain't ashamed to say so."

"It's a serious subject, Dave."

(Continued on Page 31)

The Shadow of the Bag Had Lengthened; It Began to Seem Hideous and Fateful

THE SHRINKING DOLLAR BILL

Adventures in Kitchen Finance

By Forrest Crissey

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

WHEN a dollar bill at the grocery will barely buy a dozen strictly fresh eggs and a pound of first-class creamery butter—or falls a little short of covering the transaction—the family food budget achieves the sort of sporting interest that attaches to smashed records and grand championship performances. But interest in the figures of the food bill is far from impersonal to millions of family providers; for to those who are trying to make an unexpanded salary cover a swollen cost of living this subject has a tragic fascination.

Of course almost every official body, from the National Congress down to the food commissioner of Bird Center, is investigating. The search for the African in the food-pile is being conducted with the noise and frenzy of an old-fashioned wolf hunt, with the result that the innocent bystander, the Ultimate Consumer, is often hard put to distinguish between the voice of truth and the sound of the political tom-tom.

While the evidence of the official investigation is being prepared for public consumption it is interesting to attempt taking the family bill of fare apart to see what gives it wings. At the start, let this private investigation concern itself with the cardinal food necessities of the American table and tell what has happened to each one of them in this period of prosperity in the United States.

This adventure in kitchen discontent has touched the Atlantic Seaboard as well as the Middle West, and its information has been secured from what appeared to be the most trustworthy authorities available. Wherever possible the opinion of a recognized authority not financially interested in the sale of foods has been sought. On the other hand, it has not been assumed that the fact of being a food merchant—whether wholesale or retail—necessarily debars a man from telling the truth about his business. That is believed to be largely a question of personal equation; and, to the best of his ability, this point has been carefully considered by the writer in selecting sources of information not to be classed as disinterested.

As bread is the staff of life, suppose the searchlight of inquiry is first directed upon the family flour sack. What has happened to send the price of this foundation food from a former level of about $2.90 a hundred pounds to the present altitude of $5.10? Under ordinary circumstances there is nothing highly exciting to the average citizen about a sack of flour; nor is the housewife commonly inclined to read crop statistics with any alarming amount of eagerness. But with flour at $5.10 a hundredweight and the wheat from which it is made hovering dangerously near the two-dollar mark, both the family provider and the head of the household commissary department are able to stand for a few hard facts, expressed in eloquent figures, in order to understand just what has happened to the staff of life.

Fat Years Followed by Lean

PROBABLY no man in America is better able to answer this question with authority than B. W. Snow, the crop expert, whose forecasts are followed by the whole grain-dealing world. Here is the answer to the present record price of flour as seen by this keen crop analyst.

"When the war broke out in July, 1914," says Mr. Snow, "wheat was selling well below one dollar a bushel, and flour, of course, was upon the same basis. The wheat crop of 1914, which was practically made when the war occurred, amounted to 891,000,000 bushels—and this was a record figure for wheat production up to that time. The pressure of the apparent oversupply forced down the price of cash wheat in Chicago in the early part of July, before there was a sign of a war cloud as big as a man's hand, to 77¾ cents a bushel. This price, which made a correspondingly low price for flour, was based upon the immense surplus of production above our domestic requirements and apparently above any possible export call.

"With the convulsion in Europe, the whole situation as to our supply of breadstuffs and their prices was instantly changed. War is always destructive and wasteful. In addition to this natural condition, the European alignment was such that it instantly shut out from the world's market Russia, the greatest wheat producer in the world. Instead of a big surplus beyond the requirements of the importing countries, the world was instantly confronted with a situation in which, in spite of our large crop, the importing countries were certain to find it difficult to meet their requirements, because the great Russian surplus was wiped out, so far as availability was concerned.

"Prices immediately climbed because of the added foreign demand upon us; and in August, 1914, contract cash wheat sold in Chicago at $1.27 a bushel, or an advance of fifty cents a bushel over the low point in July.

"Fortunately for this country and the world, the year 1915 was marked, both in the United States and in Canada, by the most wonderful wheat yields on record. We produced and harvested in the summer of 1915 a wheat crop of 1,025,000,000 bushels, or 134,000,000 bushels more than the record-breaking crop of the previous year. At the same time our northern neighbor grew 376,000,000 bushels, which was more than two ordinary crops in one.

"Roughly, in 1915 the United States and Canada produced 350,000,000 bushels more wheat than they grew in the remarkably prolific year of 1914. This enormous increase was, of course, offset, so far as the world at large was concerned, by the failure of the countries of Europe to produce their normal supply. With Russia still locked out of the commerce of the world, the importing countries drew upon North America for their total requirements beyond the usual contribution from the Southern Hemisphere. Nature was so generous in 1915 that we were able to meet the food requirements of Europe out of our own prodigal abundance without prices showing extraordinary inflation. Indeed, in August, 1915, when these enormous crops were practically a certainty, the cash price of contract wheat in Chicago was again as low as ninety cents a bushel, and at no time after these crops were available was the price in Chicago above $1.31 during the last six months of the year 1915.

"The high price of bread which has ruled in the last six months of 1916, and has roused the average housewife to a blind resentment of its pinch, is merely the logical, natural and inevitable result of the conditions which obtained in this country and in war-torn Europe."

According to this authority, in 1916 agricultural conditions in North America were the most radically unfavorable that have ever been known since definite crop records have been kept. The drought during the period of sowing in the fall of 1915 gave the plant a very poor start, and it went into winter with less than normal growth and with much less than normal vigor. For six weeks or more during the midwinter a heavy coat of ice lay over the fields of the Middle West, with the result that the crop was entirely destroyed upon 4,236,000 acres, or eleven per cent of the total area planted. In addition, the plants remaining upon the balance of the acreage were weak and unthrifty and not in a position to give a good crop result unless weather conditions after the first of April should be ideal.

To illustrate what this winterkilling meant, it is interesting to note that the states of Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois and Missouri—which in 1915 grew eighty million bushels more than their domestic needs for food and seed—were thirty million bushels short of providing for their own necessities in 1916. As the season advanced, it became evident that further losses in wheat were to be sustained, as insect life was unusually abundant. Mr. Snow asserts that it is reasonable to believe that the green bug in Oklahoma and the Hessian fly in Kansas destroyed from twenty to thirty million bushels of the crop in those two states.

Conditions did not improve as the season progressed. A liberal increase in the spring-wheat acreage gave promise, as late as July first, of making good in some measure the loss in winter wheat. On the ninth of July, however, Mr. Snow spotted the black rust and made the first announcement of its presence in the spring-wheat territory. This scourge practically destroyed the spring-wheat crop upon millions of acres and reduced a promise of nearly three hundred million bushels on July first to a final harvest of 158,000,000 bushels of thin, lightweight, shriveled grain. The loss of the crop in Minnesota and the Dakotas was without precedent in the history of American agriculture. These three states, which in 1915 produced 283,000,000 bushels, in 1916 produced only 88,000,000.

Decreased Production in Europe

THE same scourge swept over the international line, and in three weeks worked a like destruction upon a promising Canadian crop, leaving Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta only 142,000,000 bushels against 304,000,000 in 1915. The total wheat crop for 1916 in the United States was only 640,000,000 bushels, and the total crop for Canada was only 161,000,000—a total North American crop of 801,000,000 bushels against 1,401,000,000 in 1915. A drop of six hundred million bushels of bread-making material is certainly enough to account for quite a rise in price!

Coincident with this immense loss in North America there is a decrease in the production of foodstuffs in Europe because of military destruction and the withdrawal of men from the cultivation of the land. At the same time Argentina has had a wheat failure that is almost as severe as ours. It practically eliminates South America's granary from any part in supplying the world's requirements during the next twelve months. Though Australia and India have produced more than normal crops, the added amount that can be secured from those two rather small sources of supply is not sufficient in any way to offset the losses sustained in other parts of the world.

"Russia," continues Mr. Snow, "with her accumulated surplus of three years, is still locked out of the world's consumption. Under these conditions it is evident that the world is now upon a short bread ration, and that, in order to eke out until the new crops in the Northern Hemisphere become available, the world will be compelled not only to eat all that was produced in 1916, but to approach perilously close to using up the surplus held over from other years as a margin of safety against actual bread famine.

"The price of wheat, and consequently the price of flour, is, therefore, the natural and inevitable result of crop failure in this country and in the Argentine, and of war's direct destruction, and of its sapping of Europe's productive energy. The price of breadstuffs during the balance of this crop year will depend upon the necessities of human nourishment. Of course some substitution of other foodstuffs for bread is possible and high prices automatically control consumption; but the relief in this direction must of necessity be small, because, in spite of the present prices, bread is still the cheapest food with which human hunger can be satisfied."

On the score of exports this expert presents some startling facts. He observes at the outset that the dependence of the world upon North America for breadstuffs during the last three years is strikingly shown by the figures of the world's trade in wheat.

During the cereal year ending July 31, 1914—the year immediately preceding the outbreak of the war—there was put afloat from producing countries 666,000,000 bushels of wheat destined for the future requirements of the importing countries of Europe. Of this amount North America furnished 284,000,000 bushels, while Russia contributed 174,000,000 and Argentina 44,000,000. During the first year of the war, or the cereal year ending July 31, 1915, the contribution of exporting countries was 535,000,000 bushels, of which North America supplied 400,000,000 out of her enormous crops, Argentina 91,000,000, and Russia only 6,000,000, which came out by way of the icebound port of Archangel.

Who Can Blame the Exporter?

IN THE second year of the war the exporting countries put afloat 595,000,000 bushels, of which North America furnished 480,000,000, Argentina 64,000,000, and Russia only 5,000,000. The United States contributed 312,000,000 bushels in the cereal year of 1915 and 240,000,000 in 1916. The requirements of the importing countries of the world are this year probably even greater than last. Argentina is unable to send out any substantial amount; Canada will hardly have more than 110,000,000 bushels available for export; while this country, even by using up the accumulated surplus of previous heavy crops, can hardly send more than from 110,000,000 to 120,000,000 bushels without seriously drawing upon the safety reserve, which we must carry as a protection against bread shortage at home resulting from crop failure.

How much flour has been exported it is difficult to say. Certainly the total is immense. One wholesale grocer, who is a leader in all food exports, was asked whether he had anything to say on the subject of shipping flour and other food necessities out of the country. His answer was substantially this:

"Since the war began I've sold at least a million dollars' worth of flour to the fighting nations—and a lot of other stuff on top of that. When I came back from Europe, in 1914, one of my associates met me at the dock and asked how I was. My answer was 'Fairly well.' Instantly he remarked that he had hoped I should be feeling much better than that, because he had some bad news to tell me. His department had lost a lot of money—the other departments could speak for themselves. They did. The total loss was not far from a quarter of a million dollars. I had figured that almost the whole world was going to come to Uncle Sam for its food supplies. But it didn't. That was simply a case of bad business judgment.

"Did we howl? Not any! We just pocketed our loss and indulged in the philosophical reflection that it was one of the fortunes of operating on a large scale and selling with the market. There was no talk then about investigating the food merchants—not a peep! We had plenty of company on the wrong side of the ledger at that time, too—lots of it. But the big wholesale grocers who had made our mistake did as we did—waited for a later chance to offset their bad judgment of 1914 with good. That chance came with the continuation of the war. When I had an opportunity, at least partially, to offset my loss of 1914 by selling a million dollars' worth of flour to the agents for some of the fighters I naturally embraced it. The fact that the flour was to go outside of our own country did not, in my opinion, offer any reason why I was not fully entitled to engage in the transaction."

A New York wholesaler who does no exporting sketches the flour situation in these words:

"In 1915, as everybody knows, we had the largest wheat crop the country has ever produced. If things were normal we should now be enjoying the cheapest flour we have ever had. But the war created a tremendous consumption of American flour. The orders for flour from abroad have been terrific. They have taxed the transportation facilities from the flour centers and the ship facilities across the ocean. For instance, Italy had always obtained her flour supplies for the making of macaroni from Russia. To-day Italy is demanding our hard durum wheat for this use.

"Even in the event of peace it will take some time for prices to settle back to a normal flour level.

"Now about prices and profits: The profit is about the same to the wholesaler and the retailer, whether flour costs five dollars or ten dollars a barrel—not the same percentage, but the same net amount. If we make in our jobbing business, on the best-known brands of flour, thirty or forty cents, we get the maximum, and the retailer, governed by competition, is forced to sell that flour at about the same profit on each bag, whether the price is high or low. So the consumer isn't paying a great profit—hardly any profit at all when you consider the amount of investment involved. The consumer may be disinclined to believe this statement; but it is true, just the same.

"Flour is one of the great staples which custom has decreed must be handled by wholesaler and retailer on a margin of profit so narrow that it is often a vanishing quantity."

Now let us consider the lowly spud, which at the present moment is about the proudest thing that rides in the grocer's delivery wagon. The humility that once distinguished this popular tuber is now a fast-fading memory; and if the price of the potato climbs much beyond its present dizzy altitude of two dollars a bushel or better, at the corner grocery of the country town, it bids fair to burst of its own importance without the aid of the oven to effect that result.

To describe the potato as a hot favorite on the American table is to speak conservatively. Bread might be almost as safely subtracted from the daily menu of Uncle Sam's people as potatoes. The spud is the stable and unfailing foundation of the toiler's meal, while the "fancy baked" potato is among the most tempting delicacies obtainable by the wealthy. Our national taste is unanimous on the merits of this once lowly and bountiful vegetable; and consequently when the potato becomes puffed in price to a point that threatens to make it a "special" instead of a

"steady" on the tables of those who must live most carefully, the result may be mildly described as a household sensation of nation-wide scope. This condition now exists throughout the country.

Of course there is quite a wide variation in price between different localities, mainly due to good or bad luck in the matter of transportation; but the community that can buy potatoes for less than two dollars a bushel is extremely fortunate, and in many places two dollars and a half is the ruling price. The thrifty householder has no difficulty in recalling the days when better potatoes than are generally obtainable to-day were bought at twenty cents a peck, and it is not necessary to hark back into the remote past to find a period when they were cheaper than that.

This jump of more than one hundred per cent from the normal price of potatoes naturally means that there have been very decided and sensational happenings in the world's potato field—of which Uncle Sam works a large share.

Probably the potato crop of this country was never planted in a more unfriendly soil than that which received the seed in the spring of 1916. The spring was cold, wet and late, offering every possible chance for the seed to rot instead of sprout. Then came July and August with skies of brass and a record-breaking drought that seemed bound to reduce the earth to ashes. The third act in this climatic tragedy introduced a killing frost about a fortnight before anything of that nature was normally due.

The Short Potato Crop of 1916

ONE result was a potato crop of only 285,000,000 bushels as against 360,000,000 in the previous year—which was exactly the average for the five years preceding 1916. A shortage of seventy-five million bushels of spuds is not a pleasant thing for the potato-loving American public to contemplate; but that was only the beginning of the calamity that fell upon this favorite tuber in 1916. For one thing, there was great waste in that portion of the crop which did mature. Then war conditions shut the people of the United States off from the relief of importing potatoes, which has invariably been our refuge in seasons of shortage.

One of the shrewdest observers of the world's potato market is Mr. F. G. Urner, of the New York Price Current. Mr. Urner says:

"In former years of potato shortage we have always gone to foreign markets and secured ready relief by bringing millions of bags of potatoes from abroad—from Scotland, England, Germany. We couldn't get them in 1916. In 1908 and 1909 we had a severe shortage and imported into the United States from the United Kingdom 1,029,249 bags of potatoes, 168 pounds to the bag; and from the Continent—mostly from Germany—78,291 bags from October, 1908, to October, 1909.

"In 1908 the price of New York State potatoes was from $2.25 to $2.37 a barrel of 180 pounds, or containing three bushels. European potatoes that year brought from $1.75 to $2 a bag of two bushels and forty-eight pounds. To-day New York State potatoes are selling at from $4.40 to $4.80 for a barrel supposed to contain 180 pounds. But a barrel holds a little less than that—about 160 pounds. If European conditions were favorable we could have kept the price down thirty per cent below that."

It should be remembered that these prices are for large shipments—the smallest unit being a carload. According to a New York wholesaler, Mr. Philip C. Staib, potatoes are now costing retail dealers of the Atlantic Seaboard $5 for 160 pounds—or a little more than three cents a pound. These are sold to consumers at four cents a pound—sometimes for less.

"There is an easy way out from under the potato famine," declares Mr. Staib, "for those who wish to take it.

That is the rice route. Reputable scientists tell us that a pound of rice has five times the food value of a pound of potatoes. Personally I believe this to be true. To-day you can hardly find a grocery store that charges more than eight or nine cents a pound for high-grade rice. Compare this with potatoes at four cents!

"Rice is the cheapest important food commodity in the United States to-day. There was a big crop in 1916. Yet this food is being generally ignored by the American people, who commonly consider it as a delicacy instead of a staple vegetable—a material for the making of puddings and desserts and side dishes, instead of a full-fledged competitor of the potato. Comparatively few housewives, especially in the North, know how to cook rice properly. If they would learn right now they could cut the family potato bill in half, at least, and not miss the eliminated portion. In many localities storekeepers retail a good grade of rice for less than eight cents a pound."

The crop expert already quoted on other cereals has this to say of rice:

"Practically the one pleasant exception in the dark food situation of 1916 is the fact that the rice crop was one of the best ever known, yielding about forty-two million bushels against an average of only twenty-four millions for the last five years. Rice prices emphasize the general fact that the high price of foodstuffs this year with us is due to meager production and foreign demand.

"We are exporting rice liberally now. Up to the present time more than double the amount exported in the preceding year has been put afloat by us; but the increase in production has been enough easily to take care of this added strain. During the first ten months of 1916 we sold abroad 111,000,000 pounds of rice against 53,000,000 in the same period of 1915, and 35,000,000 in 1914—the latter being the normal situation prior to the war.

"However, the export of rice cannot be considered as greatly influencing home prices, for the reason that we have been importing upon the same liberal scale which has characterized our foreign policy in this product in other years, before the war. In the first ten months of 1916 we imported 208,000,000 pounds of rice, or 100,000,000 more than we exported."

Why Meat is High

TO THE average consumer of sirloin and "roast beef, medium," it probably seems a very simple matter to get the straight of the meat situation. This naïve view of our fleshly diet is not, however, held by any investigator who has ever made a sincere attempt to take the meat problem apart and tell the carnivorous consumer all about it in words of one syllable. Take it from one who has tried to do just that thing: Commercially speaking, meat is the most mysterious article of human food! Its path from the pasture of its nativity to the table of the consumer is beset by a most bewildering series of economic adventures, which have filled hundreds of fat volumes of court, congressional and other reports of hearings, voluntary and involuntary.

Therefore, any investigator who volunteers information on this complex subject will, if he is experienced, make his offering in a spirit of humility, and with the reservation that his findings are to be accepted as an evidence of his sincerity and industry, rather than as the last word on a subject which is clouded with mists of economic mystery well calculated to confuse and baffle the clearest and sanest students of this great industry.

Meat was never so low on the retail block that a considerable portion of the consuming public did not feel called upon to make some complaint on the score of its cost; but, with price of porterhouse steak hovering round thirty-eight cents and rib roast at thirty, more or less, the retailer has a constant opportunity to develop his explanatory powers.

Naturally he has learned the line of least resistance and follows it. He has found it a lot easier, as a rule, to pass the buck to the packer than to attempt to tell his kicking customer how supply and demand have conspired, by moving in opposite directions, to push up meat prices to levels never before attained. Besides, the man at the butcher's block likes to have his explanations believed.

There are two men at the world's greatest livestock market, in Chicago, who neither buy nor sell meat—save as they purchase for their private consumption—who know a lot about the causes that put wings to pot roasts, steaks, pork chops, and all other familiar members of the meat family. One is A. G. Leonard, president of the Union Stockyard Company, and the other is James Poole, of the Livestock World. There is nothing in keeping a hotel for meat animals or in reporting the prices those animals bring from day to day that should necessarily prejudice the outlook or warp the view as to the causes that have elevated the price of meats to record-smashing altitudes. Therefore, these men have been asked to state the situation as they see it and take it apart for the consumers' benefit.

In other words, following the fashion of this industry, the writer will pass the buck back to these gentlemen, who are considered competent meat experts.

Here is Mr. Leonard's size-up of the situation:

"In 1913 there was a very serious drought. Beef cattle were about all sent to market. Even the she cattle were sacrificed. Of course this resulted in a shortage of calves for the following year and for several years to come. In 1918 this loss will be about made up. Meantime there have been steady inroads upon the supply of young cattle. This and the shortage of breeding cattle have sent meat prices skyward.

"Texas is the great natural breeding ground, and there they have a calf percentage of ninety as against sixty farther north. They breed the cattle in Texas and then the calves move northward from there for feeding.

"The increased cost of raising feed has naturally increased the cost of feeding cattle. A certain Texan, who is a large operator and has been advocating local slaughterhouses, contracted for unborn calves, to be delivered at thirty-five dollars a head. This is an eloquent testimonial to the shortness of the supply. The prices paid for calves in Texas naturally forced up the price of cattle sent to the Corn Belt for feeding. The demand for meats in the East did not justify the high prices the Corn-Belt people were paying the Texans for their calves. Consequently the packer was buying meat at prices that were not profitable to the Corn-Belt feeders, who went up in the air because they were losing money. The packer will not pay the price the Corn-Belt raisers must have for their stock to pay out.

"The price of corn has been away up. We have paid as high as $1.12 a bushel for corn. It takes time for the farmer to learn to feed one-dollar corn to an animal, even though he gets better money out of it. His inclination is to close out and get the dollar. The heavy investment involved scares him. A man who sometimes feeds cattle came in here a little while ago. He was going to take two carloads of cattle home and feed them. He asked one of our men how much feed he would have to put into the cattle, and was told that it would take about four thousand bushels. He said 'Four thousand bushels—that means four thousand dollars. Good night! Nothing doing!' So, instead of feeding good cattle, he sends in a miserable lot, carrying twelve or fourteen hundred pounds. This is the era of light animals in the market. Hogs average about twelve pounds lighter than usual.

"Hogs have been bringing enormous prices. The reason for this is that the Canadian packers are taking our low-grade pork. They take a class of hogs they call 'singeing hogs.' These do not make the bacon we want. They are killed here and shipped across the border in dressed condition. This demand has maintained a higher average price for a lower quality of hogs than has ever before been had here. The quality of hogs is the poorest in market history at this season.

"There is no relief for the condition of the beef market to be found through mutton. Lambs are selling for $13.50, which is a sensational price. The singeing grade of hogs has forced up the price of the lower-quality pork. This same condition follows down along in the line of cattle. Mutton is substituted because it is not quite so high in price as the cattle and hogs; but it is not much of a substitute, because the supply is decidedly insufficient."

Figures That Tell the Story

"IF THE consumer would let one little set of figures soak into his mind he would have the meat situation where he could understand it. Here are the figures: In 1916 we had in this market fully 250,000 fewer cattle than a good average year will normally bring us. Other markets can match this. This situation is typical.

"There has been a tremendous increase in our meat exports since the war started. One reliable authority shows that, from July 1, 1914, to June 30, 1916, we exported 595,251,385 pounds of beef, while in the two years immediately preceding that period we sent out only 73,674,466 pounds. This means that we have multiplied our beef exports by eight. The same shrewd observer of cattle conditions—The Shoe and Leather Reporter—points out that from 1907 to 1915 the population of the United States increased fifteen per cent, while the number of our beef cattle diminished by twenty-eight per cent. Here are enough hard facts to make anybody understand why we have almost unbelievably high meat prices."

Mr. Poole, whose job is to observe and analyze the market each day, sketches the situation in these words:

"Everything has conspired to make meats high and scarce. A record-breaking crop of hogs is the one favorable circumstance. Otherwise we should have had a meat famine. Many years ago this Western country was full of cattle from Texas to Montana. Those were the breeding grounds. Settlers came and contracted this cattle range, changing grazing lands to farm lands. Sheep also helped drive out the cattle. Big cattle outfits found it unprofitable to continue their business. Most of them closed out. This raised the price of thin cattle and forced people out all along the developing and feeding line. Simultaneously came the advance in corn prices. A common price for corn in Iowa was twenty-five cents a bushel. In Nebraska they used to burn it.

"They used to feed cattle out here the whole year round. They almost literally bedded their cattle with corn. Steers used to come in here weighing seventeen hundred pounds. They dressed from sixty to sixty-two per cent. This week they are dressing from fifty-five to fifty-seven per cent. Seven Western markets in 1916 received 9,327,000 cattle as against 7,963,000 in 1915. That shows a decided expansion in beef production; but the deficiency in tonnage was such that they did not get so many pounds of beef as they did the year before. Most of the Southwestern states were filled up with poor Mexican stock. Montana had to get the dogy dairy cattle from Wisconsin and Minnesota. This is poor stuff for beef purposes. Calves, whose mothers were bred to produce milk and not to put on beef, are not worth feeding. Those calves are profitable to be slaughtered at about one hundred and fifty pounds. They were never intended to put on beef and the man who tries that game is going to lose money.

"Now about hogs: Last year in seven Western markets we had 25,500,000 hogs as against 21,000,000 the year before. But in pounds of pork there was a discrepancy of a million hogs. The average weight was only two hundred and ten pounds. The reason for this was that the farmers find it more profitable to market hogs weighing from a hundred and eighty to two hundred pounds than to attempt to put more weight on them—at least while corn is selling at ninety cents or a dollar.

(Concluded on Page 56)

THE MAIN-CHANCE LADY

You Will Perceive That You are Looking Upon a Kind of Symbol of Wealth and of Investments, of Security and of Sound Sleep, a Concrete Expression of Impregnability

By Cameron Mackenzie

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREPÉ

WERE it not for the fact that some years ago I moved away and only occasionally go back to Grantsburg, I should like to conduct, on pleasant evenings there, for the benefit of such strangers as you, maybe, a kind of private sightseeing tour of my native town. If I did I should not show you the "magnificent" waterworks or the "handsome" new Chamber of Commerce Building, as the boosting literature persists in describing them; or that brave attempt, Hopewell Park. The hotel clerk—anyone—can direct you to those; but only one born and bred in Grantsburg, one whose father and grandfather before him had been born and bred into the place, can exhibit to you the most interesting aspects of that amiable community.

If, however, you do happen some evening to be in Grantsburg, and are a stranger with nothing to do, do not flop yourself down in the listless lobby of the Commercial Hotel and attempt to kill time by rereading the Courier, or waste an hour watching a traveling salesman extracting bored monosyllables from the proud and haughty newsstand girl; but, instead, go out and walk up Main Street as far as Third, where you turn and go through to Maple Avenue. The houses there are mean and decayed relics of a former grandeur; but never mind—as you proceed on up to Norman Place the dwellings improve. Norman Place, you will observe, is short, and at the end of it you will find the foot of Gainsford Hill.

It is upon the Hill, let me explain, that the solid and intrenched part of Grantsburg resides. The families who live there are all of them at least well-to-do and constitute a compact, rather fastidious social group, to which blood and tradition are not altogether empty terms. Everyone there knows everyone else by familiar names; the middle-aged folks were nearly all boys and girls together. People say "The Hill" is playing bridge this winter or "The Hill" is doing that. All that saves the Gainsford Hill outfit from snobbery is the fact that its members are really excellent, actually well-bred people.

Now, stranger, having reached the beginnings of the Hill, start up the shaded sidewalk that runs along one side of the roadway; go past half a dozen or so substantial dwellings with low stone walls or iron picketings marking off ample grounds—the homes of Colfaxes and Hoyts and Stones—and continue your climb toward the top. Presently you will find yourself approaching a great, almost feudal granite pile, which, you will note, holds the exact crest. Proceed on up to its two huge granite entrance pillars, where the high, dark shrubbery does not obstruct the view, and pause and gaze in. You will perceive that you are looking upon a kind of symbol of wealth and of investments, of security and of sound sleep, a concrete expression of impregnability. That is Prothero Towers, the residence of Anthony Prothero.

Tony Prothero is my cousin; his father and my mother were brother and sister, and, though Holmes is a good-enough name in Grantsburg, Prothero is better. It is the *crème de la crème* of the Hill; for generations there have been Protheros there and they have always been of the best; they have often, in the past, been short on money, but never short on manners. Tony, the sole survivor of the name, is a small, slight man, with a gently fuzzy bald spot back to his crown, a harmless little black mustache, and with at most times a cheery manner, chamois gloves and a stick. He is known for what he is—a thoroughly clean, thoroughly likable, somewhat ineffectual individual, out of whom vitality seems to have been bred.

Continuing the tour, pass over the crest of the hill to an open space just beyond and look off away from the center of the town from which you have just come. The ground dips away into a valley and then in the distance rises again. On the opposite slope, and very probably through a thin veil of silver mist, you will see a spattering of numerous small lights, and maybe a trolley streaking out of them or into them. Anyhow, you will know that those lights signify human habitations, a community where, you will guess, there are stores and streets and schools, and the general paraphernalia for living and working and dying. That is the suburb of Prothero.

Six years ago that opposite hillside was wooded land. To develop it a company was formed, of which Tony Prothero was the president.

At that time my cousin maintained a somewhat ridiculous little real-estate office for such renting business as he had and for the management of what was left of the Prothero estate. He used to go there with fair regularity, but always found ample leisure to keep bobbing familiarly in and out of the homes on the Hill.

A group of men representing the five most substantial fortunes in town took up the suburban project. It is said in Grantsburg—and I used to believe it was true—that these individuals of wealth decided Tony was such a pleasant fellow that it was a shame he was poor; and they determined to make him rich. Once, under Tony's direction, the scheme almost hit the rocks, but these friends did not abandon the plan or forsake Tony; they put in more money and by dint of personal effort made the town of Prothero succeed, thus creating new fortunes for themselves and one for Tony too.

And now, my friend, if you're at all interested retrace your steps to Main Street and strike off into a totally different part of town. With a little inquiry you can discover Ridge Street. It lies almost as remotely as possible from the Hill; and as you stroll up its uninviting length take cognizance of its general character: the small cottages; the little patches of lawn for block after block! They are all identical—noisy children run about; men sit in their shirt sleeves on their front stoops.

There is no decayed grandeur here; at a glance it is a street of mediocrity and failure, and has always been, from the first. Proceeding, you will pass, probably unawares, a cottage in the heart of the general tastelessness, undistinguishable in any way from its neighbors; not marked or designated, but noteworthy, if you can find it, because therein was born, something like thirty-five years ago, a child named Madge King.

Her father was an inconspicuous individual, who devoted a lifetime of effort and a vast amount of shoe leather to the insurance business, and to the most sorry avail; her mother's innate gentility was all but smothered in poverty.

At an early age Madge married a man named Theodore Moulton and went with him to his home in a small community of the Northwest. She remained there for a decade. Concerning what happened there, or what her life there was during that time, she has never spoken; she has put a thick shroud of silence over the period. At the end of it she reappeared in Grantsburg, a widow, penniless and childless, and with the marks of cruel experience upon her face. And then the miracle of Madge's career began.

She was installed in Mrs. Graham's boarding house—one of those shabby dwellings in lower Maple Avenue. First, Mrs. David Colfax, wife of the president of the First National, took her up; then it was Mrs. Phillip Hoyt. Soon every door on the Hill had swung open to her, and with the lapse of a trifle more time she became engaged to and married my cousin, Tony Prothero, and is now the gay mistress of Prothero Towers and very nearly the ruling autocrat of the Hill.

In Grantsburg they will tell you that she is the luckiest woman in the world.

"A drunkard for luck!" I once heard her called; and it is her story that I want to tell. I got it from Tony upon the occasion of the dance the Protheros gave to celebrate the completion of the Towers. In a burst of feeling, natural enough upon the occasion and somewhat heightened by an ill-considered trip or two to his own excellent buffet, it sprang out of him between three o'clock and dawn.

It was toward the end of the evening, but before the guests had begun to depart. Having found myself alone near two deep French windows that opened upon the veranda, I had slipped out and, retreating to the rail, stood gazing in.

Near the window through which I had just passed I could see Madge. Her gown, cut far down the back, exposed a gleaming reach of dark, finely textured skin. Her jet hair was caught up snugly and trimly from the sturdy column of her neck. Beside her was young Tom Emmett, who, only a few years earlier, had come into his father's brewery millions. His ruddy, slightly grossened face was bent eagerly toward Madge. I could hear him begging her to dance, and I grinned, for I knew all about Emmett; he could barely exist except in the light of Madge's eyes and smile.

"Dance with my Tommy?" I heard Madge's vigorous tones ring with a laugh. "I never could refuse him!"

With a certain vivacious grace of her own, she turned and her profile was brought into view. There was not and never had been anything regular or classic in the outline of her features; but there was a lively piquancy in their irregularity, and her full, rich lips wore their almost constant smile. The two glided away, and from the veranda I could see her limpid, faintly anxious eyes roving here and there over Emmett's shoulder.

The music jingled on; couple after couple circled past; all the Hill was there; not one but had come in response to the summons from Mrs. Prothero. Madge appeared across the room; and the rings upon her strong, competent-fingered hand, pressed against Emmett's back, glittered and seemed to tell of her affluence and ease, of motors, of liveried servants, of soft food and drink, of all the creature comforts a full-blooded nature such as hers would crave.

At that I had fallen to thinking of her. There, radiant in the limelight, holding the stage's exact center, was the impecunious widow of a few brief years ago. Placing her meager beginnings in immediate contrast with her present position and riches, the thing seemed amazing. I was still

thinking of her and of the singular phenomenon of her rise in the world, when Tony stepped through the French window and joined me.

Immediately I saw that he had been cutting capers round the punch bowl, though generally he was a careful man with his drinks. He was not in the least unsteady or fuddled, but he was over-emotionalized and in a state in which, as I presently reflected, he would be prone to discover drama where he had never discovered it before. Without a word he leaned against the railing beside me. Madge, with Phillip Hoyt, danced across our line of vision. To break the silence, and because I had been thinking of her, I observed to my cousin laughingly:

"Some girl, Tony—that wife of yours!"

He did not reply and I glanced at him. He was pulling at his mustache; but I could see that he was biting nervously at his lower lip, and his pleasant brown eyes, usually so wide, were so pinched and squinted that there were deep fanlike wrinkles at the corners.

"Some girl?" he presently returned, and a little huskily. "My dear Clifford, you haven't half—not a quarter—said it."

"I've no doubt of that, Tony, my boy," I agreed, still smiling.

There was another pause, and then Tony said in a tense confidential whisper:

"I tell you what, Cliff, you don't know—nobody knows—what all this means!" And he shook his head significantly.

"Certainly," I agreed heartily. "It's a big occasion—a fine house ——"

"Fine house!" caught up Tony contemptuously, and regarded me fixedly for an instant before he lifted himself to the rail and went on: "Cliff, this house—this crowd—this party—those ——" And he flung an arm off toward the lights of the town of Prothero and added: "They're nothing—nothing, I tell you—nothing!"

"Nothing?" I echoed in a tone to humor him.

"No; not a thing. They don't make this thing—this dance. It's something else—something else an awful sight bigger!"

"It is, eh? What?"

He did not answer me, but, breathing hard, gazed into the room before us. Somebody halted Madge to say good night, and that brought Tony to his duties of host. He hopped from the rail.

"See you later," he said abruptly, and went in.

I felt that a lot of farewell handshaking would be a bore; so when I perceived that the party was breaking up I decided to take myself out of the way and, going down the veranda and into the somber hallway, carpeted with skins, I found seclusion in Tony's library, a spacious, noiseless room tiered with books, the bindings of which glinted softly, and settled myself with a magazine. I was rather curious about Tony's unusual outburst, but suspected that very likely his mood would have passed by the time the last guests had gone.

For perhaps an hour I heard motors wheeling up the gravel roadway to the door and the shouts and laughter of good nights. Then Tony came down the hall. There was something almost businesslike in the manner in which he opened a small cabinet, took out cigars, propelled a chair over toward me, placed a small stand for an ash tray between us and sat down. I could see that he was still agitated and that he had probably restimulated himself since he had left me on the veranda.

"Cliff," he began between puffs, as he held up a match, steadily enough, to his cigar, "I've got to tell somebody about this thing—I've just got to do it!"

"Careful!" I cautioned.

"Oh, no!" he hastened to assure me. "No scandal—nothing like that; just something that's—that's wonderful!"

"Surely it is!" I laughed, still puzzled. "You've got a fortune and all you could possibly want. It's wonderful! You and Madge are the luckiest folks I know."

I had spoken with the most innocent intention, but that word "luckiest" set Tony off. It brought him out of the engulfing recesses of his chair. He was perched on the very edge of the upholstery as he said excitedly:

"Luckiest folks you know! Not by a good deal! I'm lucky—perhaps; but Madge ——" He paused, waggled a hand in negation, and then said quietly: "No, not Madge! She's not lucky."

At the absurdity of this I grinned. Tony read my mind.

"Clifford," he said impatiently, "you're a fool! Sparrows may be fed crumbs or manna, or whatever it was; but"—and he shook his cigar at me earnestly—"but not quarter-of-a-million-dollar houses, a thumping bank balance, and simply tons of prestige. No, sir! Things like that, old boy, simply don't happen by—luck!"

He uttered the word with scornful emphasis, and then, hitching his chair close to me, said tensely:

"Clifford, she planned this whole game!"

"Oh, impossible!" I cried, not taking him quite seriously.

"No; not impossible," reiterated Tony firmly. "Fact! And do you know how she got all this?"

He glared at me for an instant. "By having a brain!" he told me and tapped his forehead. "A brain, I tell you, and scheming it all out—every last inch of the way; and by being cautious when she ought to have been cautious; by gambling all she had, and ever hoped to have, when she ought to have gambled; by following the principles of business, knowing where she was going and going there; by keeping her eye, night and day, on the main chance. That's how she got all this. Not luck! Let me ask you something: Is any success—any big success—ever really luck? Not much! Nobody wins haphazard"—and he added impressively—"not even Madge. Why, she's had just about as much luck as—as ——"

Tony was strong on similes. His eyes shot about, searching for a hint. Evidently he was unable to find any adequate comparison for Madge and her lack of luck, for he broke off abruptly, sat down and, passing a bewildered hand over his clean-looking bald spot, began telling me Madge's story—a strangely moralless tale, unless you are interested in humanity upon its everlasting business of getting what it wants.

"It's pretty close to eight years ago, now," he said, "since Madge got back to this town. Moulton had been dead about six months and she had wound up his affairs; and, financially speaking, pretty wretched affairs they were. He left her a little bit of property out there in the Northwest. I'll tell you more about that later; but the income from it was nothing—oh, tiny! Honestly, Cliff, she got off the train at Grantsburg with one trunk and a suitcase and so much less than a hundred dollars that I won't tell you what the amount was. It was shameful! Why, Cliff, she hadn't anything when she went up to that miserable boarding house of Mrs. Graham's and sat down and began looking over the job of her existence.

"One thing she had in her favor—yes, that was a piece of luck, come to think of it—she was absolutely free; no brothers or sisters or kid; just foot-loose, and with a chance to make her future as she chose. And the first decision she made was that she wasn't going to go at it blindly or in any hit-or-miss fashion. Of course that was good sense—the kind of good sense Madge has got more of than all the rest of us rolled into one.

"It didn't take her long to decide. I guess she pretty well knew before then. She wanted to be somebody and have things—get a place in the sun. You see, she'd never had anything like that. But forget the psychology! She determined to dig out of penury and mediocrity—that's enough.

"Now Madge is like this: If she wants an apple she believes she won't be satisfied unless she has a barrel of them. A picture, say, takes her eye; and she gets the notion that she should start a gallery. If she's shy twenty-five dollars or something, it isn't twenty-five dollars she sets out after; it's a fortune. She's always raising ideas to the *n*th power. Maybe that's the essence of ambition; maybe you call it vision; I don't know. Anyhow, it's Madge!

"So—don't you see?—when she began to feel her poverty and her lack of friends and connections, and how terribly alone she was, she didn't say, 'I will scrape up an acquaintance with that dressmaker, Mrs. Smythe, across the hall'; or, 'The Friday dances at Liebel's Gardens are all right'; or, 'Come to think about it, I know a couple of traveling salesmen.' Not much, for Madge! She looked the whole game over and determined that she would lay her hands upon all the money and position there was in sight—simply get this town by the throat and make it yield up what she wanted. Extraordinary!

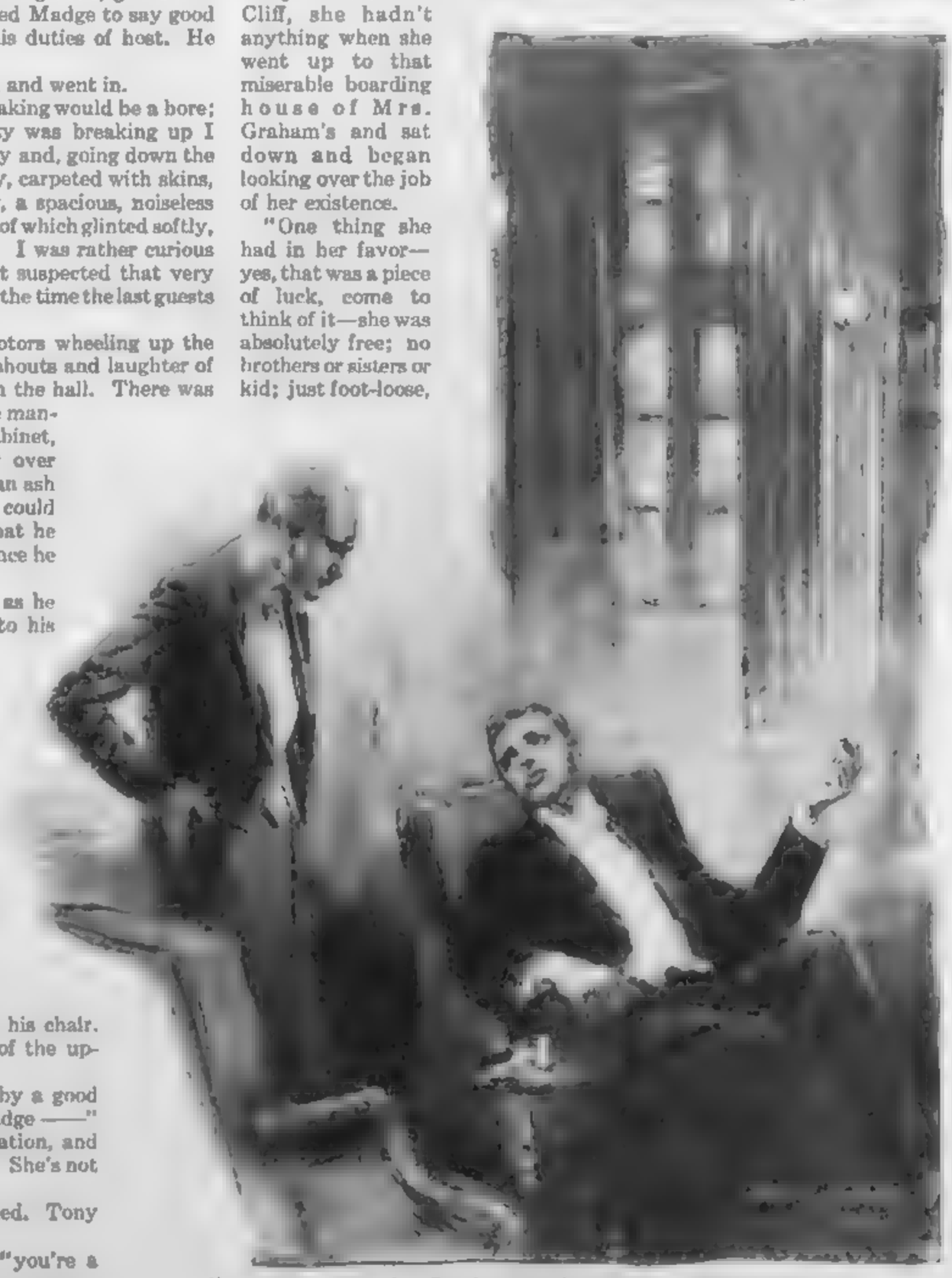
"Now before I am through you're going to wonder about a lot of things. You're going to wonder how I can admire such a person as Madge has confessed herself to be. You'll think I ought to resent a lot of things she's done; ought to resent, in fact, the whole idea of her and her accomplishment. Perhaps you'll call her an adventuress; maybe you'll say she's just a cheap climber; very likely you'll believe that no one could have done what she's done and have either delicacy or proper sensibilities. Anyhow, you're sure to be astonished that people haven't found her out and put an end long ago to her machinations. All those things and a lot of others will bother you; but never mind—let them go. People often take things from Madge because she's Madge; and for the same reason she often succeeds where others fail.

"Well, she had to make a beginning; and the way she began was to find out all there was to be found out about the Hill. Pretty soon she reached the conclusion that two people whose friendships would be most useful to her were Mabel Colfax and Norma Hoyt. Then she set about wondering how she could get in with either of them. Neither of them was aware that such a person as she existed; nor did she know anyone who knew them—fact is, she did not know anyone at all then.

"All of her kin were gone and Ridge Street was worse than useless. But she wasn't discouraged; and between Norma and Mabel, having to settle on one, she picked Mabel Colfax, because she figured that a woman who was as charitably inclined as she had learned Mrs. Colfax was would be more likely to take notice of a lonely widow than a hard-surfaced social person like Norma Hoyt. So there she was, with a total stranger of considerable eminence and wealth picked as the person who was to invite her to her house, introduce her to her friends, and more or less become her sponsor. Pretty stiff proposition, eh?

"Madge always proceeds upon a definite theory, and she made up her mind that the only way in the world by which she could hope to get any kind of foothold at all with Mabel would be by making herself somehow indispensable—fitting herself into Mabel's game in some fashion. Madge is great for that idea—the putting of things on the self-interest basis; doesn't trust anything else. And that's the thing she began to work on; but now the trick was to discover where Mabel needed someone like herself—Madge.

"No use of going into all the ins and outs, because all that was necessary was to be indefatigable; but after a while she got onto the Colfax Boys' Club. Now you probably don't recall, but back in those days the thing was in something of a mess. A lot of the folks who had made enthusiastic promises when the club had been started were getting tired of giving up an evening or so a week. Mabel couldn't bear to abandon the project—Madge got that fact from a salesgirl in a glove shop—and the result had been that poor Mabel herself



"Is Any Success—Any Big Success—Ever Really Luck? Not Much! Nobody Wins Haphazard"

was down there, in the rooms they had, about three nights a week, struggling with her precious boys.

"And it was in that situation when Madge saw her chance to be, first, useful, and then invaluable. So one evening she marched round to the clubrooms and found Mabel tired out and in a most receptive mood. She told Mrs. Colfax exactly who she was; that she had lots of leisure and would be glad to help. Mabel was delighted, of course; and then did Madge help? You should have seen her! Never mind just how she did it, but if there was any means of boosting that boys' club, and of making it a credit to Mabel, be sure Madge used it. Soon she'd doubled its membership, everyone was saying what a success it was, and Mabel had invited the lady to a Sunday-evening tea.

"That was Madge's first look in, and she made the most of it. She reckoned that her single, sole job then was to charm Mabel; and she praised her house and her children and her charities, and so on. It's a great precept with Madge: When in doubt, flatter! She says there is no plumb line long enough to plumb the fathoms of human gullibility when it comes to believing the pleasant things about oneself. And, by gracious, she's right! Anyhow, she flattered herself into other and then more invitations, and for some months that sort of thing ran along.

"But after a while she felt that she was not making enough headway. One or two other persons had been kind to her; but they treated her as a charity worker and as if they themselves were doing a kindness in inviting her. She needed something different from that—something more substantial; and so she still had her eye on Norma Hoyt. She wanted to get recognition from her; but, as you perfectly well know, Norma's not an easy proposition, and, looking over the Hoyts, with their millions and all, she couldn't find a crack into which she might squeeze herself.

"That, however, did not discourage her; and she had tucked away an idea that if she could only get hold of something Norma did not have and wanted—could create for herself some kind of exclusive asset that she could, as it were, sell to Norma—then she might succeed. Naturally the problem was, what? And all she could do was to keep her eyes open and wait and watch. Well, she did that, and finally saw her chance.

"Norma, you know, loves parties, and especially her own; and she'd rather lose a thousand dollars than not have one of them go off with a zip. Now all this was back at the time when this dancing fad was just beginning in the East and getting ready to sweep West. Madge saw it coming—everyone did, for that matter; but she also saw in it opportunity. She told herself that if, in some way, she could become the first person in this town to know the new steps, the first to be really a crack dancer, then she would have something the Hoyts would want and would more or less take her up to get.

"That, however, meant going East; and, what with her room and board, and keeping her pathetic wardrobe presentable enough for the Hill, she was pretty low in funds, even for her, and there wasn't a soul in the world from whom she could borrow. It was a question of finances, and nothing else, whether she could seize her opportunity; and she knew there was no time to lose.

"Now this shows you the kind of things people can think up and will do if they are only determined enough: She went to her landlady, Mrs. Graham, and, like the thoroughgoing business woman she is, went at her this way:

"'Mrs. Graham,' she said, 'I'm quite sure you know as well as I do, and maybe better, just what's in those trunks of mine.'

"Mrs. Graham conceded that she did.

"'Very good,' said Madge. 'Suppose some night I should walk out of here with the dress I've got on and a hand bag, owing you a good-sized bill, how much could you realize on my belongings?'

"The landlady calculated, say, fifty dollars.

"'All right,' said Madge. 'I want you to lend me fifty dollars. I'm going away for three weeks; I'll take nothing but a hand bag and the dress I have on. I'll pay you off by the week when I get back.'

"Well, the long and short of it is, she finally got the money. I've told you how she got it only as a little side light on Madge. She went to New York and, working ten hours a day, learned the steps up to the minute of her train-time, and was back here in Grantsburg with something to sell to Norma Hoyt in exchange for recognition. She did not tell anyone what she'd been up to, but merely that she'd had business—'business' is good!—in New York. The trick now was to put herself over; and she got her chance soon enough.

"One evening at Mrs. Colfax', where Madge was sitting inconspicuously by, they began trying steps, and were making monkeys of themselves, when Madge got up. After that it was all off.

"In a week she had been asked to the Hoyts'; in two she had the sensation of a big dance; in a month the Hill had accepted the only person in town who could initiate them into the new fad.

"Now there's no use in going into a lot of things that happened that winter and why they happened. Madge had some pretty severe struggles with proper clothes and money perplexities; but she managed somehow, and she felt that she had made an all-important advance toward her ambitions by getting among people of consequence who had money. The problem was to substantiate her position, to realize on her advantage, and to make her slender foothold count for something permanent; and that, in turn, involved, first, winning the liking of people—and then marriage, if she could pull it off.

"Her popularity came easily enough. All the women liked her because she flattered them and not their husbands, which was a novelty; and most of the men liked her because she was always bright, gay, amusing, danced wonderfully, and generally seemed a living denial that there were really any such things as troubles in the world. Madge says there's nothing a man hates like trouble. Also, she was no end obliging, and her boys'-club work had given her a reputation as a good-hearted soul.

"Oh, well—what's the use? You know Madge's exterior—carefree, vivacious, mundane; and it went with the Hill. She did succeed socially; made friends; got half the women on the Hill interested in her, with Mabel Colfax and Norma Hoyt, to both of whom she had made herself indispensable, as her main sponsors.

"Then it was a question of marriage; and many's the laugh we've had at how she went at it. Characteristically she reasoned out her steps before she took them. One astute conclusion she came to was that she must not try for anyone who would be considered too great a catch. The part of wisdom was to avoid all possibility of rousing hostilities and setting resentful tongues to wagging.

"Consequently she concluded that the plan for her was not to cast her wiles at a man of wealth and position, but to content herself merely with someone who definitely belonged to the Hill crowd. In that way she would cement her place among people with money; and then, being where money was, could later set about angling for some of it for the man she had landed. Well, that's how she came to pick me.

"My psychology, why I liked Madge, and all that, is not important. I did like her, and for much the same reasons, I suppose, that others did. I hadn't a suspicion of what was going on inside her busy brain. We grew to be friends. She used to tell me extremely agreeable things about myself that no one since the day I was born had ever told me—which tickled me. I liked her utter lack of pretense and her candor about her origin and her poverty. Then, too, she was so much that I was not—competent; deft; skilful about things generally. Any marriage, though, is a story in itself; and the great point is that I was fascinated.

"Yes, fascinated—that's the word—and quite prepared to forget Ridge Street and that old life-insurance pest, her father; but I didn't have any money; I didn't see how I could marry her, and I dallied along. Very likely I should be dallying along until this day if Madge hadn't taken hold. That is what she did—she proposed to me.

"It was like this: One day she walked boldly into the little office I had then; an office was just the place for Madge to do a job like that. Sitting down, she told me she wanted to have a talk; that she believed we two could make a trade. I asked her what; and a zephyr would have blown me over when she replied:

"'You give me position and I'll give you brains!'

"Then she laughed and I laughed, and we went to discussing the idea of getting married. I said I was fond of her; she said she was fond of me—but not in love. Madge, like all out-and-out materialists, is very square. Think of the chances she took then by being completely frank! But, no matter; her idea was that we could make a team. She did not try to garnish over either her humble beginning or her meager circumstances then; without mincing words, she said she would like to belong to the Hill and, also, that she wanted wealth.

"As for me, she declared she thought I was a nice, cheerful, intelligent person, who did not even guess the first principles of manipulating the Universe, but that I'd be

From the Veranda I Could See Her Limpid, Faintly Anxious Eyes Roving Here and There Over Emmett's Shoulder

(Continued on Page 89)

Grandpa Makes Him Sick

By LOWELL OTUS REESE

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

TO THE casual thought it would appear that a spree is a spree, and just as comfortably enjoyed in one town as in another; but not so.

The shriveled soul of Old Sim Yaples had felt moved to enter upon a spree in the county seat, and therefore the same celebration in Copper Sky would never do—not by any means. There was a vast difference. The potential ethics of the thing lay deep; but the large fact remained that the only place on earth where this particular whiz might be successfully carried to an ultimate triumph was the county seat.

Explain it? It can't be done. Here is a problem in dissolute psychology; but let it pass. As well try to solve the mystery of why does the rooster wake himself at two o'clock in the night merely to crow a few times. Why doesn't he sleep, and do all his crowing after the sun is up? The rooster himself could not tell why. Neither could Sim Yaples have explained his peculiar obsession.

Old Sim Padded Along in the Rear, Encouraging the Reluctant Beasts With a Club

I

IT WAS a long street, the main thoroughfare that traversed the length of the county seat; much longer than the main street of Copper Sky. A typical desert street; torn sand, liberally bestrewn with old tin cans and dirty scrape of sun-yellowed paper. On each side many, many swinging beer signs above the rickety board walks, and hitching racks all along the way.

Old Sim did not tarry when he left the train at the county seat. His moccasined feet padded impatiently up the board walks. He moved with the peculiar springing lope-walk of the trailer. One notices it in wild things, this curving ahead of the lean body, head thrust forward and the knees bending at every step. Straight over the toe the old man walked; heel-and-toe, the gait of the Eastern Indian.

Old Sim noted the many beer signs flapping idly in the wind, and to him they seemed glad bunting flung to the breeze to welcome his arrival. A warm glow of satisfaction filled him. He could do a large business here. He turned hopefully into the first resort, humming as he entered:

"He turned me down when I came to town,
This cross-eyed cuss-to-mer;
He passed me by with his cold cross-eye
And me an old-ti-mer!"

As he took up the initial glass he waved it cordially at the bartender, singing the chorus:

"O-o-o-h—
Bury me deep in the clay, boys!
Pity me if you can.
Write this down, when you come to town:
'Beware of a cross-eyed man'!"

Several hours later, still singing his weird cross-eyed song, Old Sim teetered into the Sandstorm Saloon, journeyed precariously up to the bar and called for a drink. Most conscientious he had been, for he had missed nothing on his way up from the station. The Sandstorm was only halfway uptown, but the old man was by no means discouraged. He was going strong and it was still many hours till morning. Sim took up his glass and waved it with an uncertain hand while he sang in a still more uncertain voice:

"I didn't think, when I begged a drink,
How chilly his cold blood ran;
My eyes are wet, for I can't forget
The face of that cross-eyed man."

Old Sim threw back his sunburned bald head and struck the chorus with a prolonged howl, like the unmusical effort of an ancient coyote stricken suddenly with a stomach ache:

"O-o-o-h—
Bury me deep in the clay, boys!
Pity me if you can——"

The swinging door banged violently open and a large, red-faced man came hurriedly in.

"Where's Red Ochiltree?" he panted.

"I think he just stepped over to the Palmer House, sheriff," said the bartender. "He was here a minute ago. What's the matter?"

"Robbery! Some fellow sneaked into the railroad station an hour ago and got away with a lot of cash." Here Ochiltree came in. "Get your gun and a good horse, Red," said the sheriff, "and hunt up Old Sime Hodapp. I want him to help me trail a man."

Old Sim Yaples set down his glass with a bang.

"Let me go, sheriff!" he begged. "I know the desert and I'm besh trailer in the country; you know that——"

The sheriff paid him no attention. Old Sim persisted. His entreaties still going unheeded, he caught the sheriff's arm in a beseeching grasp; and the officer lost all patience. Turning, he bent a discouraging glare upon the old man. The sheriff had a prominent cast in his eyes and it gave to his gaze a sinister quality that had made many a victim tremble. He did not like Sim Yaples, and he partook violently of the jealousy that existed between the county seat and its rapidly growing rival, Copper Sky.

"You're drunk, Grandpa!" he said roughly. "And then there are other trailers besides you. The sheriff of this county is capable of running down criminals without the help of the old men of Copper Sky."

Coarse approving laughter greeted his brutal remark and he swelled visibly. An election was due to occur in a few days and he dearly desired reëlection to his high office.

Old Sim, stricken dumb with the insult, looked at the blustering officer, and his bleary eyes filled gradually with tears.

"Bill Hogard," he gulped at last, "you're the sheriff of this county and I dassent fight you. But you lemme tell you shomeshing: I'm goin' to make you sick! I'm goin' to make you the biggest joke thish county ever laughed at! You think you'll be reëlected nex' week, don't you? You wait and see! I'm goin' make you sick!

"You've insulted the constable of Copper Sky! Remember the boys elected me constable of Copper Sky last votin' time? Course you do! Course they were 'most all drunk when they elected me, but they elected me and I've got my star and my cuffs. And you've insulted the city of Copper Sky!"

Sheriff Hogard turned impatiently to Ochiltree, who had just come in again.

"Put Grandpa in the calaboose!" he said. "He's drunk. Then hurry back. I'll be ready to ride as soon as I run across to the Palmer House and get my gun."

Old Sim went, weeping violently; but over his shoulder he spat back the essence of hot hatred through his tears.

"I'll make you sick!" were his last words; and then the crowd forgot him in the excitement over the robbery.

A few minutes later Sheriff Hogard and his deputy, Ochiltree, rode out of town, following a noted night trailer and leading an excited posse of eager citizens. Two days later the sheriff returned; but he brought no prisoner. However, he received from the station agent a scrawled note, which the robber had left behind him with bold insolence, and which had been overlooked in the first excitement. It read:

It breaks my heart to rob such quiet people. I hate to go and fuss up such a kind-hearted sheriff and make him ride away out on the nasty old desert and get all sweaty. It is a shame to wake up a town that is sleeping so sweetly! I hate to take this nice piece of chicken.

But business is business. JIMMIE THE WEASEL.

Had Hogard seen this message before starting forth upon the quest he would have proceeded with far greater circumspection. The Weasel was a famous desert criminal, noted for the audacity of his attack and the marvelously clever execution of his get-away. Hence the sobriquet of Weasel.

The sheriff raged when he read the insulting, ironical note; but he comforted himself with the reflection that nearly every other town on the desert had suffered from the Weasel's visitations and had found the best efforts at effecting a capture to meet with no success.

"Anyway," boasted Hogard, "he won't come back. He knows we will be watching for him after this."

He utterly failed to attach any significance to the writer's reference to the "piece of chicken."

Now the essential characteristics of the weasel are an absolute fearlessness and an unbelievable impudence. You find a chicken fluttering wildly out in the weeds, with a tiny weasel gripping it under the left wing. You set the dogs at the insignificant animal; and after an exciting chase, with a hundred narrow escapes from the snapping jaws, the weasel suddenly vanishes and the disappointed dogs give up the hunt. You regretfully assure yourself that the weasel is in the next township by this time, frightened out of his wits.

Just as you think this, the dying chicken at your feet emits another agonized squawk. Looking down—there is your weasel! Cocky, unafraid, he is curled about his victim again, his vicious little teeth tightly locked beneath the left wing.

II

SULLEN, sore in spirit and full of hopeless pessimism, back in Copper Sky, Old Sim Yaples sat upon a truck in the darkness of the railroad-station platform, chewing over the memory of black wrongs. All alone he sat. So sore

was he that he even avoided the comfortable, luxurious lounging chairs in the palatial Directors' Room upstairs in Aunt Malindy Crow's Palace Hotel.

Inside the window the telegraph keys clattered incessantly. Down the track, past the ruby and green lights at the end of the switch, a line of telegraph poles disappeared into the night. Up the tracks stretched another line of disappearing telegraph poles. Overhead the myriad stars twinkled in the wonderful sky of a desert night. Away to the east a faint white glow appeared above the far-off Panamints, promising a moon.

Old Sim's mind saw nothing but the black wrongs aforesaid. Earnestly he sat and cursed Sheriff Hogard in his soul. His spree had been so full of promise; and Hogard had spoiled it just when it was getting good. Hogard had given him a whole night in the calaboose, merely because of resentment against being considered unfit for the trail.

"And he called me Grandpa!" Old Sim summed up. "Dang his old cross-eyed picture!" A long interval and then a muttered "But I'll make him sick!"

The telegraph operator stuck his head out of the window in great excitement. He had heard stirring news and was simply obliged to tell somebody.

"Say!" he cried. "What do you think! The Weasel just robbed the bank down at the county seat!"

Old Sim hopped down from his seat on the truck and padded up to the window.

"He came back again?" he asked. "And got away with it?"

"Sure!" grinned the railroad man. "The operator down there just told me. He got away with twelve hundred dollars this time. And he left another note for the sheriff; said something about having come back for another piece of chicken."

He broke off and went back to answer the wire. Presently he closed his key and turned again to the window.

"Hogard has just left with a posse," he said. "Somebody saw the Weasel as he was leaving the bank; so he didn't get a chance to work up his usual clean get-away. He knew he had been seen; so he stole a horse from the corral back of the Sandstorm Saloon and beat it out into the desert. That horse will leave a fine trail that anybody can follow. Hogard will get him—sure! And maybe that won't be a feather in the sheriff's cap! He'll be reëlected, and you can bet a million on it!"

Old Sim was silent for half a minute, thinking.

"Which way are they heading?" he asked at length.

"I'll ask," said the operator, going back to his key. A little later he returned. "Northeast," he reported.

Old Sim went slowly back to his truck and sat down again, still thinking. He cut off a large chew of tobacco and began working on it with his toothless gums.

"Northeast," he mused as he chewed slowly. "Squaw Rock Water Hole. Yes, sir; I'd bet my life he's making for Squaw Rock Water Hole." He continued in thought for several minutes and the conviction grew to absolute certainty in his mind. "No other water in that direction," he reasoned. "It must be Squaw Rock.

"Lemme see: . . . It's forty miles from the county seat to Squaw Rock—forty miles if it's a foot. . . . A good man could make it by ten o'clock to-morrow; and I reckon the Weasel must be a good man. . . . It's only about twenty miles from here to Squaw Rock, traveling straight and walking round a few little hells on the way. I wonder . . . I wonder if Grandpa could stand the strain of such a trip? Grandpa thinks he could!"

The old man slipped spryly from the truck and padded swiftly away toward his quarters in the Palace Hotel, a wicked grin upon his wizened face.

"Here's where Hogard meets up with one of the old men from Copper Sky!" he snickered. "Here's where I make him sick!"

Arrived at his room, Old Sim hastily buckled on the greasy belt of shells, from which dangled a shiny old revolver and an old-fashioned hunting knife. He made up a small, compact pack, which included such things as bacon and cold flapjacks. These things he treated indifferently; but a bottle of rich-looking liquor he bestowed tenderly and with loving care in a hip pocket. He remembered that he also had another hip pocket; so he rummaged for the first bottle's twin, found it, and honored the second hip pocket. Finally he filled two great canteens with water and carried the outfit downstairs and out to the corral, where he saddled his two tough old jackasses.

The Sheriff Raged When He Read the Insulting, Ironical Note

Before setting forth, he bethought himself of something he had forgotten. Going back to his room he hunted up a great star, with "Constable" stamped upon its shining face. He pinned it carefully upon the breast of his hunting shirt. Searching again he produced a pair of rusty handcuffs and put them in the bosom of his shirt. Then he slipped out into the cool white light of the rising moon.

III

SQUAW ROCK BUTTE was a low point of yellow rock, rising but a hundred feet above the surrounding desert. On the very summit of Squaw Rock, Old Sim Yaples lay, flattened behind a bowlder, like a particularly ugly old lizard basking in the sun. A sparse clump of brush grew in front of his face, and through it the old man's rheumy eyes gazed expectantly across a mile of comparatively open country; yellow-gray sand, spotted with scattering greasewood. Beyond this open country the landscape closed up suddenly and became a forest of higher greasewood and still higher yucca trees. The effect at that distance was to make the forest appear like a vast orange grove, with low palmettos growing among the orange trees. It was the fringe of this desert forest that the old man watched.

The rock was becoming uncomfortably hot; still the watcher stuck. At the foot of the butte, and almost directly beneath him, lay the water hole, with considerable brush and desert grass growing among the bowlders about it. Old Sim turned a faded eye downward for a moment, assured himself that nothing had disturbed the tranquillity of the spot, and then returned his gaze to the fringe of forest beyond the open country.

A black speck emerged from the gray-green fringe and began crossing the open ground. At that distance the black speck looked much like an ant. Old Sim's body stiffened.

"Called the turn!" he exulted. "I said he'd come by Squaw Rock—and he's doing it. I figured he'd get here about ten o'clock—and yonder he comes!"

He started worming his way backward along the ground. Once back and out of sight behind the slope of the butte, he sneaked down to the floor of the desert and around among the brush by the water hole, where he hid behind a rock.

Noiselessly as a fox the Weasel entered the brush and approached the water hole. His small nervous eyes watched all directions, but more from force of habit than from any fear of lurking danger. He had been here often. It was a favorite resort of his, for it was the only water within fifty miles, not considering the water at the towns along the line of the railroad. Never had he seen a man's track here; he almost fancied that he alone knew of the existence of the water hole.

He knew there were enemies back on his trail, for he had ridden recklessly, leaving a trail from the county seat to the Chimneys, where he had dismounted and abandoned his stolen horse. A man on foot could do better across the Chimneys than one hampered by a horse. He was safe. The sheriff and his posse would lose the trail at the Chimneys. It would take much time to pick it up again.

He would just take a drink and eat a light lunch here, after which he would fix his feet mysteriously and fade into the desert, leaving no sign. He grinned—a snarling, animal grin—as he pictured the sheriff's discomfiture, and extended himself upon the ground with his lips to the water.

"Don't move!"

A convulsive jerk shook the man's body. Then he was still. He kept his face close to the water, for he noted in the cracked voice the subtle quality which belongs to the man who long has known the soul of the trigger.

"Keep your head down. I got you covered, you know!" went on the voice. "Put your hands up behind your back."

The Weasel obeyed. Behind him there was a faint scramble, a low swish of parted brush. He listened closely, waiting for some sound that would indicate weakness; an instant's lapse and he would —— Even as he waited, tense, dangerous, wicked as a hot rattlesnake, he grinned again that vulpine grin, thinking what an excellent joke on the sheriff it would be to leave a dead man here to meet him upon his arrival! . . . Still, no sound.

Click-click! And the Weasel came to his feet like a flying clock spring, his teeth bared, his body crouched back against the brush like a trapped wildcat's, his small eyes crazy with rage and fear. Never before had his wrists felt the cuffs. Old Sim soothed him as one soothes an unbroken broncho.

"Steady, now!" he urged. "I don't want to shoot you all up! Lie down again—just for a minute. *Lie down!*"

The command met the Weasel's impulse like the pop of a whip. The Weasel abandoned his spring and sank back against the trunk of a yucca tree, his eyes upon the unwavering muzzle of the shiny big revolver. The old man quickly unwound from his own body a long *riata* of tough rawhide and bound his captive's legs securely. He then sat down upon the sand, with his back against a rock opposite the prisoner, and cut off a generous chew of tobacco.

The storm broke. The Weasel raved like a madman. Every insult, every epithet that was vile he flung at his captor. Through it all the old man sat calmly chewing his tobacco and regarding his prisoner with large toleration.

"I know just how you feel," he said sympathetically when, at last, the Weasel lay back against the tree exhausted, with his lean body heaving and the white froth flecking his lips. "I'd say the same things if I was in your place; in fact, I might think of a few remarks that you overlooked." The old man took a bottle from his hip pocket and treated himself to a long drink. "So you can't hurt my feelings none. Just go right ahead. I'm going to wait right here till the middle of the afternoon; so you'll have plenty of time to get through nice and comfortable."

For a long time he sat, chewing his tobacco peacefully, imperturbably, and gradually the Weasel's unreasoning fury died and the habitual animal cunning took its place. Again he began watching for a sign of weakness.

"Are you a deputy of Hogard's?" he asked finally.

The wizened face darkened.

"No!" said Old Sim shortly. "I'd rather be deputy to a yellow houn' dog."

At Last the Figure Ventured Nervously Into the Patch of Moonlight and Knelt by the Rock, Digging Swiftly in the Sand

Another long, appraising silence, during which Old Sim drank many times; then:

"There's twelve hundred dollars in my clothes, old-timer. . . . If you'd just take it and go away for a few minutes, and forget the key to the handcuffs —sort of leave the key on that rock you're leaning against ——"

Old Sim opened his mouth in a toothless cackle.

"Twelve hunnerd dollarsh!" he said. "Why, son, I got a million already! What I want wizh more? Ever hear of the Red Hill Mine? Well, I'm one of the owners. Fact! I got so much money that I don't have hardly any fun any more."

Another long drink. Old Sim began to weep, silently and drearily.

"Thish li'l' party of ours is firs' good time I've had since I got rich!" he said. "Always gozzer be on hand to collect my dividends. Want to go prospectin'; can't. Gozzer stick round and attend a directors' meeting. Want to get drunk. Can't even do that wizout picking a day that ain't taken up wizh a conference wizh Superintendent Jimmie Brawley. All the time got to be lookin' after my money. It's hell to be rich! Son, don't you ever get rich!"

"I won't," the Weasel assured him earnestly.

"Have a drink!" The old man presented his bottle to the Weasel's mouth and the captive drank with manifest appreciation. "Have anuzzer!" And again the Weasel toasted the beauties of poverty and drank confusion to great riches.

And so they sat, amicably talking and drinking, far into the day. The sun rose straight overhead, and still they sat on, Old Sim calm and peaceful, the Weasel watching for the psychological moment of weakness, which never came.

"Don't you ever get drunk?" he burst forth at last.

"Who—me?" grinned the old trailer. "Sure! But not at a quiet li'l' party like thish. Why, son, I'm not anyways near it now; jush a li'l' bit ripe round the edges—thash all. When I'm drunk you'll know it—if you're anyways near the spot and listen good!"

Old Sim put the bottle away and in doing so struck his hand against a packet. He drew it forth and looked at it.

"Well, look at thish!" he said. "I put her in my pocket the other day when I went down to the county seat. I meant to spend it all, having a good time. Then thish Bill Hogard stuck me in the calaboose, and I hadn't spent hardly any of it!" His face darkened again. "But I'll make him sick!"

Slowly Old Sim turned out the contents of the packet. Gold coin, and paper of large denominations, it rolled upon the sand before the Weasel's astonished eyes.

"I thought you were talking to your whisky, old-timer," he said, "when you said you were rich. I see you didn't dream it. How much of it is there?"

Old Sim counted.

"Fifteen hundred dollars," he said bitterly. "I started in wizh a couple thousand and was having a fine time; but, before I got loose from more than five hundred dollars, this dang sheriff pried me loose from my fun; and it made me so mad that I plumb forgot about thish li'l' wad until thish minute."

The Weasel swallowed hard and then drew a long sigh.

About one o'clock Old Sim unbound the Weasel's legs and drove him over to where the burros were hidden. An hour later, having returned to the water hole for lunch and fresh water, they were journeying back on the Weasel's trail. The prisoner rode ahead, his hands still manacled; and for greater security the rawhide rope was fixed about his body and attached to the saddle horn. Behind followed the pack donkey, Old Sim padding along in the rear, encouraging the reluctant beasts with a club.

"You don't want money," said the Weasel after they had traveled in silence for several miles, "and you hate the sheriff. I never harmed you; then why are you so determined to take me back and collect the little reward that will be up for my capture?"

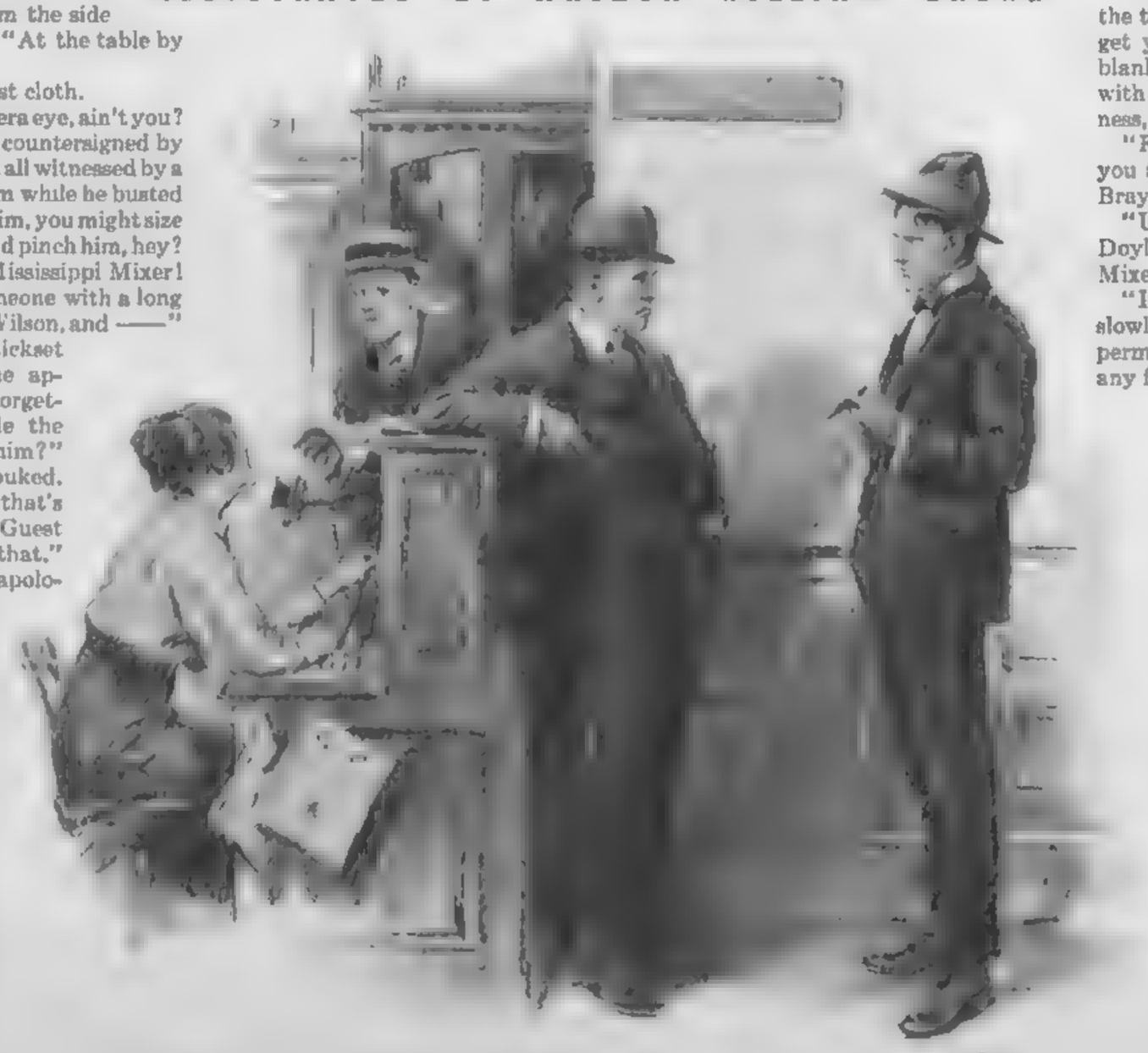
"Want to make the sheriff sick!" said Old Sim readily. "You wait and see! Know why I rested so long at the water hole? Wanted to give the sheriff time to break his heart crossing the Chimneys! He'll try to ride across—and the Chimneys are plumb hell on a horse. Then he'll

(Continued on Page 70)

The Scent of Apple Blossoms

By Arthur Somers Roche

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN



"Have You Got Any Money You Can Afford to Throw Away? If You Have, Go Right Back to Your Little Pal and Begin Throwing It"

THE short, thickset man with the mild brown eyes that were contradicted by the round, scrappy jaw walked over to the bar. He ordered ginger ale, and under cover of the operation spoke from the side of his mouth to the bartender: "At the table by the cigar stand, Jerry?"

Jerry wiped the bar with a moist cloth.

"Gee, Doyle, but you got a camera eye, ain't you? If a murderer give you his photo countersigned by the commissioner, and a confession all witnessed by a notary, and then took you with him while he busted somebody wide open and frisked him, you might size him up as a guy that was wanted and pinch him, hey? Why, that's Russell Bray, the Mississippi Mixer! You want to look out, Doyle. Someone with a long beard will tell you he's Woodrow Wilson, and ——"

"Nice stuff, Jerry," said the thickset man wearily. "Just imagine me applauding, will you? Now then, forgetting that I gave Bray a tumble the minute I saw him—the guy with him?"

"Oh!" Jerry was properly rebuked. "Name is Ordway. Leastwise that's the moniker Bray gave him. Guest here, I think. You'd oughta know that."

"I've been away for a week," apologized Doyle. He drank his ginger ale and walked from the bar to the hotel office. There at the desk he looked over the register, running down the pages with a stubby thumb. Among the arrivals of the day before yesterday he found the entry, "Samuel S. Ordway, Freeport, Miss."

"Mississippi, eh?" Doyle said softly.

He nodded to the room clerk.

"This Ordway here?" He indicated, still with his thumb, the name of the man at present consorting in the bar with the Mississippi Mixer.

The room clerk smiled condescendingly.

"Vacations rest the brain so; don't they, Doyle?" he jeered. "They send you back to work so full of pep and snap, make you alive to the job, and—why that guy Ordway is a millionaire. Farm implements from Mississippi. Bradstreet says that he's Triple A—one with several pennies in the bank. Take a look at him, Doyle. He doesn't look like a short-change artist, honest he doesn't."

"When do you and Jerry put on your act?" asked Doyle kindly. "Your rehearsals go big with me, feller. They certainly do."

"Huh?" But the room clerk's exclamation hit Doyle between his burly shoulders and no answer rebounded. The room clerk returned to the fascinating occupation of placing a meticulous polish upon his finger nails.

Doyle beckoned to a bell boy.

"Page Mr. Samuel S. Ordway. You'll find him in the bar. Tell him that he's wanted at the telephone."

"Yes, sir." And the boy departed on the errand.

Doyle lounged over to the telephone booths and waited. In a moment Ordway appeared in the door of the bar. Doyle had a good chance to size him up as he hurried across the lobby.

Broad-shouldered, dressed in a suit made of expensive cloth but patently not made to measure, a black felt hat, rather wide-brimmed, set quite far back on curly red hair above a face that had been burned copper by the sun, Ordway was hardly the proper companion for the Mississippi Mixer; at any rate, not from the standpoint of Doyle.

"Telephone for me, miss?" asked Ordway of the girl at the switchboard.

Doyle touched the man on the shoulder.

"Excuse me, Mr. Ordway," he said, "but the telephone was just a stall. An excuse to get you out here," he added at Ordway's blank expression. "I noticed you in the bar with one of the cleverest con men in the business, and ——"

"Eh?" Ordway's face hardened. "Are you alludin', seh, to my friend, Mr. Russell Bray?"

"Uh-huh. That's the very man," smiled Doyle. "Better known as the Mississippi Mixer, high-class crook."

"I don't know you, seh," said Ordway slowly, "and if I did know you I would not permit such remarks about my friend, about any friend ——"

"Sure. I've been to see these Southern shows, and I always admire the boys in the restaurants that get up and holler when the band plays Dixie. I like this chivalry stuff. I can't use none of it in my business, but I always enjoy seeing it just the same, Mr. Ordway. As a Southern gentleman you want to pick out my two front teeth and send them to the ash can; but as a business man, Mr. Ordway—I'm talking to you as a business man. Have you got any money you can afford to throw away? If you have, go right back to your little pal and begin throwing it. If you haven't ——" He shrugged his shoulders.

"Why—uh—Mr. Bray is—he was a boyhood friend—I haven't seen him before this week in ten years or more—and ——"

"How much has he asked for?" demanded Doyle. "Or has he got it already?" he added, noting the other's sudden flush.

"Why—uh—no, seh. He—uh—called yesterday, having seen my name in the hotel arrivals in the newspapers, seh, and he—uh—took me round town last night as his—uh—guest, seh. This mornin'—just now, seh—he was givin' me the details of a most remarkably promisin' proposition that ——"

"Knows a friend in a telegraph office that will hold back racing returns, or did it have to do with an option on a mine in Cobalt?" asked Doyle.

"Cobalt," said Ordway. He grinned sheepishly.

"And you were just going to make out the check, eh?"

"Well—uh—Russ Bray and I were boyhood friends, seh, and —— If he's become a crook, why is he permitted in this hotel? You're a detective, ain't you?"

"House detective," said Doyle. "I can't arrest him. No one's ever been able to arrest the Mississippi Mixer.

No evidence against him. We just know that his friends always lose money through him. Inside the law always, but that don't put the money back in his friends' banks, does it? Oh, no. I can't even warn him out of here. He'd have a fine suit for damages against the hotel if I did. But I can warn his friends. That's all I can do. If they want to go ahead—that's their business, not the hotel's. But if you must be trimmed, would you mind going across the street to another place? I hate to sit by and watch it done, you know."

He eyed Ordway dispassionately.

"Suit yourself, of course; only suppose you say to him that Colonel Fallon called you up, and just watch the way he takes that."

"Who is Colonel Fallon?" asked Ordway.

"Oh, just a man who went bankrupt because of Bray. Your friend is a charming feller, you know. Great mixer. Go try it."

"I will," said Ordway.

He walked back to the bar and sat down at the table with Bray. Somehow Bray didn't seem the same as he had seemed a few minutes ago. Ordway saw his companion now, not through the haze of memory, but clearly. Bray's eyes were shifty; his mouth was mean and hard.

"Business?" asked Bray.

Ordway nodded.

"A man named Fallon called me up—Colonel Fallon, he called himself. Wanted to meet me right away—some new invention. I told him that I was sorry, but that I was engaged with a boyhood friend from my own home town."

"Did you tell him my name?" asked Bray harshly.

The Mississippi Mixer's face was white. Ordway shook his head gently.

"You must have treated him mighty shabby, Russ."

"Eh? He's a liar! He's a squealer! He's ——"

Ordway pushed back his chair.

"I'm sorry, Russ, but I don't think we can do any business together. I'm mighty sorry, Russ—for you."

He looked a full minute into the eyes of his boyhood chum. Bray wet his lips with his tongue. He tried to speak, but he could not. A film gathered before his eyes. He saw himself fifteen years ago, a half-grown boy; he smelled apple blossoms. . . . He gulped his drink, put down the glass and rose to his feet. Ordway had left the room; evidently he had paid the check. Bray seemed to feel contempt in the averted eyes of the bartender, in the impersonal glance of the cashier.

It was not until after his third drink in a shabby Sixth Avenue saloon that his mood changed from self-contempt to self-pity. Didn't he have the devil's own luck, though? Here was Sam Ordway, rich, respected, married happily, and with a couple of dandy kids, whose pictures, with that of their mother, he carried round with him in his pocketbook. And Sam Ordway wasn't particularly clever either. Clever? Why, but for the unhappy whim of chance, Bray would have hooked him for ten thousand. Ordway had just about promised to go into the deal that Bray had proposed when that cursed telephone call had come for him. Clever? Ordway was lucky, that was all.

A dull lucky boob, and look what he had! And here was Russell Bray, with all kinds of brains, and look what he had! About four dollars if he counted the silver in his pocket. Surely he had done nothing so wicked that he should deserve such treatment at the hands of Fate. If he'd been a little cleverer than certain men and they'd got sore at him, that hadn't been his fault; that had been their fault for being stupid. He'd always kept inside the law, hadn't he? Not a bull in the town had anything on him. He was just as straight as any of these big millionaires, only he didn't have their luck.

He had a couple more drinks; his mood changed again; his lips seemed to grow thinner, harsher, and his eyes were uglier. It was Doyle, that big-footed, fat-witted house detective! He had noticed Doyle at the bar, but he had thought that Doyle hadn't observed him. It was Doyle who had tipped Ordway off! Well, *damn* Doyle!

But what sort of man was Sam Ordway to let a house detective steal an old pal's character away in this fashion? A fine friend Ordway was! One word from a stranger and he believed the worst. How'd Ordway like it if some stranger said something about him to a good friend of his? Supposing someone came along and filled the ears of that wife of Ordway's with a tale of her husband's doings in New York? What sort of wife would Ordway think her if she turned against him in an instant? By George, he wished that Ordway could go through just such an experience, the scented, sainted prig! Then Ordway would know what it was to have your good name stolen in a sentence, and ——

He ordered another drink and consumed it slowly. He didn't know Ordway's wife, and writing letters was bad business. And, anyway, Ordway was on a quick trip and would be returning to-night to Mississippi and would get there as soon as a letter, and could persuade his wife that the letter was untrue, no matter what Bray might put in it.

But if, while Ordway was still away, his wife got a tip that her husband wasn't exactly the nice church deacon that she probably thought he was . . . it would serve Ordway exactly right—the disloyal, squealing, close-fisted pup. And a telegram . . . it was not until after three more drinks had been brought to his sloppy table that Bray finally composed the telegram. Painfully, for he was quite drunk by this time, he wrote it out on a sheet of paper obligingly furnished by the bartender. It read:

"SAMUEL S. ORDWAY,
"Freeport, Miss. Have moved to —— East Manville Street. Please come. Love.
"YSOBELLE LA CLAIR."

That signature was the final artistic touch, he felt. Any girl with that sort of name, Mrs. Ordway would think, would be bound to be exactly the sort of girl that would be sending fond telegrams to a married man.

The Mississippi Mixer was very, very careful in everything that he wrote; he looked far ahead. If Mrs. Ordway came hurriedly to New York and, finding that she had been duped, started an investigation, it was not at all likely that Bray would have invited the attentions of the police. It probably was against the law to sign another person's name to a telegram, but surely there was no law forbidding one to sign a fictitious name. And, besides, who was going to know that Russell Bray had had anything to do with it? He dismissed his fears as silly.

"Ring for a messenger," he ordered the complaisant bartender. And while he awaited the boy's arrival he amused himself by picturing Mrs. Sam Ordway's horror when the telegram—it was clever, addressing it to her husband and not to her—arrived. Trust a woman to open a telegram too. He could just imagine Ordway's stammering denials of acquaintance with anyone named Ysobelle. Oh, it was very hot stuff. He wished that he could afford a nice long wire. But it was enough. It would do.

The messenger noted the bartender's pointing finger and came over to Bray's table. He read the message.

"Excuse Me, Sir, But I'm Getting Married"

"Freeport, Mississippi, hey? I don't know how much it is."

"Well, I do," said Bray. "Sixty cents, and sixty cents is exactly what you get from me."

He counted out the exact amount and gave it to the boy. The messenger sneered at him, but Bray merely leered drunkenly, and the boy left. The Mississippi Mixer was asleep, head in arms and arms on the table, before the boy had reached the sidewalk.

Outside the youngster jingled the coins that were to pay for the message. He was a typical New York messenger boy, and to say that is equivalent to saying that he knew but one sin—piking. To be a piker, to be tight with one's money, was to stamp one as being unworthy of all consideration. The piker was fair game for anyone. And a person who failed to present a tip to a hard-working youth, when the high cost of cigarettes was more appalling each day, was a piker to the *n*th degree. As a matter of fact, not only was it the correct thing to trim a piker, but it was absolutely incorrect not to do so.

The boy stopped and considered the matter. Freeport, Mississippi, but written "Freeport, *Miss*." Now there was, as he happened to know, another Freeport, situated in Massachusetts. The abbreviation of Massachusetts is "Mass." The rate to Massachusetts for a ten-word telegram is thirty cents. The sender of the message was a piker; thirty cents from sixty cents leaves thirty cents; appropriate sum for a piker, in the argot of the street, amounts to but thirty cents. The messenger boy drew out a pencil; he lifted one knee; on that knee he rested his black imitation-leather book that was the repository of Bray's message. The least little mark of his pencil and the deed was done—Miss. had become Mass., and the messenger boy was enriched by three dimes. The drunk back in the saloon would forget all about the wire when he got over his little party; and besides, the message looked kinda phony anyway; and he hadn't come through with a tip like he oughta. Even juvenile Mixers find justification in odd corners, as do their elders who have passed beyond the embryonic stage.

When the summer people began to flock to Freeport, Massachusetts, the telegraph company decided to put in an office. They rented a corner of Lon Haslett's drug store; and Lon, being New England born and bred, began to study the code. The second winter following the installation, the company, being offered the services of a fairly competent operator for seven dollars a week, did not discontinue the wire when the summer people had gone, but continued it, with Lon Haslett as operator. It was good business for both sides, as the drug business was slack in the winter anyway, and a dollar a day for monkeying round a funny little key wasn't to be sneezed at. And it was a fine thing for the town, for elections and sporting events were promptly reported. Lon's drug store was more than ever the lounging place of the cream of Freeport's sporting population.

So it was that Lon had a large and appreciative audience on the afternoon in late May when the message addressed to Samuel S. Ordway came through.

Lon wrote it out painstakingly; he read it aloud; then he passed it round, that every individual present might have the pleasure of reading as well as hearing.

"Gointer deliver it now, Lon?" asked Leon Berryman.

"Deliver it? There ain't no Sam'l S. Ordway in Freeport," replied the druggist-telegrapher.

Leon Berryman winked almost audibly.

"I ain't sayin' there is, am I?" he retorted. "But there's an Ordway here, and it looks to me like that message is meant for him. Ain't Gar Ordway just the sort of person that would be getting telegrams from ladies named Ysobelle La Clair?"

Leon took rank from that day as the town's foremost humorist.

"Garfield Ordway!" gasped Lon Haslett.

"Fatty Ordway!" cried the others.

Ten minutes later, leaving behind him a scene of innocent mirth and revelry, young Hen Sawyer entered the dry-goods store of Garfield Ordway.

"Telegram for you, Gar," he said.

Ordway wiped his hands, that were always nervously moist, on a handkerchief. Gingerly he took the yellow envelope, addressed not to Samuel S. Ordway but to Garfield Ordway. He opened it; he read it; his jaw dropped.

"Any answer?" queried young Hen.

"N-no," stammered the amazed Garfield.

"Aincha goin' to see the lovely Y-so-belle?" asked the well-coached Hen, his mouth agrin.

And now, of course, Gar Ordway knew that he was the victim of a practical joke. Hen Sawyer dodged under the yardstick wielded by the stout arm of the irate merchant, and beat a hasty retreat to the drug store.

But the beauty of the practical joke is that it is very often immaterial that the victim doesn't bite. The fact that he has been selected as victim makes him a butt. So when Gar Ordway passed the drug store, after closing his shop that afternoon, three husky Freeport citizens dragged him inside, slapped him on the back, uttered many loud coarse jests, and insisted that Ordway stand treat to the cigars.

Ordway knew the customs of his own home town. He bought the cigars, tried not to blush too vividly at the suggestions uttered by Leon Berryman and the others, and finally broke away. If the boys wanted to have their fun, why, all right, let them have it; he didn't mind. But at home, in his little comfortable house, after he had cooked his own supper and eaten it, and washed the dishes and tidied-up, he looked at the telegram again. Then he went and looked at himself in the mirror.

Gosh, he wished that some real Y-so-belle—he pronounced it painfully and blushingly—would wire him her love and ask him to come. But nobody with a face and figure like his could expect anything like that to happen. He studied himself carefully: where he wasn't bald he was slightly gray; his face was round and much too fat, and the pores of his skin were visible to the casual eye. His neck was very short, and he couldn't possibly encompass it with a collar more than an inch high. And his stomach bulged roundly; and his legs were short, and—oh, gosh!

He tried to read the Freeport Daily News, but ever and again his eyes wandered to the yellow paper on which was printed the jesting message. Y-so-belle La Clair! Sounded kinda Frenchy, and—and—well, interesting. And the address, —— East Manville Street. He'd never been to New York, but he had always thought that all the streets were numbered there. It would be kinda interesting to know

There was a Guide to New York that some summer person had left in his store last year that he'd brought home —— Yes, there was an East Manville Street, all right. It was in the district south of Washington Square, where there was that fine arch that he'd always wanted to see. . . .

Of course it was a joke, but —— Suddenly he went to the telephone and called up Lon Haslett.

"This is Gar, Lon," he said. "About the telegram I got to-day. Ha-ha! . . . Yes, it was on me, all right. . . . But what I wanted to know was how you fellers knew that there was such a street as that?"

He listened patiently while Lon Haslett cried to the ever-present loungers that Gar Ordway was still interested in Miss La Clair. He returned jocose answers as each of the loungers in turn hurled some ribald jest through the telephone. And finally Lon explained the foundation for the joke.

"It was addressed to Samuel S. Ordway. Some mistake, Gar, so we was just kiddin' you. Changed the name to yours, you know. Ain't got any Cousin Sam that it might have been meant for, have you?"

"Wish I had; I'd steal his girl," said Gar.

He hung up the receiver, amazed at his own answer. What was the matter with him? Whence came this sudden daring—even though verbal only—of his? Would he have tried to steal a nonexistent Cousin Sam's girl? Would he? He wiped perspiration from his forehead; he felt suddenly overcome by the heat of the room, although it was not very warm for May. He walked to the window; he opened it. He owned a small orchard, and the apple trees were just beginning to blossom. The night wind brought their scent fragrantly to his nostrils. His soul expanded; he felt bigger than he had ever felt in his life; his fat seemed to slough away from him; he saw the dull routine of his life as it had been ever since, on his father's death, he had bought the dry-goods store from Eben Blaisdell. He'd never been to New York; he'd only been to Boston on buying trips. He'd never had a girl; he'd always been fat and dull. Of course this telegram wasn't meant for him; wasn't meant even for anyone in Freeport; if he should call on this Y-so-belle La Clair she'd probably think he was crazy, but —— Supposin' the man she really sent her invitation and her love to never heard from her at all? Supposin' she was a nice young girl mournin' for her lover or somethin'? Hadn't she oughta be told about the mistake in the wire, and and —— A breeze, a little stronger, blew across the orchard and came to him in the window. Apple blossoms! Springtime! Youth! Forty wasn't so terrible old, and —— If a man hustled he could catch the ten-twenty from Yarmouth Center to Boston. He could get to Boston a little after one, spend the rest of the night there and catch a mornin' train to New York. A-course it was crazy, and the girl didn't know him and hadn't sent for him, but —— If a man hadn't ever done anythin' out of the ordinary by the time he was forty, he'd better do it then or he never would.

Gar Ordway caught the ten-twenty to Boston. He arrived in New York at four o'clock. He could have ridden on an earlier train, but a man going to New York had oughta spruce up a little. A wholesale dry-goods house in Boston had cashed a check for him, and a haberdashery and clothing store had outfitted him. It was a Gar Ordway much different from the man that Freeport knew who walked through the Grand Central Station and inquired of a policeman the way to East Manville Street. His shirt was soft and silken; his tie was rich; his suit, though a Fifth Avenue tailor might have carped, was at least well pressed and of good material. He even carried a light stick. Altogether he felt that he was quite impressive and not entirely without justification. He was no slim dandy, but he looked prosperous, and the policeman recognized this and explained the best route in detail.

Somehow He Didn't Look Like a Little Fat Man to Her; He Looked Like a Knight

"But a taxi is the best way for a stranger," he added.

And Gar Ordway, for the first time in his life, rode in a taxicab, resolutely refusing to look at the mounting meter. He did not know how lucky had been his choice of locomotion; how the waiting taxi impressed the slattern servant at —— East Manville Street to the point of summoning her mistress; how it impressed her mistress—on finding that the visitor did not desire a room but merely wanted to know the whereabouts of a mythical Ysobelle La Clair—to the point of inviting him in to drink a cup of tea.

Well, Ordway might just as well, he supposed. Lon Haslett had been a liar. The boys had just guessed at the fact that there was an East Manville Street in New York; there'd never been any telegram at all. And he might just as well drink a cup of tea. He dismissed the taxi and entered the drab parlor.

"And you say you got a telegram from this Miss La Clair saying that she'd moved to this address?" asked the landlady.

Ordway blushed.

"Well, ma'am, it wasn't exactly for me, but ——" And because he disliked lying, and the landlady seemed a comfortable old soul, he told her the whole story. "I guess I musta been just crazy," he said as he finished. "I dunno what I'd said to the lady if I'd found her, anyway."

"I bet she'd found plenty to say to you," said the landlady flatteringly. She eyed her visitor. "So you come from Freeport? I had a lady with me quite recent that come from there. Leastwise she said once that was her home town. Name of Westcott. Martha Westcott. Ever know her?"

Did Gar Ordway know her? Why, he could remember when they had gone to school together. He could remember her yellow hair.

"It ain't yellow any more," said the landlady. "It's pretty gray. Had pretty hard luck, I guess."

"But I thought she'd done mighty well. Was secretary to a rich man ——"

"Uh-huh. But he failed, and she didn't get another job. She's round forty, I guess, and it ain't so easy then. She was a nice woman, too, and I hated to see her go."

A chill gripped Gar Ordway's heart. He'd never known Martha Westcott very well; Martha had left Freeport when she was twenty—right after she'd graduated from high school; her folks had all died. But she was from his own home town, and a woman, and ——

"Why did she have to go?" he asked.

"Because she was too proud to stay when she couldn't pay her board," was the reply.

"Where'd she go?" demanded Ordway hoarsely.

"I dunno. She called for her mail for a few days, and then she didn't come round again. I guess she had the post office forward it."

"Do you think they'd give me her address?"

"Well, you might try," suggested the landlady. "And," she added archly, "if you find her, even if she isn't your Miss La Clair, lemme hear how it all comes out, will you?"

And Ordway, hurrying down the steps, promised.

There was difficulty at the branch post office: it was against the law to give out addresses. But humanity is higher than law sometimes.

"She might be hungry," almost wept Gar Ordway, "and she's from my own home town."

And they gave him Martha Westcott's address. Ordway went there; it was a dingy tenement in Tompkins Street. No one answered the bell; he was compelled to knock at several doors before he found the right one. And when he did find it he hardly knew her. The Martha Westcott of today was faded, worn, old. Also she was shabby.

But she remembered Gar Ordway, and she was primly glad to see him, though pathetically ashamed of her poverty. No, she hadn't been doing as well lately. In fact she—and then Ordway saw the piles of vests, whose buttonholes were to be finished if Martha Westcott were to eat, and Gar Ordway's heart melted.

"Martha," he said, "here's why I am in New York."

He told her the whole story:

"You see, I'm a darned fool, Martha. But—but—I'm lonely, I guess, and, Martha, you can't go on this way. And I—I can't go on the way I've been going. Martha, the apple blossoms are blooming back in Freeport; it's quiet there, and comfortable. I got a good store. You would be comfortable—and I wouldn't bother you none. You'd be free, Martha, and I—why, fat men of forty that's just been and tried to make darned fools of themselves ain't got much right to talk love to a nice woman, but I wouldn't talk it, Martha, I'd live it; and—you could stand me, couldn't you? Make it a business proposition! You'd be my housekeeper; you'd have to marry me because it wouldn't look right if you didn't. But you'd be free, Martha, and—you needn't be afraid of me."

She looked at him. Somehow he didn't look like a little fat man to her; he looked like a knight. She didn't notice that his neck was short and his forehead beady with perspiration. Her eyes grew soft. And somehow she didn't look, to Gar Ordway, like a faded woman of middle age. She looked youthfully slim, gentle.

"Gar, I wouldn't be afraid of you," she said. "But I have nothing."

"Listen, Martha, do you really mean it? You can forgive me for being the sort of man to run round looking for an Y-so-belle La Clair that ——"

"Why, Gar," she said, "I think it was noble of you."

The Mississippi Mixer turned and stared truculently into the face of Doyle, the house detective.

(Concluded on Page 69)

Something Yet Again: Chemical Control—By James H. Collins

A New Factor in Industry That Calls for Explanation

SIX gentlemen gathered round a table on which were displayed a steel rail, a waterproof shoe, a fifty-cent necktie, and a tin of preserved beef. Each claimed credit for creating these commodities.

"All are products of our wonderful factory system," said the manufacturer. "My foresight built the factory and my management keeps it going."

"How about money?" protested the banker. "Where would your factory be without my financial aid?"

The third man was an engineer.

"Neither factory nor finance would have been of much account without my professional ability in working out processes," he asserted. "Each of these articles embodies hundreds of engineering problems, which I have solved."

"All production rests on labor," declared a workman in cap and overalls. "If I walk out of your factory everything stops!"

"I built up the consuming demand for your stuff," chipped in the salesman. "Unless you have hundreds of thousands of customers all over the country you could never secure the economies of quantity production."

Finally the sixth man spoke.

"I am a chemist," he said, "and these are all chemical products. All industry to-day is three-fourths chemical. You may think that your steel rail was made in furnaces and mills by purely mechanical processes; but from start to finish it depends on chemical exactness in materials and manipulation; and if the chemistry is lacking, the rail breaks. That chrome-tanned shoe is a chemical achievement. Chrome tanning is a chemically exact process. The necktie is made of artificial silk, a chemical imitation that is at once cheap, good-looking and useful. As for your can of beef, the packing industry has been built up on chemical research, and this meat was probably paid for with chemical by-products. Gentlemen, three-fourths of all our manufacturing to-day is chemical at bottom, and you must recognize that fact if you are going to extend your business and continue to make money."

What Does the Chemist Say?

ENTER a vital new factor in American industry—chemical control.

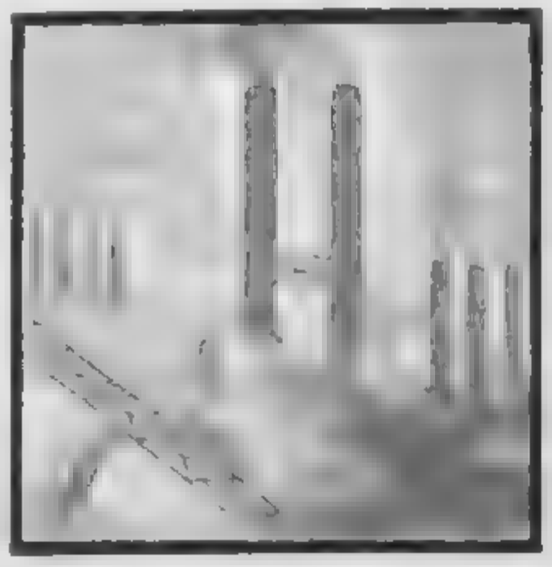
Look at our manufacturing plants through the eyes of the chemist, and products that you had supposed were entirely mechanical in their nature, such as building materials, metals, machinery, and the like, become products of the laboratory. The food you eat, the beverages you drink, the clothes you wear, the tools you use, your playthings and studies, and the power, heat and light that keep you comfortable in the modern world—in every one of them is subtle chemical supervision. It is an exceptional process or plant nowadays that does not rest fundamentally on chemical control; and if you find one that does not, something is probably the matter with it for that very reason. Everywhere the chemist, through research, is laying bare the delicate, hidden reactions involved in working materials into products and, when manufacturing processes have been established on these basic facts, keeping the process up to chemical standards by frequent analyses and tests.

Here is another way of illustrating chemical control:

Everybody knows that much has been accomplished in the past few years by intelligent study of people in industry—the workers. A manager understands that his people have differences of temperament, education, brains, strength, likes and dislikes. He uses their natural abilities as far as possible and, when these are too pronounced in a certain direction, may check one against another, as by harnessing careless energy and cautious experience together. Even differences of nationality, politics and religion can be harmonized to increase output, raise earnings, cut costs, and abolish waste and accidents.

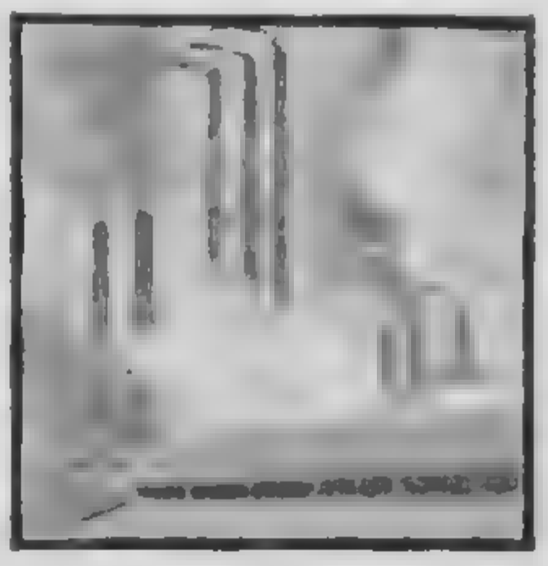
Now comes the chemist and insists that the materials of industry are just about like the people. They are temperamental. They have warm likes and dislikes for each other. Some are energetic and some sluggish. They differ with mass, temperature, time, and so on, and are swayed by the equivalent of nationality and politics—and cannot help it, because they were born that way. Their differences are as subtle as human whimsies, being detected only with the microscope or delicate reactions in many cases. The chemist aims to bring about with materials the same balance and working harmony that the manager of employees brings about with human beings.

Chemical control was already a big factor in our industries before the European war broke out; but few except the experts had heard much about it. War gave it prominence. Manufacturers found themselves unable to get hundreds of chemical materials that had been coming from Europe as a matter of routine—many from Germany, which has carried chemical control to great lengths in its industries. They faced the problem of making these things or finding substitutes. The public also found chemistry interesting, because it had to pay more for drugs and chemicals.



The dye situation was especially interesting. So much has been said and written about dyes during the past two years that the man in the street knows all about the color in his socks—where it comes from or has gone. Dyes have attracted attention out of all proportion to their importance, for our whole consumption amounts to no more than twenty-five or thirty million dollars a year. But this popular interest has directed attention to the general chemical problem. The manufacturer and the man in the street were very pointed with the chemist when they found themselves running short of things.

"What are you going to do about it?" they asked. "What is the matter with American chemistry, anyway?"



And the chemist dropped his test tubes and microscope, and undertook to explain. He has been explaining ever since. It is rather a complex situation.

There is a twofold general chemical problem. In the first place, we now see that we ought to make many of the crude chemical materials formerly bought abroad. This calls for improvement in present processes, and also new factories. Potash is a fair example. We can get some of it out of cement-kiln gas when we contrive the right process to save what is now waste; and can also make it from kelp, feldspar, Western lake waters and other raw materials, when we build factories. In the second place, we must have a better understanding of the universal importance of chemical control in all our industries, and adjust processes accordingly.

Never Too Much Theory

WE MUST all get acquainted with each other on this new basis, says the chemist. The man in the street thinks of manufacturing as purely mechanical and regards the chemist as a sort of pill maker and medicine man. He must learn that chemical control is far-reaching in business and see its possibilities for efficiency. The manufacturer needs a chemical point of view on his plant, and the politician will be called upon to help. The chemist himself admits that he has been backward about getting acquainted—he has stuck too close to his professional activities and taken no time to explain the broad practical aspects of his work to the public. Most of all, the banker needs enlightenment on chemical control, so that he can cooperate intelligently by investing his money. The situation pivots on the banker.

For an example of what chemical control, backed by flexible banking facilities, can accomplish for a nation, one must go to Germany, where the chemist, the manufacturer, the government and the banker all work together. German industries are more thoroughly organized in this way than those of any other nation, and for that reason the Germans have been able to get fine results in business with rather poor resources.

German banks have been industrial institutions as well as financial. No laws such as restrict banking in England, France and America, have kept them out of business ventures. The German chemist has delved into research and found new ways of doing things, and when his ideas were laid before the great German banks the latter have provided capital for taking a chance. In many cases the idea has been so advanced that private capital would not have taken chances. Even the chemist himself could not tell just how far his idea might be applied in business. But the German banker, guided by his chemical adviser, has backed ideas with money; and nine times in ten he has won. For it is an axiom in science that the discovery of to-day, pure theory, apparently but a beautiful laboratory achievement, will in five or ten years be part of the daily life of the man in the street.

Germans have never been afraid of theory. An American business man once visited the late Doctor Witt, at the Charlottenburg Technical School, and was shown its facilities for research.

"But doesn't this run too much to theory?" asked the visitor, with his true American distrust of everything not plainly practical.

"Why, one can never have too much theory!" the doctor replied, in surprise, like a true German.

(Continued on Page 77)

THE MAN WHO WAS AFRAID

By Mary Brecht Pulver

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

IT'S the most trite thing in the world to say that blood will tell. If a snub-nosed, pie-eyed, auger-legged gutter tike stands up in a street fight and shows a bit of thoroughbred metal, we very quickly point to the thin but true-blue strain that dominated him; and by the same token, when a sledge husky goes "bad" it's easy enough to cry "Wolf!" literally, and consign him to his special ancestral devil. Thus, also, with the *genus homo*—the extremes are easily recognized. But the average man—that complacent omnibus in which so many mixed ancestors ride—cannot be so easily classified.

"There's so much bad in the best of us and so much good in the worst of us"—as we used to recite for Teacher on Friday afternoons—that life may mean a constant struggle between our blue-ribbon and yellow-devil strains; and in those unfortunates where they balance fifty-fifty it doesn't pay to be too hasty. Not that I'm trying to defend Benton Clune; I'm only going to give you the facts and let you judge for yourself.

Benton had good metal in him. His great-great-grandfather was one of the first settlers to come out of Connecticut into the New York wilderness. He arrived in a Conestoga wagon with solid wooden wheels, bringing family and household goods, and cleared with his own ax, against heavy odds, a big tract on the Delaware River. He was one of Walt Whitman's "powerful uneducated persons," wearing a coonskin cap, and chumming closely with an old flintlock, affectionately addressed as Sar' Ann.

People respected him for his hardy bravery, unswerving honesty and general sterling metal. He was a good neighbor and, when the need arose, could handle an Indian like a Tom Quick. He feared—apparently—neither God, man nor devil, living valiantly, without special church or creed, through famine, Indian wars and black winter freezes, and died with his boots on. He had a mate worthy of him. She could use an ax like a man, and on one occasion fought wolves away from her door with blazing fagots.

Their son opened the first general store and sawmill in this region when the little clearing budded into a settlement. He handled the first loggers who came down the river from Canada, by right of might, as he had to. They were a rough lot and he had his work cut out for him; but he won through. He was the John Ridd of the countryside for physical prowess and wrestling; and he boasted, and could make good, that he could put down any man's hand he met.

By the time his son, Benton's grandfather, was grown, times had changed. The settlement had grown into a prosperous village, and a man was no longer ranked according to biceps. Law and order had arrived, more or less. Benton's granddad served creditably in the Civil War and, on his return, spent the remainder of his days—his store having prospered and grown expansive—wearing black broadcloth and a gold watch chain and presiding as superintendent of the Congregational Sunday School. No blame whatever can attach to him, since he was a brave man, upright and honorable, who had served his country fearlessly.

The first error was made by Dan, his son. Dan went over to North Riding Settlement and married Maisie Benton. Maisie was his error. He didn't dream this, of course, because the error came disguised as a soft, pink little morsel of femininity in butterfly flounces and a bonnetful of roses. There wasn't a mother's son in the countryside who hadn't let his mouth water for Maisie; but only Dan—God help him!—was lucky enough to win her.

He brought her back to the big house on River Street and gave her a "hired girl," and silks that "stood alone," and all the worship and petting that a great, hulking, coarse male feels is appropriate for a soft, lovely creature who has yielded her life to him—that is, he did during the first year. By the end of it he had found Maisie out—and the discovery was not exactly pleasing. Maisie in petticoats was a pliant, clinging soul who needed constant protection, who demanded it as her right; Maisie in trousers would have been drummed out of any self-respecting community.

If ever a cold coward, a plain ordinary quitter, with not a single inch of spine, walked shoe-leather it was little Maisie Clune, who worshiped so regularly in her big pew in the old Congregational and trusted her God not at all. It was not alone that she feared spiders, tramps, burglars, snakes, storms and dogs, legitimate objects of female fear in her day, but she was afraid on general grounds. She feared everything. She feared thirteen at table, and a raised umbrella in the house—precursor of death; and "tokens"—a bird flying indoors would send her into hysterics; she was afraid of "spooks," of her own society, of ghost stories, of dark o' night, of accidents, of sickness, of death, of the "world to come."

In short, Maisie was afraid! She lived most of her days in tears. And all this might have been tolerable, but there was worse; for Maisie was also afraid of the truth, of a moral issue, of all responsibility, and of maternity. This last she made very clear when young Benton Clune decided to make his début into the world.

At the end of a year devoted to assuaging tears and calming terrors, real and imaginary, Dan Clune, grown considerably bored, passed by on the other side and left Maisie alone spiritually—alone with Bennie.

And Bennie got what Dan had been getting. Only, not being a strong, cigar-smoking male, who could take it out in playing pool down at Weston's, but a small, malleable, human thing-in-the-making, he naturally felt a keener sympathy for his mother's terrors. When a thick August gust crept up over town, and his mother, trembling and white-faced, piled both of them between feather beds on the high old four-poster and, holding his cold little hand, told him how lightning struck folks dead—how men seeking protection under trees were found lying dead with their shoes burned off their feet—Bennie naturally trembled with her and realized the malign pursuing qualities of lightning and man's utter inability to cope with it, and made little frightened resolves never to tempt it at close quarters.

When his mother ran with him through the dark hall on a winter night and uttered little cries of delight in getting "safe away from the big ugly dark, beside the pretty warm lamp," it is small wonder that Bennie realized with anguish the sinister, malignant quality of darkness; the dangers that lurked in the black hall—out there near the hatrack; how necessary for man's safety and development it was to shun it all. Life, as it unfolded under Maisie's hand, was full of ferocious forces; life, in short, little Bennie early realized, was full of dangers.

At six years he would have put his head into a lion's mouth as readily as face the terrors of sleeping in a darkened room; and the sight of a strange man's face sent him screaming to his mother's skirts.

At eight years Bennie was sent to Mrs. Watson's private school, warranted to be a safe fold for the gentler spirits of town; but on the first day, when returning home, Doc Fisher's boy, Pod, caught Bennie and made his unresisting nose bleed. Thereafter Maisie herself escorted her son to and from school, and he became meekly accustomed to moving at his mother's side, like a comet with a small tail of hardier juveniles tagging behind, who cried derisively:

"Chick! Chick! Chick!"

"Bad, naughty, dangerous boys, who will hurt my darling!" Maisie called them; and Bennie believed her.

He got proof every time he went out alone in the form of a swollen nose or a blackened eye, which he accepted with Christian tolerance, having been carefully taught that it was "very wicked to fight."

But the dangerous boys grew tired presently of batting Bennie round like a bean bag, and after a while they permitted him to grow up in peace; and he passed without accident through long curls, first trousers and dancing school into adolescence.

At fourteen his mother selected a polite boarding school, dying slowly of attrition, and he spent three winters there. His father died during the last term; and, college being a harsh, unknown place for the son of Maisie Clune, Benton came home and went into the business.

It was a very pretentious store now—the Clune place—with a stucco front and plate-glass windows, and usually a string of high-powered cars outside waiting for the wives of local plutocrats. In the windows, where the original founder had shown merino and unbleached muslin, cowhide boots and New Orleans molasses, were now moleskin stoles, gold vanity bags and Georgette collars. *O tempora! O mores!*

It was a tidy place inside too: velvet hangings, gold mirrors—that sort of thing. Bennie took to it like a duck to water. He looked exceedingly decorative himself, for he had a natural taste for the sartorial and a physique to display it. Despite the fact that he habitually played nothing more violent than golf, eschewing tennis because his mother feared the effect on his heart, and hockey and skating because of the uncertainty of the river currents, and driving a car himself because—oh, well, because—he had a grace and vigor of form that an Apollo might have envied—a legacy, no doubt, from that ancestor who had petted his Sar' Ann.

He had, also, the devastating blue eyes of Maisie, his mother, black-lashed and deep of hue, a nicely shaped nose and head, fine teeth, and a slight golden crinkle in his chestnut hair. Little shop-dollies felt their hearts swoon as he passed, and the daughters of the plutocrats, who came to buy the before-mentioned stoles and vanity bags, always maneuvered round for a glimpse of Benton.

He had a way with him—Bennie—an air of appreciative sympathy in saying "Yes, madam; we have the new Byzantine embroideries. They will be very good this winter. Please show the bronze trefoil patterns, Parker——" Or "Good morning, Mrs. Trent. Yes, the new pannes have come. There is a beautiful prune shade I especially want you to see."

The beauty of it—the "sickening beauty," in the language of Pod Fisher—was that Benton really knew prune from taupe, and the Byzantine motifs from the Romanesque. These things didn't help any with the sterner sex, but he was very popular with the ladies. The old ones praised his good manners and charm, and Maisie Clune looked upon her work and found it good.

They Literally Ate Him Up With Their Eyes

One morning, when Benton was just twenty-four, he went up to his office on the main elevator. He was looking uncommonly well and wearing an English-cut gray flannel, with mauve shirt and tie and uncut amethyst sleeve links. There was a sprig of purple hyacinth in his buttonhole. It would have been remarkable, indeed, if the sole and only other occupant of the elevator—barring the ebony employee—should have failed to make a rather discriminating study of young Mr. Clune's points; and the occupant being Elsie Revere, it would have been impossible for Mr. Clune to escape making a reciprocal study. At any rate, though his destination was the fourth floor, he got out at the second along with Elsie and found himself beside her, saying:

"Is there anything I can do for you?"

He found himself looking into ravishingly soft dark eyes—real Seville eyes—and a gay little pointed face, tiptilted under an equally gay and tiptilted little hat, with sundry other items thrown in—as hair of matching Spanish darkness, a full, soft little red mouth, and a high-bridged, proud little nose.

"I want," said Miss Elsie Revere, "to look at some tapestry—for upholstering."

"We have a splendid new line that has just come in. I will have someone show you—or, better still, I will show them myself."

The psychology of that "better still" was quite evident. Benton went behind the counter and, with absent eyes and hands that fumbled a little, produced his stuffs.

"Something quite heavy, please," dictated the girl; and Benton, his blue eyes furtively seeking the Sevillian orbs, unfurled a piece.

"Here is a beautiful thing," he declared.

"It is beautiful indeed," said Miss Revere; "but it is not at all what I asked for. It is curtain net and quite thin. It would hardly do I think to re-cover chairs."

Benton blushed; but their laughter rang out together and, though Miss Revere shopped nearly thirty minutes longer, tapestry was not even mentioned.

She Put Out a Hand, Touched the Big Flag and Let Her Cool Eyes Sweep the Figure Before Her From Head to Foot

Benton was formally presented to her the next evening at a country-club dance, where he danced with her an enormous number of times. Within the week he had called upon her four times, and finished up with a Saturday-to-Monday in her society at a friend's bungalow upriver. And, long before that, he knew that this was not the usual temporary "terrible crush," but the real thing—the biggest crisis in a man's life; and he resolved to take Miss Revere into his confidence as soon as possible.

But it was nearly a month before he was given a halfway opportunity; and, while he feinted for a good hold on his subject, Miss Revere set him tingling with an announcement of her own.

"The man I marry," she declared, apropos of one of their soulful talks, "must be a soldier—or soldier stuff, at least. He must be the kind who's willing to go out and do for his country"—her pretty black eyes sparkled—"like the men—the soldiers—in my family."

She was very proud of her family, Miss Revere. There had been hard-fighting Reveres in all the American wars; and she also claimed a lateral connection with that worthy Revolutionary silversmith who conferred an obligation on all Americans by his conduct "through every Middlesex village and farm" on the eve of Lexington.

Reflecting on this, Benton's heart turned a little cold and he said nothing. But after he got home he sat on the veranda and watched the moon rise above the river willows, and took an inventory of himself. This was a thing he did rather frequently anyhow; and the result—contrary to public opinion—was far from pleasing. He knew he was rich and good-looking—his mother permitted no illusions on that score—but he also knew that, as a man in a man's world, there was no one in his city so unpopular. And this was the thorn in his garland of roses; for Benton wanted—had always wanted in his secret heart—to be a "real fellow." But he didn't know how to begin; he hadn't the capacity, the power.

He was a person caught inescapably in a net woven by heredity and circumstance—the prisoner of his own habits of thought. He realized this and feared there was no escape. Such reflections are not pleasant. In his black mood Benton saw himself clearly: he was soft and effete, and mulierose and petticoat-tied; and he could no more free himself than a man can change the color of his eyes—or so he thought.

He reflected on Elsie Revere's speech: "Soldier—or soldier stuff." And he shivered. These were matters quite out of Benton's ken. He had never learned to handle a gun, just as he had never dared to swim in the deeper parts of the river or climb a very tall tree. He had always liked to look at soldiers; the glint of the uniforms, whether in parade or comic opera, carried a certain fascination. It all appealed to his love of beauty and rhythm; but he had never considered the real thing that lay behind. The thing an army symbolized he had been taught to hate. The sight of blood had always sickened him anyhow; and war, he had been taught, always meant just that—bloodshed and death. There wasn't anything to war but bloody madness and destruction, anyhow—an eternal carnage.

Once, when he was a little boy, he had seen a regiment of Spanish War soldiers returning. There had been flags on the houses; the band was playing A Hot Time in the Old Town To-night, and the streets were full of cheering. But his mother had barred her shutters and, up in her bedroom, had made him kneel down beside her.

"War is a wicked, wicked thing, and against God's teaching. These soldiers are cruel men. They have slain others. Some of them died on the battlefield or in a hospital—horribly! It is all wicked waste and means nothing—nothing but dreadful suffering!"

There was a book she had given him later—a fat volume recounting the prison horrors of the Civil War—Andersonville. They had an old gardener who had been there; he, too, furnished details of loathsome particularity. Perhaps if Benton had gone to public school these impressions would have gone home less strongly; but he had been shielded from all contacts with actual life. So, when he observed people salute the flag and recite Lincoln's Speech at Gettysburg, or went to put flowers on his grandfather's grave on Memorial Day, and saw the old G. A. R.'s wabbling round with their little bronze buttons, he knew what was back of it all. It was only a mask for the devilish pageant behind—all sound and fury. And it was a thing to stop a fellow who winced at the sight of a bloody bandage or whose pulse hastened when an ambulance passed. He wasn't soldier stuff, by either conviction or marrow; but he was very much in love—and very unhappy with himself.

"And I look like any other fellow!" he told himself bitterly. "I'm big and strong. What ails me anyhow?" And little by little he tried to force a solution. One morning he announced:

"Mother, I'm going to join Company X."

The earth rocked under Maisie Clune and her face whitened.

"Benton!"

"Nonsense, mother!" He tried to speak brusquely. "It doesn't mean a darn thing—nothing but uniforms and drills and how to shoot. I ought to know how!"—as she winced—"and dances sometimes, and a jamboree with girls—and Tobyhanna. You just ask Mrs. Hallett about it." Mrs. Hallett was comforting:

"It will be the making of Benton, my dear. I think it's rather stunning, myself. Reid joined five years ago, you know. Except for hiking at Tobyhanna, it hasn't meant anything more strenuous thus far than an afternoon at tennis. Reid loves it. And their khaki—oh, when Benton gets his on he'll have all the girls in town crazy about him."

This was a new thought for Maisie. But, of course, her good-looking boy would be handsomer in his suit than anybody else—only another triumph, really. She called up Hastings, the photographer, and made an appointment for Benton without delay; and very shortly a costly portrait of a stunning young militiaman, in full khaki, looked out from her bedroom wall. Below it was written: My Soldier Laddie!

It was not the only photograph put to such soft feminine use. A duplicate smiled from Miss Elsie Revere's wall, and the night she received it she had let Benton kiss her; and she had cried a little with pride and happiness, and had told him that there was nobody else in the world—nobody at all! And Benton's own heart had almost boiled over.

It was a fine thing—belonging to the company—he found. The fellows received him with an apparent change of heart. They were decent, sociable chaps and willing to take him on new grounds. He seemed to discover new phases of himself to people. They forgot to call him Bennie;

treated him like any other man. The boys hobnobbed with him willingly and asked him to little shindigs of their own. He almost forgot his former incarnation himself.

When he went to Tobyhanna—his first summer—he was an accredited pal of Pod Fisher and several others. As for the military end, it came surprisingly easy. He took pleasure in doing his bit well, observing the discipline eagerly, studying up manuals and drills, working for promotion. The shooting came easy too. Perhaps it was again the influence of Sar' Ann, but he took to a gun readily and on the range did excellent work, and even presently broke a target record and had his picture in the paper. And of course the social end, the dances and banquets, came even easier. But during November Maisie got her first scare.

"There's a street-car strike in Buffalo, Benton—they think—Mrs. Hallett told me. I called up Colonel Corey right away, but couldn't get him. Company X may be—ordered out ——"

"Oh, well—just strike duty, mother ——" But Benton's own pulse stirred slightly.

"I know, dear—but strikers, Benton!—they shoot, you know—there are always fatalities—I never dreamed if only you hadn't joined! And they throw stones and bricks. Why, I remember in the last strike ——"

That was a bad time for Maisie Clune, divided between calling up everybody—colonel, captain, lieutenant; anyone she could capture in Benton's company—and praying agonizedly under her Soldier Laddie's picture. But after three days of suspense and big headlines the strike was pacifically settled.

"You hear me, Benton!" she wept: "You get out of the company the moment your term's done. I never wanted you in it—something might happen—and the business here needs you."

Benton promised he would. He tried to tell himself it was to please his mother, but in his heart he scorned himself for the lie. He had not liked to think of what might await him—out there in Buffalo.

"I'll do it," he thought. "I don't really belong there anyhow—not that anything serious ever will arise; but I'll get out. It's true that the business needs me, and I've shown Elsie I'm willing."

But this was one of the best-laid plans to which the Scotch poet referred. Benton had less than thirty days to serve when, one evening after an Armory meeting, he came back to the house bringing disquieting news. That was the spring and early summer when the Mexican pot boiled and sizzled, and Señor Villa thrust himself so resolutely into the pages of American history and threatened to grow too strong for United States digestion.

Benton Clune, in common with the rest of his townsfolk, had kept an eye on the situation, had read news columns and watched Administration moves; but with all the backing and filling, the thing took him actually as unawares as it did almost everybody else. So, when he came in from his company meeting, his face was more than pale.

"Mother," he said, and for a moment he gulped a little, "it's come—the real thing. Mexico, you know. They're talking of war—down there. Colonel Corey had private messages from the Department, and the Press is running an extra."

Maisie Clune took the paper he had brought, with shaking fingers. There was nothing authentic—only headlines and rumors of war, vague hints and, tucked into the bottom of the column, a forecasting of coming moves—a prediction that Company X would be one of the first called; but Benton's mother turned white and sick.

For a space there was silence and the two only looked at each other; then the woman pulled herself together.

But by the next afternoon the news had crystallized to authenticity. The President was mobilizing the guards of New York and Pennsylvania; a definite summons had come to Colonel Corey from Washington; Company X boys were ordered to report daily at the Armory in uniform, to drop other occupations and affiliate for set periods with temporary encampments along the river for drill and preliminary maneuvers. The evening papers printed a call for volunteers to raise the company to full strength, and prognosticated the date of departure for Camp Whitman.

The streets became strangely filled with brown-clad martial figures; little squads were seen going through the side streets in military formation; in twos and threes they moved through town, with long gift cigars in their mouths and endless friendly hands shaking theirs; and some of them, a little anxious-eyed, went about with wives and babies—grown doubly precious—tagging at their heels. Every house wore its big flag and every lassie the thrill of the soldierly pageant in her eyes. And, not to be behindhand, the lassies planned a special dance—"to say good-by to the boys." They were very emotional, our girls, during those days; and Elsie Revere led all the rest.

Benton himself had brought her the news, looking graver and whiter than usual, with the strange look in his eyes that had come into them—and stayed—since that first night of the alarm. Elsie, standing on tiptoes, had kissed him and cried over him.

"Perhaps it won't mean anything—just a scare, Benton; and in any case it breaks my heart to see you go—just! And yet—funny, isn't it?—if you weren't going—if you were one of our stay-at-homes who hadn't even enlisted—how—how ashamed I'd be! I want to keep you and I want to send you."

Benton had told her that he understood. He didn't stay very long or say very much. A queer restlessness seemed to possess him. He went down to the Armory every morning and reported himself mechanically; but he came away quickly. The first night his bed was not even slept in—his mother heard him pacing the floor through long hours. That was the morning she voiced something that lay between them—perfectly understood, but as yet unmentioned.

"The Man I Marry," She Declared, "Must Be a Soldier—or Soldier Stuff, at Least"

"I am sure we can do it. It isn't as if we hadn't plenty of money. Money can do anything."

Benton had turned very white, but he did not answer. Within an hour Maisie Clune's electric was standing in front of the office of Timothy Aitken, her attorney; and later it stopped at Colonel Corey's residence; and finally before the Armory itself.

But rumor did not even creep until that evening. It was after drill that Benton himself went up and spoke to Colonel Corey:

"I—I don't believe I'll go, colonel. I've got less than a month to serve and—and I haven't any intention of reenlisting. . . . It would be useless, really—even going up to camp—so short a time. It's—my mother—she isn't young—and the business needs me."

He moistened his lips toward the end—the words came with difficulty, broke off under the colonel's cool gray eye.

"You will report in the morning as usual, Benton. You will continue to report with your company regularly. You will take your part in your company's drills until such time as you are exempt under the terms of your enlistment."

He added more—a few eloquent touches concerning patriotism, a gentleman's duty, and the part of a man of honor; and his own sense of shame for Benton's suggestion.

Benton carried the news to his mother, sitting white and strained in her darkened living room.

"There isn't any way—honorably, mother. I'll have to go."

"Oh, there must be some way—something! We'll find it, Benton. It's absurd! I offered any price—enough to buy a dozen substitutes. Timothy's doing all he can."

Maisie found it the next day. At two o'clock the newspapers ran flaming extras:

TROOPS MOVING TO CAMP WHITMAN FRIDAY!

COMPANY X STARTS IN FULL WAR STRENGTH TO JOIN MAIN BODY!

OUR BOYS LIKELY TO GO TO THE BORDER AMONG THE FIRST!

Benton read it on a bulletin board downtown. Somebody slapped him on the back—Pod Fisher. Pod was in uniform too.

"Great, isn't it? By jingo, I'm just busting!" he said. "We'll have the time of our young lives trimming up those beggars down there!"

Benton hesitated a moment before he spoke:

"B-but war—you know ——" The words crackled on his lips.

"War? Sure! Sherman said it." Pod grinned; then he sobered and gave Benton a long look. "A fellow has to do his bit. It's all in a lifetime, you know."

Behind them in the crowd a thin little shaver—a new recruit, his little mother hanging on his arm—had broken into excited speech:

"Might as well croak for my country now as croak for myself later on," he said; and a thin peal of young feminine laughter cut across his words.

There was babble all about them—excitement; a happy jostling and pushing, with an undertug of emotion in it. It was that way the length of Benton's journey home. Everybody seemed stirred, warmed—except himself. His hands were cold—his cheeks; his knees sagged as he walked. Passing Elsie Revere's house he looked up, seeking a glimpse of her, but saw only the flag on her porch. It blurred under his eyes. His hand was shaking as he opened his front door.

He stopped, amazed at what he saw. There were roses on the tea table, lighted candles, an air of celebration. His mother wore her best silk; there were pink spots on her cheeks. She came to him, laughing hysterically:

"I've managed it—found the way! Oh, Benton, it's all right, my darling! Why didn't we think of it before? Timothy Aitken—I made him telegraph, and he heard less than an hour ago. It's unconstitutional! They can't compel you—you needn't leave your state—you're not in the Federal service yet—you've got the right to refuse—they won't take the oath till they get to the main camp.

(Continued on Page 58)

Exit Post-Mortem Merchant

By EDWARD MOTT WOOLLEY

MRS. JUSTUS THRIFTY was passing the hosiery department when her glance fell on some white cotton stockings that were priced at eight cents a pair. She turned and called to Mrs. Max Cheaply, who was lagging a few steps behind:

"Look now! Stockings at eight cents!"

Mrs. Cheaply came alongside and picked up a pair of the bargain hose. She fingered the quality and then inspected the price mark with suspicion.

"Eight cents!" she observed. "A funny price for stockings, Mrs. Thrifty!"

"Sure; yes, Mrs. Cheaply! I think we want none of them."

They passed on and presently Mrs. Thrifty exclaimed:

"Come here and see the lovely white stockings at two pairs for a quarter!"

"Now that is more like it," rejoined her companion, testing the feel of the goods. "I think I must get me six pairs."

Both of them bought, not knowing that the two lots of hosiery were identical, and that this was merely an experiment of the research department into the psychology of pricing. Two pairs for a quarter was the regular price.

Then along came Mrs. Peter Savemoney, looking for bargains, and Miss Philomena Smallcash, and the Widow Littlechange, and a hundred other woman shoppers. Only one out of ten bought the eight-cent stockings after comparing the two. The public registered its emphatic preference for the twelve-and-a-half-cent price.

The investigation showed plainly that eight cents was a hoodoo price for stockings. Further experiments showed that the same stockings sold badly at fifteen cents for two pairs, and at seventeen cents. This study of prices led into many curious ramifications; and thus the research bureau found that wrong pricing, from a psychologic point of view, had often been responsible for unsatisfactory sales.

Eight cents, you see, was a departure from accepted standards, just as a blue toy express wagon would be a departure in color. The human mind runs in channels of precedent and it is commonly difficult to divert these currents to new courses.

The research department found by experiment that in many lines of goods thirty-six cents and thirty-seven cents were bad, but that thirty-eight or thirty-nine cents would sell the same goods much faster. Eighteen and nineteen cents were good selling prices for other goods, but when these articles were shown at fourteen cents they went begging. Some table linen offered at eighty-nine cents met an indifferent response, but went fast at ninety-five cents. Articles offered at ninety-eight cents encountered unmistakable distrust, but were quickly cleaned out when priced at one dollar. Prices that were graduated upward in jumps of one cent in different qualities of yard goods brought poor results, but two-cent jumps did very well.

There are No Limitations on the Research Bureau: It May Investigate the Work of the President or the Janitor

Speeding Up Slow Sellers

"ONE DAY," the research manager said to me, "I got a notion that we could sell more muslin underskirts if we raised the average price of the lines being featured, giving better quality. When I suggested the experiment the general manager of the store said I was crazy and had better get some sensible ideas into my noddle. He told me, however, to go ahead and try it.

"First, I went out and did some investigating. I found that another store in our city, catering to a cheaper class of trade, had fixed on one dollar as its best selling price for muslin underskirts, while the best selling price in an exclusive store was two dollars. So we put in our greatest stock at a retail price of a dollar and a half, and this proved to be the best selling figure, increasing the average sale in this line fifty per cent, without any increase in the average selling time."

A department store is the most complicated piece of mechanism extant, but its problems are merely exaggerations of the common difficulties. In recent articles I have touched on various branches of department-store management, and here in this article I am treating the research department, which is about the newest development of all. Manufacturers have long had laboratories and experimental departments, and now merchants are getting them.

The research bureau determines what is responsible for the success or failure of any department. There are no limitations on its scope and it may investigate the work of the president or the janitor. It finds out why the store has so little masculine trade; looks into the shopping habits of women; studies the mistakes of competitors; analyzes the retail market.

It happened once that the sale of a line of low-priced dress goods was very slow and the research man undertook to make it move faster. The pieces had been stacked up on the shelves back of the counter, and the store had a rigid rule that all such goods must be rewound immediately after being shown, and replaced in their staid and dignified position.

"Try them out in the aisle, on tables," he said.

Here they attracted more attention, but the floor manager watched the salesman closely and made him keep all the goods rewound and in stiff, even piles.

"Suppose we try a little disorder," proposed the research man. "Let the ends hang down, and muss the cloth a bit."

This scandalized the floor man, who was a servitor of tradition; but the sales of those goods immediately jumped twofold.

The sale of sweaters, too, was doubled by taking them away from the wall and displaying them on circular racks in the aisles.

For many years the silver knives and forks and silver dishes had been kept in the chinaware section on the sixth floor, and never had paid a fair profit. After the organization of the research department this was one of the first things taken up. For several months a record was kept of the number of persons calling for this line of goods at the jewelry department on the main floor, and it was found that this number actually exceeded the total number of customers who bought such goods on the sixth floor.

"In other words," said the research manager, "more than half of our potential customers for silver knives, forks, dishes and that sort of silverware left the store without buying rather than go to the sixth floor. It was very apparent that the location of these goods was wrong; so they were brought down to the jewelry section. In the following year the sales tripled."

This investigation led to some microscopic studies of department location; and here a wide and astonishing field was opened. A classification was made of departments or lines of goods that were not selling as well as they should, and experiments were conducted to determine whether changes of location would benefit them.

The men's clothing had been on the fourth floor, the hats on the third and the men's furnishings on the main floor; so now temporary "squares" were established on the main floor, adjacent to the men's furnishings, for the clothing and hats. These so-called squares were miniature departments. From the start trade was brisker than it had ever been on the upper floors; so the clothing and hats, and ultimately the men's shoes, were brought downstairs, with a forty per cent increase in sales during the year.

Then the research department established a large number of experimental squares throughout the store, and finally the fixed policy was adopted of having every department represented on the main floor by one or more lines of goods.

Mrs. Spendwell, for example, comes into the store to buy some ribbon, and on the way down the main aisle to the ribbon counter she sees some lace neckwear that catches her fancy.

"Of all things!" she exclaims. "I thought the neckwear was on the third floor."

"Yes, madam; so it is," says Miss Salesgirl. "This is just a showing from the third floor. Pretty, isn't it?"

And Mrs. Spendwell buys the piece that caught her attention.

Then come Mrs. Moneybags, and Mrs. Wasteful, and Mrs. Throwcash, and a lot of other woman spenders, and they are captured by those goods in the neckwear square, which they never would have seen on the third floor. As a matter of fact, the neckwear department has been lagging badly; but now it begins to pick up.

Measuring Aggressiveness

BUT this neckwear square on the main floor is not a permanent institution. If it hadn't taken hold with a vim the merchandise manager would have ordered it out, perhaps at the end of a day. Space on the main aisle is relatively as valuable as a store on Fifth Avenue.

Since the research bureau began these experiments in the placing of selling squares most of the department heads have been clamoring almost daily for chances to get one or more of the squares. Miss Beatitt, of the linings, say, goes down to the merchandise office and reports that she has some mercerized sateen that hasn't been selling well, and she thinks it ought to get on the main aisle.

"I can't give you the main aisle," says the merchandise autocrat, "but I'll try you out with a square at the rear of aisle nine."

This displeases Miss Beatitt mightily, for the rear of aisle nine corresponds to lower Sixth Avenue, she declares.

Mr. Gofast, of the draperies, likewise goes down to the office and complains that some of his new scrims are not having a fair chance with the public.

"If they had a square on the main aisle ——" he begins; but the czar cuts him off:

"Nix for the main aisle; you can have the middle of aisle thirteen."

"Thirteen is the bogy!" pouts Gofast; but he takes it.

This sort of competition became so interesting to the research manager that one day his fertile brain conceived an idea; which fact of itself is not strange, for ideas flow from him all the time. Ideas are the most significant function of the research bureau, and it is interesting to observe that they are not usually extraneous inspirations, but the product of tabulated and analyzed facts.

"Let us keep a record of these demands for squares as they come in from department heads," he said to the president. "It will be a valuable little piece of research."

This was done. During the following month Miss Beatitt came down nineteen times to ask for squares; Gofast, eighteen times; Seller, of the house furnishings, sixteen; Domuch, of the cloaks and suits, eleven; Grabski, of the trunks and bags, seven. On the other hand, Sitwell, of the linens, didn't come down at all.

From a personal viewpoint the merchandise manager might have preferred Sitwell, since the latter did not disturb the quiet of the merchandise office; but from the store standpoint Sitwell waan't aggressive and enterprising enough. So, as the research manager put it, they "canned" him.

This same sort of research into the personnel of the store was extended to the heads of departments in connection with newspaper advertising. A record was kept, in classified tables, of all the items sent in to be advertised, and it was found that more than half of the department heads were fighting all the time for space, while the others took seats in the back rows of the advertising rumpus.

Jake Rustle, of the ready-to-wear, for instance, was always on the mat, arguing that he ought to have such and

such representation in the store's daily campaign. He would send in every day a grotesquely large bunch of items, which he said simply would have to go or he'd quit. Of course they didn't all go and of course Jake didn't quit. The merchandise manager knew Jake was four-flushing; but, just the same, he knew Jake was a live wire.

On the contrary, Bill Fallback, of the groceries, was always lagging. The advertising department would send a house wigwag down to him, as they called the blue note sheet used in interstore messages:

"Why don't you send up your items for the advertising dummy?"

"Not much of anything to advertise to-day," Bill would wigwag back, taking his time for it.

Pretty soon Bill Fallback was fired, because the research department had shown him up as a quitter in the everlasting fight for more business.

Another thing the research department did was to translate the sales of every department into "graphs." Take a mountain range and draw its sky line, and you have something of a graph; though when a technical man makes such a chart he does it on a checkered surface and shows various sorts of percentages.

Take the muslin underwear, in charge of Miss Blanche Cantsell. This young woman didn't know what was the matter with her department, and neither did the merchandise manager. Like the mountain range, it was made up of peaks and valleys—but mostly of valleys. At intervals, when the store got its shoulder under the department and boosted it through costly advertising and special sales, the peaks showed up; but the moment the boosting ceased there weren't any sales peaks on the chart.

Graphs, or in other words graphic charts, are now very popular in this store as a means of showing up existing conditions. Having built a graph, the research bureau proceeds to analyze the why of it.

"There must be a reason why the feminine public is not buying our muslin underwear," said the investigator. "It may be because the women are doing their own sewing."

"Nobody does that sort of sewing these days," returned Miss Cantsell.

"How do you know?"

"I just guess so," she confessed.

"Let's not guess any longer. We must predicate our investigations on absolute facts."

So they asked customers the point-blank question and recorded the information; and they found that forty per cent of their customers made their own muslin attire. Why? Simply because they couldn't get what they wanted ready made at the prices they wished to pay. They desired something better and different; something that would not spoil the fit of outer garments; something with turned seams, less pasted lace and greater comfort.

The problem now resolved itself into better buying and more careful selection. The store had been merchandising, along with its neighboring stores, beneath the requirements of its clientèle.

Shifting Stock

THE matter of shelving doesn't ordinarily appeal to the imagination, but the research man looks about for queer roosts for his fancy. He found that ribbons were kept on twenty-inch shelves, when the proper depth was under fourteen inches. The result was that a lot of stock was hidden out of reach and didn't move. On the contrary, blankets were piled on two-foot counters—much too narrow; they were always falling off, accumulating dirt and causing waste handling. The bureau worked out a schedule of shelving and counter sizes.

Then a study of aisle tables was made. The store was using some tables twenty feet long; and mathematical observations, extending over a period of weeks, showed a constant repetition of the following:

Along would come Mrs. Pursestrings, walking sidewise alongside the table where perhaps there were articles of adornment on the near side and hand bags on the other. Mrs. Pursestrings was not especially interested in the goods nearest her, but those hand bags caught her attention. But they were so far round! No; she'd let the hand bags go—her feet hurt her!

After experiments the research bureau settled on tables eight feet long and four feet wide as best calculated to further the circulation of the people and of cash.

Studies were made of the locations of stairways, with this same circulation problem in view; and experiments were made in tempting customers to walk upstairs and thus relieve the elevators. The moving of a basement stairway a hundred feet caused an increase of three hundred per cent of stair climbers; and on an upper floor the clever location of a furnished cottage brought an increase of five hundred per cent. Mrs. Houselooker could walk up those stairs very nicely so long as she imagined herself going to the second floor of the cottage.

The store often had losses from unsold goods, and the research bureau found ample opportunity here for originality. By gathering and tabulating definite information the surplus of one department was frequently made available for another. An excess of fancy belting was used in the millinery for hatbands. Ribbons were made into girdles, workbags and other fancy articles. Dress fabrics that proved to be bad sellers were made up into skirts and dresses. Laces became infants' caps, neckwear and dainty aprons. Table damask was used for suits and skirts. Dress trimmings were cut into pieces and sold as remnants. Fancy buttons went into brooches and into pin sets for waists. The great craze for pennants was started by an Iowa store when it used up some surplus felt in this way.

One study, embracing many departments, showed that the holding of stock in the receiving room was costing the store more than one per cent on its investment—not to mention lost sales and other troubles. Consequently a timekeeping scheme was adopted to get all stock out of the receiving room within four hours of its arrival there.

By collecting data from other stores, noncompetitive with his own, the research manager discovered that it was possible to do business in some departments on a much lower stock limit, faster turnover and larger net profits. He cut the stock limit on embroideries from eight thousand dollars to six thousand; on silks, from eighty thousand to sixty-five thousand.

The comparison of data is almost a monomania with the research man, but it shows up store weaknesses. If other stores could do a thing, why not his own? In one city of a hundred thousand people he found a department store that did a business of two million dollars a year, yet rarely had an inventory, at cost, above three hundred thousand dollars. It paid thirty per cent dividends on its capital.

A large number of expense items were thus compared with similar items at other stores. The accounting expense percentage in his own store was very much higher; so he put his spotlight on it. His first important observation was that the accounting staff worked evenings more than half the time, and this, on being analyzed, in turn, showed up the incompetence of the chief accountant as an executive. He couldn't get the work done; and they let him go.

Then the telltale comparisons showed a janitor cost fifty per cent too high. Good-by, Janitors Nick, Jack and Blackie!

With charts and graphs the research man traced the inside secrets of the store's departments, and thus wrote a sad story of bad buying, wrong sizes, inappropriate varieties and the like. Then Mr. Furniture Buyer, Mr. Millinery Buyer, Miss Notion Buyer, *et al.*, were invited to read those sorrowful graphs.

"We can't read Chinese or Hindu!" they protested.

"Graphs will be the language of the store hereafter," said the merchandise man. "You people will have to learn it."

I don't want to present the research man as a marvel, or as infallible, or to make light of his own shortcomings and limitations; but at least he is working toward scientific merchandising. He is attempting to chart uncharted seas.

One important piece of research had to do with the causes for mark-downs. Naturally this led directly to a study of mark-ups; for if a retail price is so high that a competitor can beat it by better merchandising, the result will be a mark-down. It led, also, to an intensive study of pay rolls. But consider here the study of mark-downs. Let me illustrate briefly.

A Scientific Study of Mark-Downs

SIMON GLOVER was the buyer for the glove department. The research man said to him:

"Si, I find that the goods in your department had to take a total mark-down of eight per cent last year. Why was it thus?"

Si shrugged his shoulders.

"I should worry!" he said.

"But why was that last lot marked down?"

"Well, some of 'em got soiled; the salespeople's hands will get dirty, you know."

"Were your sizes well filled in?"

"Pretty fair," hesitated the buyer.

"Any weak seams or other defects?"

"Yes—some; always are and always will be."

"Any late deliveries from the manufacturers? Or favoritism by the manufacturers to other stores? Any substitutions or unpopular styles? Have you had the right novelties?"

Simon Glover returned a nonilluminating answer:

"Yes—and no."

"Where are your records, giving the detailed answers to these questions, purchase by purchase, manufacturer by manufacturer?"

"We have no such records," said Si.

"Well, in order to conduct research work into the causes for mark-downs we must keep records of this sort; and here is a blank mark-down book for you to fill in as occasion requires. I can't use any general mark-down information that is served up to me in a mixture like a lamb stew with vegetables. If you mark down any more gloves because the salesgirls' hands are dirty I must know just what gloves they are and to whom the dirty hands belong. See? If any of the mark-downs come from poor stitching I want the names of the manufacturers, descriptions of the gloves and all details. So on, et cetera!"

This was done in all departments; and when the data of the year were collated, classified and analyzed they pointed unmistakably to certain reforms. One was the necessity for installing concealed washbasins at the glove counters. Another was the advisability of cutting out, for instance, the glove manufacturing house of Gloveton, Gloving & Gloves. Still another was the retirement, without pension, of Mr. Simon Glover.

Meantime the research man was looking into the causes for returned goods. Here he met with a wonderful lack of recorded information. Delving back through the meager records, he found a vast number of unexplained transactions. Thus, Mrs. Woodcliff Lake had ordered, for her dining-room table, a set of asbestos pads, costing five or six dollars. The goods had gone out—and come back. The research man sent for Charlie Quartersaw, of the furniture.

"Why did Mrs. Lake send back those pads?"

"We take back goods without any questions," said Quartersaw. "It's our creed."

"Exactly! But, for the purpose of keeping ourselves afloat, and to enable us to serve our customers better, we must get such information and record it systematically. We've got to tabulate

(Concluded on Page 74)

Pretty Soon Bill Fallback Was Fired, Because the Research Department Had Shown Him Up as a Quitter in the Everlasting Fight for More Business

ONE EVERY MINUTE

XVI

By Edwin Lefèvre

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

ON THE next day Wilberforce Shadd went to his office full of syncopated happiness, as it were, due to his possession of wealth and to his inability to talk about it, because he could not feel absolutely certain until he had the cash in his clutches and invested in something that he considered good and safe. He was cheerful in an uneasy sort of way. He replied to the office manager's kindly inquiry as to Mrs. Shadd's health by a barely polite:

"Thank you! She has fully recovered."

"I am very glad to hear it," said Mr. Lipps cordially.

Shadd decided to take advantage of the manager's tone of voice and went on:

"Mr. Lipps, I have a little business matter to settle. I know I've been away from the office a lot of late; but, of course, I'll finish up the day's work before I go home."

"Business, eh?" and Mr. Lipps smiled—a good-naturedly superior smile.

"Yes; business," answered Shadd sternly.

"I Know! But How Much Do They Say You Owe Them?"

If Francis T. Woodcock & Co. had given him his check he would have told this man then and there to give his job to somebody who needed it.

"So long as you keep out of Wall Street," said Lipps teasingly, "it doesn't matter what you do. They had quite a slump yesterday on account of the sinking of the Lusitania."

He didn't think his meek inferior would understand, but there was comfort in hearing his own voice speak of his own tragedy.

"The reaction had to come anyhow," retorted Shadd with as much positiveness as if he had been addressing Francis T. Woodcock's bunch of success worshipers. "If it hadn't been the Lusitania it would have been something else, after such a tremendous rise."

"Why, you talk like an old stager!" said the astonished Lipps.

"I read the papers," explained Shadd, shaking at his narrow escape from self-betrayal. "They can't go up all the time."

"No," agreed Lipps bitterly; "they can't. But others in this office were so bullish that when I suggested —— Well, I guess a man ought to stick to his own business, eh, Shadd?" And he smiled with an utterly inexplicable ruefulness.

"You said it!"

Shadd spoke with such conviction, thinking of his wife's conversation with the man who sold Jersey lots, that Mr. Lipps, thinking the tone a tribute to his wisdom, told him benevolently:

"Take all the time you need, Shadd. And if I can be of any use to you ——"

"Thank you, Mr. Lipps. I may call on you for advice," promised Shadd.

Noon came after a while. The wealthy Mr. Shadd did not take long to swallow a sandwich and a glass of milk. He reached Woodcock's office at twelve-twenty-three.

"How's the market?" he asked loudly as he entered the customers' room.

He remembered hearing Paine ask the same question once, and he had thought it, at the time, a wonderfully sophisticated question—almost professional.

"Rotten!" growled Henry Rumney. "Say, did you really know anything or was it a lucky guess?"

A dozen customers vindictively turned gloomy faces toward this creature who had taken his profit at precisely the right time. And he had done so in plain sight and hearing of the entire office! And they had not followed his example!

"Oh, lucky guess! Lucky guess!" replied Shadd so cheerfully that instantly every man in the room knew the liar had lied again.

Ben Meiggs approached Shadd and spoke to him in a voice that he had lowered to show his deference toward a great man and a wise. And besides, why should the others hear?

"Mr. Shadd, do you think they have touched bottom yet?"

"No," answered Shadd loudly and positively, because he knew the negative would give the most pain to these insulting beasts. "Not yet, my boy!"

He hoped that when prices did touch bottom it would be such a bottom as would establish once for all his wisdom in selling out at 300 and 301.

"Then you think," whispered Careful Mike, "that a man shouldn't buy 'em yet?"

"What are you whispering there—you Meiggs? It seems to me you're trying to hog it. If Shadd knows anything good the Lord knows we need a little comfort to-day!"

And Henry Rumney glared so accusingly at the conspirators that Shadd grew angry.

"Why should I tell you anything when you always know better?" inquired Shadd in a voice he never, never used at home.

"That's what's the matter, Henry!" said Paine, laughing—for effect on Shadd.

The other customers understood the flattery conveyed by laughing at Rumney and also turned down their thumbs audibly. Henry, unanimously convicted of being what he was, proceeded to admit it by good-naturedly saying to Wilberforce:

"Can't you take a joke?"

"Hell of a joke, I call it," said Meiggs distinctly.

"I always said," continued the unabashed Henry, "that when a man makes money in Wall Street he loses his sense of humor. What about the market, hey, Shadd?"

"I," replied Shadd with dignity, "don't know anything about the market!"

A chorus of groans was heard—the most artistic form of applause known to men desirous of making plain their enthusiastic incredulity.

The subsidized office boy came in, hurriedly approached Henry Rumney and did that for which he was paid. At least, his lips moved rapidly close to Henry's left ear. Henry nodded vindictively; then, turning to his fellow victims, announced:

"Gentlemen, Undersea Craft is now 240."

He then glared at W. Shadd, who by sneaking out at 300 had committed a sixty-point capital crime. Everybody else did likewise.

Wilberforce Shadd maintained an impassive face. He seemed not to have heard; he appeared not to have seen.

"Do you think," whined Meiggs, "that it's low enough? We might take on a little, so that when the rally comes ——"

"Nope!" said W. Shadd decisively.

And these men, all victims of indecision, did not dream of doubting! How could they? This one man knew because he had known. They had not known, therefore they could not know. And so they didn't.

After that W. Shadd was the greatest man there, and they knew it. And so did he.

Dave Caldwell, the office manager, came in with the face of an undertaker. He beheld Shadd and burst into sunshine.

"Hello, Mr. Shadd! Welcome to our midst! I guess they'll rally now. I tell you, gentlemen, when the bargain hunters cross the dead line at Fulton Street it's time to buy 'em. Just close your eyes and point your finger. One stock is as good as another."

The genial Mr. Caldwell spoke so much as though he were enunciating axioms that all the customers looked toward Mr. Shadd, Bargain Hunter Extraordinary. He felt the stare of the twenty-eight eyes. He said:

"No bargains yet—for me!"

D. Caldwell shrugged his shoulders helplessly. Then, feeling the inadequacy of the gesture, he threw up both his arms and waved them. He meant to convey:

"Well, I did my best for you all!"

Shadd caught Caldwell's eyes and motioned; whereupon Dave, suspecting what was coming, promptly took Shadd's arm and led him deferentially into an inner office. He did not wish the other customers to hear Shadd say he wished to close his account; but, before he could shut the door, he heard Henry Rumney remark to Ben Meiggs:

"Dave's getting pretty fresh."

And Meiggs, for all reply, asked Henry:

"I wonder if Shadd is going to give him a buying order?"

But what Shadd said to Dave was:

"How about that check?"

"You can have it any time you want it," said Dave, making no motion to walk toward the cashier. "Don't you think some bonds are pretty cheap? We are putting our best customers into Suburban Trolley adjustment fives. They'll net you a little better than five and a half per cent, and will surely go to par by fall. The company is earning nearly nine per cent on the stock; but only a few people know it. We got onto their earnings ——"

Shadd shook his head. He was not listening. He could not believe that he would ever get the check. These people would promise and promise; but no check. He would give anything to feel that he really and truly owned sixty thousand dollars. It was not to be. To prove it he said:

"Can you get it certified for me?"

There was no use in trying to talk to a man who listened only to his own voice. Caldwell surrendered.

"Sure thing! Right away, Mr. Shadd. But you ought to look into those S. T. adjustment fives. I'll show you a confidential report on the property that we ——"

"Suppose," said Shadd desperately, "you give me my check, instead. I've got an appointment ——"

"Oh, very well," said Caldwell coldly, and disappeared cashierward.

Shadd sat down in an armchair and began to do a little planning, because he at last began to think that he might possibly get the check after all. First of all, he must see Warren, the lawyer, and hire him as his lawyer—provided, of course, he got the check, which he probably wouldn't.

Dave Caldwell came in—empty-handed! It was one thing to make money in Wall Street and another to take it away with you.

"I see bonds don't appeal to you, Mr. Shadd. Now I've got an inside line on a preferred industrial that will net you over eight per cent. They're doing the biggest business in their hist——"

"Where's the check?" interjected Shadd, certain that he was at last about to hear the flimsy reason why Francis T. Woodcock & Co. would not let sixty thousand dollars go out of their office.

Another reason why he must see Warren was to have him sue these crooks!

Dave Caldwell had kept his right hand behind his back. He brought it before him and said:

"Here it is." And gave a slip of paper to Shadd.

Wilberforce read it. The Metropolitan National Bank was told to pay to the order of Wilberforce Shadd sixty thousand and twenty-one dollars and no cents. It was signed by Francis T. Woodcock & Co., and was certified by the cashier of the Metropolitan National Bank, the latter signature illegible, but impressive and reassuring.

Wilberforce Shadd thrilled at the touch of the magic paper, so that the goose flesh, which came all over his back, almost hurt. But he put the check in his pocket nonchalantly and carelessly nodded his thanks. He did not say a word to Dave. He couldn't!

There came upon him an overwhelming desire to run away to some place where he could be alone with his money. He wished to feel that it was his, all his; and he could not feel that way unless he was all alone. He wished so much to have the sense of possession fill his being that it flashed on him that the only satisfying operation would be to cash that check at once; to exchange it for one-dollar bills, and then count them to make sure there were sixty thousand of them. And then he would count them a second time, more leisurely—neatly stacking the bills before him on a table in packages of one thousand each.

He almost ran out of the room, ignoring Dave Caldwell's outstretched hand of congratulation, because he did not see one hand. He saw sixty thousand ones!

In the customers' room he paused a moment, undecided whether to scream the news at the top of his voice or to wave his check in silence.

"You bet your boots," careful Mike Meiggs was saying, "when I cash in on the next bulge I'm going to fix it so that nobody—not even myself—can ever touch the principal!"

"Why?" asked Paine.

"The smartest man in the world," modestly explained Meiggs, "will at times fall for a fool tip. Or else he will go to the other extreme, and from excessive caution put all his money in a dead one. Any of you fellows ever hear of Charley James? I guess he was before your time. Well, he put a million dollars in trust, so that nobody could ever take it away from him."

A thought of thoughts! Wilberforce Shadd saw himself doing likewise. These men, at whom he was now gazing, were about to pass out of his life. He had made a killing and would go away, content to live quietly until he died. Meantime he had better see Warren before Mrs. Shadd did, or he might give in to her tearful face and pleading, terror-stricken eyes. When he did not do as his wife said, he felt like a pig. When he did, he felt like an ass.

XVII

HE WENT straight to the lawyer's office.

Samuel W. Warren was a young man who did not wish to look young, on the theory that he could impress his clients with his wisdom less offensively by accusing them of being younger than by accusing them of being less clever. He wished them to feel that they had taken their troubles to the right man—*viz.* one hundred and thirty-seven years and eight months. He was bald and his beard was streaked with gray. As if that were not enough, he had married a woman older than himself, and, in addition, cultivated the old man's grin of tolerant good nature toward inexperience.

"Good morning, Mr. Warren," said Shadd.

Instantly he began to fear that Warren, being a henpecked chump, would refuse to do the trick as planned.

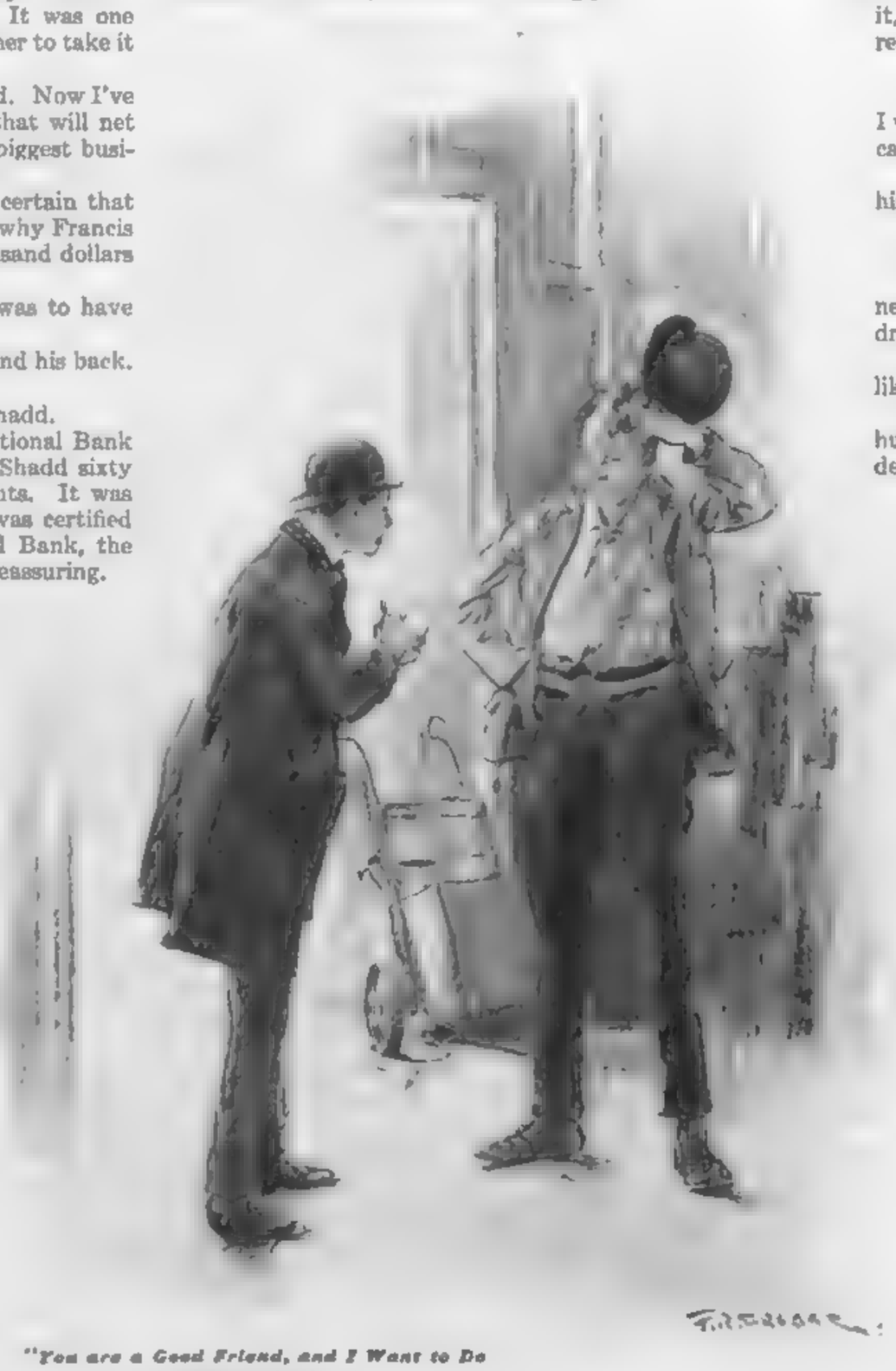
"Good morning, my boy!" And Warren nodded and smiled as if saying: "At last! Well, I expected it!"

"Is there any reason why you should not take my case?" asked Shadd and looked at Warren unblinkingly, as if to see with what expression Warren would decline. But the lawyer smiled paternally and said:

"I don't know what your case is."

"I mean I wish you to act as my lawyer."

"As against anybody in particular?" And the lawyer continued to smile, this time meaningly.



"You are a Good Friend, and I Want to Do Something for You"

Shadd stared at him blankly. Warren went on:

"Your wife, for instance?"

Ah, these children! But then, age and Mr. Warren would set them right.

As a matter of fact, even Mrs. Shadd was older than Warren.

"Do you mean," asked the perplexed Shadd, "am I looking for a divorce?"

"Or fearing it," complemented old Mr. Warren.

"No; I don't fear it," replied Mr. Shadd with a gloomy sort of indignation.

"Suppose you tell me what your trouble is," suggested Warren without committing himself to anything. "Begin at the beginning."

Shadd noticed that Warren had not promised to take his case; but he felt he might as well tell all about it.

"Well," began Wilberforce cautiously, "I've been dabbling in Wall Street."

"Is the property in your name or your wife's?" interrupted Warren, frowning in advance.

"In mine!" cried Shadd vehemently.

"Who are your brokers?"

"Francis T. Woodcock & Co."

"How much do they claim you owe them?"

"I don't owe them anything."

"I know! But how much do they say you owe them?"

"For what?"

"That," said the lawyer impatiently, "is what I am waiting for you to tell me. Since this is a declining market, I suppose they claim they didn't get your order to sell and ——"

"Oh, no," said Shadd, shaking his head violently. "They sold it when I told them."

"Then, how do they make out that you owe them — "

"They don't."

"Then," and Warren frowned the frown of a man with a grievance—deceit and waste of time—"then, why did you come to see me?"

"Because I've made sixty thousand dollars ——"

"And they won't give it to you?"

"They've given it to me. I want to know if you are my lawyer?"

"Where's the money?" asked Warren skeptically.

"Here! It's a certified check for sixty thousand dollars." And Shadd took it from his pocket. Warren reached for it, but Shadd drew it back to safety and held it out of reach. He repeated: "Are you my lawyer?"

"I am!" replied Samuel W. Warren.

"You see, I took all my savings from the bank and I went down to Wall Street; and I bought, outright for cash, two hundred shares of Undersea Craft ——"

"The devil you did!" exclaimed Warren, rising to his feet excitedly. "At what price?"

"Nine."

"What!"

"Nine," repeated Shadd with the humility of greatness. "Plain nine. Nine dollars a share; eighteen hundred dollars for the two hundred shares."

"Why, man, you're a ——" Warren paused, lawyer-like, disliking to tell the truth in plain language.

"And so I sold, one hundred at 300 and the other hundred at 301. The top!" finished Shadd with a deprecatory gesture and gleaming eyes.

"By George!" exclaimed Warren, so admiringly that he forgot to smile senilely. Then he remembered himself and looked stern. "Now, young fellow, what are you going to do with it?"

"That's why I'm here," said Shadd hurriedly. "You know I had to tell my wife—and she —— Well, you know what women are."

"I do," said Warren, so unconvincingly that Shadd began to fear the worst.

Wilberforce's mind at times worked best under the stimulus of fear. It did so now, luckily for him.

"Warren, I want to keep out of Wall Street. I think I've done enough—to run eighteen hundred dollars up to sixty thousand. But, hang it, everybody insists on telling me how to invest my money so it will bring me in eighteen per cent a year."

"Well, you don't want to listen to them. You want to invest it ——"

"No, I don't!" contradicted Shadd vehemently. "I wish to be protected against my own self. I'm afraid of being an easy mark, now that I have money. I want to get a fair income and enjoy it as long as I live. I don't want to speculate! I don't want to make a million dollars! So I've come here for you to tell me what to do."

S. W. Warren looked at Shadd in amazement. Talk about only the old being wise! Why, this clerk had Methuselah and Solomon backed into a corner, positively speechless!

Shadd's fears came back to him.

"Do you th-think," he inquired tremulously, "that I'm f-foolish?"

"Foolish? By George, you are the wisest gink—er—man that ever came into this office. Just shake hands with me, will you?"

They shook hands warmly and Shadd began to hope.

"Can you fix it," he went on earnestly, "so that I myself cannot touch this money, but get the income regularly, and nothing more so long as I live, no matter how many times I—I—I may change my mind?"

"You bet your boots I can!" declared Mr. Warren with conviction.

"Are you dead sure?" persisted Shadd earnestly. "No matter who it is that wants me to invest in oil lands, or mining stocks, or lots in—er—Jersey, or any of those things? I don't want to do it."

"I don't blame you," said Warren sympathetically.

"Sometimes they are your—er—relatives and you'd like to please 'em; but —— Well, a fellow's got a right to look out for himself."

"You're dead right there, Shadd," said Warren, speaking for the first time with real conviction. "I think a trust deed, leaving the principal to your wife, since you have no children ——"

"Couldn't she break it if she made up her mind to do it?"

"Well," admitted Warren reluctantly, "of course you and she together might break it if she, as beneficiary, waived her rights and claims ——"

"That's just what I don't want," said Shadd. "She—er—has spoken to a man who is hellbent on putting money into things that pay a very high rate of interest, and you treble your money in two years to boot ——" Shadd stopped because he did not wish to lie or to admit he couldn't say "No" to her.

Fortunately the lawyer was the kind who knew everything better than the client.

"I know the type," said Warren, and nodded frowningly. "If you don't watch out you won't have a cent left. It's too bad you have no infant children! If you had, and made them joint beneficiaries, the deed of trust could not be broken, even though they were willing, until they were of age."

"I see," said Shadd.

He had no children. His wife was, therefore, to blame. Thinking of her guilt brought a second flash of inspiration to him.

"Do they have to be blood relatives?" he asked.

"No."

"How much do I have to leave to them?"

"As much or as little as you wish."

"Then," declared Shadd, "the younger the better! Say, Warren, you go on and draw up the paper, and leave a blank space for three children's names." He would take no chances.

"Oh, I can fix it up in a jiffy! It won't take long. You just give me the names."

"You go ahead and get it ready," persisted Shadd. "I'll be back in a little while."

XVIII

WILBERFORCE SHADD hurried back to his office. He sought the manager.

"Mr. Lipps," said Wilberforce desperately, "have you any small children?"

Lipps stared at Shadd in amazement. Then he decided to answer and send for the ambulance later, if really necessary.

"Yes. I've got a boy of three and a girl baby. Greatest kid you ever saw, that! She's been growing at the rate of ——"

"How old? How old?" feverishly interrupted Shadd.

"One month and three days; and she weighs ——"

"Her name?" broke in Shadd with a bright smile, reaching for a pad and pencil.

"Winifred Lipps. She is the ——"

"Mr. Lipps"—and Shadd looked straight into his superior's eyes—"if you don't mind I am going to do something for her. Perhaps I had better explain to you that I have no children of my own."

"Too bad!"

"Yes; it is. The reason I want to do this for Winifred is because my wife wanted to buy—er—to be ——"

"Too bad, Shadd! I understand. Well, perhaps it is just as well. They are a great care, and unless you are very lucky ——"

"Yes, sir. You've always been very kind to me and I'd like to do something for Winifred. I've always wanted a little girl of my own; but Winnie will do just as well."

"Oh, nonsense!" And Lipps shook his head, but looked pleased. "You look out for your own family."

"You don't know it, Mr. Lipps, but, as a matter of fact, I'm much better off than you'd suspect."

"Oh, I didn't mean that!"

Lipps spoke in horror-stricken tones, but he could not keep his eyes from shining happily.

"I told my lawyer to leave a blank space for the name and he said he'd wait until I got back. Of course I could telephone him or send it by messenger, or leave it for to-morrow at lunchtime."

"You'd better attend to it yourself, Shadd. Take all the time you need. After all, a man doesn't make his last will and testament every day."

And, with a friendly nod, Mr. Lipps left the room—that nothing might delay Mr. Shadd's return to his lawyer.

Wilberforce, however, went into the shipping room and sought Jim Molloy, who used to make him feel brave by saying there were more jobs open than he could fill in ten years.

"Molloy, have you any girls?"

Girls, Shadd decided, were longer-lived than boys. They invariably survived their husbands.

"Four of 'em!"

"Healthy?"

"You'd think so if you had to feed 'em."

"How old is the youngest?"

"The youngest? Eight months old yesterday; no—Tuesday."

"Lively and strong, eh?"

"Say!" Molloy's eyes grew bright and enthusiastic. "Honest, she can ——"

"Enough! Enough!" cried Shadd so excitedly that Molloy actually did not finish the hymn of praise. "What's her name?"

"Alice."

"No middle name?"

"Yes—Alice May. Say, not because she's my kid, but on the level she's the greatest ——"

"Listen, Jim; I've got no kids of my own and so I'm going to do something for yours. Don't say anything to anybody. You are a good friend, and I want to do something for you in case I—er—croak. She is healthy, hey?"

"Say, she grabbed my finger; and I hope to die if I'm not telling God's truth, mister—she just held on ——"

Shadd had picked out no moribund weakling.

"Fine!" he cried, so enthusiastically that Molloy's blue eyes grew moist and tender.

Shadd thereupon rushed away. At the door, standing by the gate of the freight-elevator shaft, was old William Ross, who was known to come of a long-lived family.

"Say, Ross," asked Shadd, "have you any grandchildren?"

"Eleven."

"How old is the youngest?"

"I don't rightly know. Let me see; he was born the year Cleveland ran the last time ——"

"Ninety-two?"

"That's right," said Ross. "He's twenty-three."

"Have you any great-grandchildren?"

"Three."

"Girls?"

"No—all boys. We Rosses are all boy-breeders. My father was one of nineteen—all boys."

"What's the name of your youngest great-grandson?"

"William. My wife got a letter yesterday saying Willie was doing fine. He is seven days old to-day."

"Thank you."

"Why?" inquired G. G. Father Ross suspiciously.

"Why what?"

"Why do you thank me?"

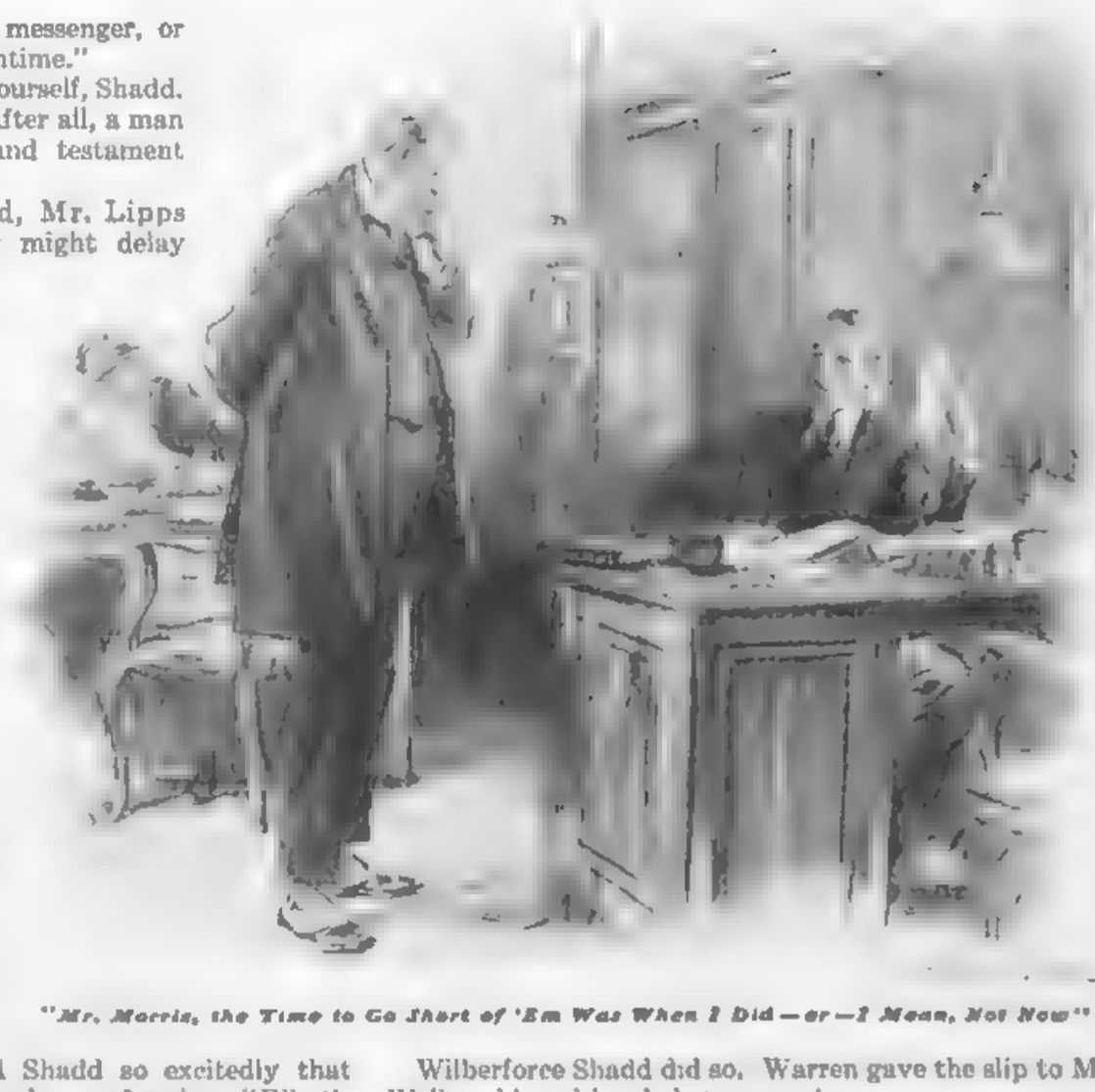
"For coming of such long-lived stock."

Forty minutes later Wilberforce Shadd opened the door of Warren's office and peered in cautiously, fearing his wife might have come in ahead of time. Seeing the lawyer alone, he walked in bravely.

"The names," he announced, "are Winifred Lipps, Alice May Molloy, and William Ross, seventh.

"These children are the daughters and the great-grandson, respectively, of business associates and friends."

"Write them," said Warren.



"Mr. Morris, the Time to Go Short of 'Em Was When I Did—er—I Mean, Not Now"

Wilberforce Shadd did so. Warren gave the slip to Miss Walker, his red-headed stenographer.

Five minutes later Wilberforce Shadd read and thrice reread this document:

I give and bequeath the sum of sixty thousand dollars to Samuel Walter Warren in trust, to hold and invest the same, and to pay me the net income thereof during my life, and on my death to pay out of the principal thereof the sum of one hundred dollars to Winifred Lipps, the sum of one hundred dollars to Alice May Molloy, and the sum of one hundred dollars to William Ross, great-grandson of my friend William Ross; and the balance of said remainder to my wife, Ann Elizabeth Shadd.

"Where do I sign?" asked Shadd, looking at the clock.

"Here. And I sign here."

Both Shadd and Warren signed the document typed by the red-headed Miss Walker, who kept book agents from calling twice at that office.

"Are you sure that nobody can touch this money?" asked Shadd.

"Sure?" And Warren smiled. "Sure? I wish you were as sure of heaven as I am of that."

"Well, I must be going. You will invest the money soon, I suppose?"

"At once. I think I can get you five per cent ——"

"Five?" And Wilberforce Shadd frowned.

"Yes; I am compelled by law to invest all trust funds in certain classes of securities. You ought to get pretty close to three thousand dollars a year."

Wilberforce Shadd had been figuring on thirty-six hundred dollars.

From three hundred dollars to two hundred and fifty a month was a big drop.

"That's what a man's wife can do!" bitterly reflected Wilberforce.

Then he thought of what the same man's wife could not do, now that he had signed the little paper; and he smiled pleasantly.

Minus a check for sixty thousand and twenty-one dollars and plus a receipt for same from Warren, Wilberforce Shadd left the lawyer's office and returned to his own.

XIX

LIPPS was not waiting for him; he merely happened—don't you know?—to be near Shadd's desk when Mr. Shadd came in.

"Er—back again, hey?" said Lipps with an ingratiating smile. It wasn't what he really wished to say; but he did not know how to ask the other question.

"Yes, sir."

Lipps hesitated, and then, trying not to look expectant, asked:

"Er—fixed everything to your satisfaction?"

"Everything!" answered Shadd with the pleased smile of a man successfully defying Fate. Then he thought of Lipps and the reason for Lipps' smile, and added: "Winifred's name leads all the rest."

"Oh, I didn't mean to ask anything about that!" And Lipps smiled.

The smile was so kindly, so full of admiration, so inviting of confidence, that before he knew it Wilberfore Shadd took Warren's receipt from his pocket and handed it to Mr. Lipps. *(Continued on Page 62)*

Wilberforce Shadd Thrilled at the Touch of the Magic Paper

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The Tuppenny Beer Men

SEVERAL years ago a famous and venerable English establishment changed hands. The new proprietor, going in and out of his office, noticed that a cheerful and obsequious person always stood near the front door. Being of an inquiring turn of mind, he asked this person who he was; and the person, dutifully knuckling his forehead, answered: "I'm the tuppenny beer man, sir."

Investigation by the proprietor disclosed that a predecessor, more than two generations before, had stationed a man at the door for the purpose of treating to tuppenny beer whoever came to the establishment bringing a message, a parcel, or on a like errand. The cost ran into hundreds of pounds yearly.

Doubtless time was when treating messengers, parcel-bearers, and so on, to tuppenny beer was a good stroke of business. Probably it got the house quicker service. But the tuppenny beer man persisted for many years after the reason for him had ceased.

Every business everywhere in the world tends to load itself up with deadwood in that way. Something is done for a good reason; conditions change, so the reason is no longer valid; but the business goes on doing the old thing from habit and because nobody has the wit to see that a change is needed, and to act upon that perception.

It has been pointed out that one reason for Germany's rapid industrial development in the last half of the nineteenth century was that she took over the industrial system ready-made from England, and in taking it over cut out the deadwood which had grown into it as it developed at home.

War has already cut out much deadwood in Europe. Reorganization after the war will probably cut out still more.

There is undoubtedly plenty of it in the United States. We should say the first step in preparing for after-the-war conditions would be for every American manufacturer and merchant, no matter how big or little, to install a really adequate cost-accounting system—if he has not one already—and study it carefully to detect his pile of deadwood.

The Price of Money

IN THE eighteenth century the British Government was able to borrow money at three per cent. For a comparatively short time in the latter part of the nineteenth century money was so abundant that the government borrowed at little over two per cent. In this year of grace, after the enormous borrowings on account of the war and with no peace in sight, it is able to borrow an immense sum at about four per cent net. The new war loan bears five per cent interest and goes to subscribers at a discount, but the government immediately takes back one-quarter of the interest for income tax; so the net cost of the money is about four per cent, and for those who want assurance that the income tax will not cut still deeper in the future it is issuing a four-per-cent tax free bond.

Before the war, in the light of a hundred and fifty years' experience, it might be said that three per cent was about the normal price for money in England and the United States. Eliminate risk, give the investor the utmost possible assurance of safety, and his money could be had at about that rate. Whenever a higher rate was paid the excess was in the nature of an insurance premium, compensating the investor for risk assumed.

The vast war borrowings may be regarded as introducing some element of risk, even in the case of a government bond; and that England is still able to borrow at about four per cent net indicates that a high interest rate is not necessary to call forth whatever investable capital there may be in a country.

It has been assumed that interest rates in Europe will be extremely high after the war. If so it will be because competitors bid high for funds and not because investors demand a high rate. Apparently whatever money there is can be had at four per cent as readily as at six.

Preventable Poverty

AN ANNUAL report by the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor says that in ninety-six per cent of the cases relieved the family's plight was due to sickness or death of the wage-earner. In the remaining four per cent the causes were wife-desertion, imprisonment, alcoholism, old age and unemployment.

The report, of course, covered a boom year, when unemployment was at the minimum; but in average times sickness or death and unemployment are the greatest proximate causes of poverty. And they are very largely preventable causes. Better hygiene can reduce sickness. Comprehensive insurance against sickness and death is feasible, as Germany and England have shown. Unemployment and part unemployment, perhaps the most fruitful of all proximate causes of poverty, are to a great extent merely the result of industrial maladjustment, unsocial thinking.

In many cases an employer's first recourse when the normal demand slackens is to discharge workmen. Their buying power paralyzed, they cut down demand in some other direction, and more workmen are discharged. If the problem was considered socially other expedients besides discharging the men might very often be found. There is not enough correlation of seasonal occupations for the purpose of keeping men continuously employed. Public work might be more extensively shaped with a view to lessening unemployment.

One minor cause of poverty may be noted—imprisonment. The state takes charge of a man who is supporting his family, and at once—in most cases—prevents him from fulfilling that primary social, moral, human obligation which he has been voluntarily fulfilling when left to himself. Could stupidity go farther than that?

A great deal of poverty is preventable—with no revolutions or patent panaceas, but only with an intelligent, social-minded attack upon some of the chief proximate causes of it.

A Training Program

WE SHOULD have athletic drill in public schools, approximating, in the high schools, the training a recruit would get; a regular volunteer army of two hundred and fifty thousand men. There is no reason to doubt that volunteers can be had if some pains are taken to make army service more attractive. We must not, of course, have any system which presumes commissioned officers to be of a quite different clay from enlisted men. France has shown that a really democratic army can be the most efficient army. Promotion to the highest commands must be open to any enlisted man.

There should be a moderate increase in pay. Service in the army may be so ordered that a man with army experience would be preferred for various civil employments. Enlistments should be for three years of active service, with ten years or so in a graded reserve.

This would cost something; but any possible increase in land defenses would cost something; and if the country can afford to spend millions under the Hay Bill it can afford to spend millions on a plan that will give some results.

Militarists will not like this program. They want conscription. Perhaps some members of Congress will not like it, for it provides neither pork nor politics. But it is the only plan we know of that meets the country's situation and prospects.

Any of the ambitious plans for compulsory military service, if adopted now, would certainly break down directly after normal conditions were restored in Europe; so the energy and money expended upon them would be mostly wasted.

Some Work at Home

THE details of the latest prison scandal are mostly stereotyped—ill-ventilated, unsanitary buildings, with hardly any chance for open-air exercise; men in damp, unlighted dungeons; criminals hardened in vice herded with young first-offenders; dirt and vermin; convict labor farmed out to contractors under conditions that regard little except the contractors' profits. An old story!

We have been told, for a couple of years now, that the United States ought to look abroad for some great and exigent problems to engage its moral strength, lest that degenerate because there is really nothing at home upon which to exercise it.

Suppose we should take a little elementary moral exercise by really trying to stop heaping stupid and brutal abuses upon the inmates of prisons. Then there is the matter of lynching, and various other possible objects of righteous effort which will occur to any reader.

Prison reform has been a staple object of agitation for many years. The country has been shocked time and again by disclosures of prison barbarities. Evidently all this has not penetrated to the consciousness of many officials.

How shall we put it so it shall penetrate the official consciousness everywhere—and the lay consciousness, too—so that a barbarous prison shall not be tolerated?

That is something of a job. There are others. Unfortunately these hard, grinding jobs at home do not appeal much to the sentimental imagination. They are not dramatic. They require dogged application. The sentimental imagination instinctively shies away from them to larger flights.

All the same, there is quite a bit of work to be done at home.

The Industrial Pace

THREE years ago Canadian industry, broadly speaking, did not know what a war munition looked like. There are now six hundred munitions factories in the Dominion, and they are supplying a very important proportion of the enormous number of shells used on the Western battle-front.

A recent British report compares the output of guns, powder and shells in the United Kingdom at the close of 1916 with that at the end of June, 1915—after nearly a year of war.

Of larger shells the output is from sixty to three hundred times as great; the increased production of guns runs from one hundred to twelve hundred per cent, and of powder from one hundred to four thousand per cent. In 1916, it may be noted, British exports, measured in value, were about up to the normal before-the-war mark, having increased more than fifteen per cent over 1914, which was over half peace.

A report from Germany says that wood-pulp products have been successfully substituted for cotton—the supply of which has been cut off—in the manufacture of explosives; that bags made of paper yarn are taking the place of jute; old rubber is refabricated and substitutes for rubber are introduced.

Whatever the exact facts may be, it is certain that, though supplies of important raw materials have been much reduced or nearly cut off, Germany still manages to make the things she must have.

All of this illustrates the adaptability of modern industry. The world has learned the trick. It has a mastery of productive processes, an organization, a genius that no war can destroy. If it should happen to want wampum as badly as the Indians did it could turn it out by billions of tons with a fortnight's preparation.

After the war's demonstration of human mastery over material things there is no use in saying that Nature sets a limit to what we can have of any necessary material thing.

Foreign Trade

COMPARING our exports in 1916 with 1913, the last preceding year that was entirely free from war influence, is not a particularly flattering occupation.

Exports to Europe increased by a couple of billion dollars; but if the Allies be excluded there was no gain. Exports to North America increased over a quarter of a billion, but more than half of that went to Canada and was mostly a war demand. Exports to Asia trebled, but Russian Asia took the lion's share of the gain; and some of Japan's increased purchases were a war demand. Nearer home the biggest gain, aside from Canada, was in exports to Cuba; but that was largely a product of our increased purchases of Cuban sugar, which, again, was in great part a war demand. Gains in exports to Argentina, Chile, Brazil and China make but an infinitesimal item in the total of our foreign trade.

In short, we have as yet gained comparatively little foreign trade, except as war demand has thrown it to us. We have gained something in understanding the importance of foreign trade and in organizing for it; but Congress, at this writing, is still haggling over the bill to permit cooperation for export business, and even threatening so to amend it as to make it worthless.

It has long been clear enough that more efficient competition for foreign trade requires cooperative effort by our manufacturers; but the machinery moves slowly.

FEEDING A MILLION

Army Housekeeping—By Eleanor Franklin Egan

THE Germans on the Somme and at Verdun have been surrendering to the French and British on rather slight provocation—at least a great many of them have. And the first thing the average German prisoner does when he finds himself safe behind his enemies' lines is to ask for food. Invariably he is delighted and astonished by the quality of the food he is given, and he keeps on asking for more until his great hunger for the white bread, the fresh meats and the fine, fatty soups is appeased. Now if I were a French general and had reason to believe that the stories about a German food shortage were true—and the prisoners say they are—I would inaugurate a new kind of offensive on lines calculated to entice all the German armies out of their trenches.

I would fill a few bomb casings with generous, thick, buttered and jam-spread slices of *la boule*—as the French call their ration bread—and fire them over into the German trenches as the climax of a bombardment by which I would have cut the men off from their own food supplies long enough to make them good and hungry. I would wrap each tempting titbit in a carefully worded invitation to dinner, in which I would not hesitate to mention beefsteaks, and lamb chops, and real pork sausages, and potatoes stewed in cream—or German fried; and I would follow this inhuman action with a few teasing whiffs of condensed rich food odors, which might be sprayed out across No Man's Land from a gas nozzle. Unless the Germans are superior to all the laws of Nature, the result would be wholesale surrenders; the war would be brought to an end very shortly and hundreds of thousands of lives would be saved.

Whole Trains of Refrigerated Vans are Driven Each Day to the Field Kitchens

What Frenchmen are Eating Near Verdun

IN WAR the one thing needful to the man in the fight is food. Munitions and guns would be utterly useless to an army with empty stomachs. The soldier must eat, and that is the only absolute and unqualified "must" which confronts the servants of the state whose business it is to minister to his physical requirements. He does not have to sleep in comfort—at least not often; it is not necessary that he should be warm or clean, and he can be practically shelterless for weeks on end; he can live in his dirt and bodily discomfort, get used to it in no time, and grow rugged and healthy on it, just so long as he is enabled regularly and plentifully to eat. And heroes have prodigious appetites. The French heroes of Verdun, a round million of them, consume approximately twenty-four million five hundred thousand pounds of food every week, and this is counting only the official dry ration, which is variously and abundantly supplemented.

That, I suppose, is as good a way as any to begin. The military statistical sea is much deeper a little farther out, but, even at the million depth, one must rely more or less on the buoyancy of one's own inflated ignorance in order to establish any kind of claim to mental unsubmersibleness. The Germans are so fond of the word colossal that the French, in connection with their own colossal achievements, have begun to spell it occasionally in the German way and to print it in italics by way of pointed and piquant retort—a retort analogous to the one some English soldiers in the trenches made last winter to the German boast: "*Gott mit Uns!*"

The Germans raised a signboard bearing this legend high over one of their trenches where the Tommies opposite them could read it; and the Tommies, not to be outdone, made an imitation of the signboard and painted on it in large black letters: "We Got Mittens Too!" This is a well-known story, but I am not going to apologize for repeating it in this connection, because it seems to me exactly to illustrate the whole answer of the Allies to unanticipated German aggression. The English should name their first successful imitation of a Zeppelin, Got Mittens!

Colossal is the only word to apply to any commissariat designed to meet the demands of millions of men under arms; but in the French commissariat it is not mere size that impresses one most; it is the bewildering variety of minute detail and the perfection of the system that has been achieved. France lays the loss of the war of 1870 at the door of the commissariat. This department was so badly organized, and its bases of supply were so unfortunately located and so inadequately protected, that the enemy was able at the very beginning to curtail its resources to the point of absolute defeat; and that conquest, as everybody knows, became a conquest of starvation.

Whereupon France made a belated Never Again! resolution and went to work. The present magnificent system of supply has grown gradually and in unbreakable solidity upon a foundation of tragic "ifs." If France had only had so and so in such and such a place, how different the result might have been! The French army today is as well fed as any army has ever been; and there is an atmosphere of pride and satisfaction evident in the whole commissary department, which gives one a feeling of great confidence in the eventual issue.

The daily ration of every soldier in France is seven hundred grams of bread; a minimum of four hundred and fifty grams of fresh meat—beef, mutton or pork; thirty grams of bacon or ham; one hundred grams of dried vegetables; sixty grams of dried soup vegetables, in a mixture known as *julienne;* seventy-five grams of jam; one hundred grams of potatoes, spaghetti, rice or macaroni—alternated; thirty grams of coffee; forty grams of sugar; twenty grams of salt; three grams of tea, for those who want it; and one pint of wine, either white or red.

The Trimmings, Fixings and Extras

IN ADDITION to all of this the captain of each company gets a weekly cash allowance for the purchase of fresh vegetables for his men, or anything they may vote for in the way of "trimmings"—sauces of various sorts and small articles of diet dear to the French heart. Food for the men in the trenches when they are under heavy bombardment is a different matter; but I shall come to that later on.

And so you have my mathematical cards on the table. In building up my fine large estimate in pounds a week for the supply of an army of a million men I found it necessary to brush aside a good many decimal crumbs, as any mathematician would soon discover, but hardly enough perhaps to make an appreciable difference in the army food situation. According to my figures, each man still gets about three and a half pounds of food each day, without counting wine or extras; and that is approximately correct. The metric system is in use, I think, in every civilized country on earth except Russia and Montenegro; and it has been

At Least One-Fifth of the Baking Has to be Done at the Front

Thousands Upon Thousands of Big Round Loaves Were Stacked on Racklike Shelves

At the First Food Distribution Base

Cattle With Their Own Food Strapped on Their Backs

legalized in the United States. But there is a wide difference between legalizing and familiarizing—as much of our legislation annually demonstrates; and I, for one of my imperfectly educated generation, shall never cease to ask how many kilos there are in a pound and how many miles it takes to make a kilometer. I look them up quite frequently and am always surprised to find that it is just the other way round.

As for grams to the ounce, there are four decimal figures after the whole number; and why anybody should be expected to worry over that kind of thing I cannot see. After which deferential acknowledgment of the mental superiority of those to whom decimal crumbs can be an intellectual feast, I will proceed.

When I first mentioned to a French friend the fact that I wanted to know how soldiers in large numbers live and are taken care of, I must, quite unintentionally, have laid special emphasis on baths and clean clothing, these being in anyone's opinion two highly important items of comfortable existence. It came, of course, through my enumerating normal necessities—food, raiment, shelter, fire, beds, baths and laundries.

The Military Shops in Paris

"How do armies get bathed and laundered?" The answer is: "They don't." But, in the interest of the French reputation from the celebrated American standpoint, my French civilian friend thought it better that I should be permitted to learn this for myself—if I could—hoping that, in my rigidly limited and officer-conducted wanderings round, I might come across a laundry or bathhouse somewhere which would be sufficiently impressive and sufficiently dilated upon by my escort to induce in me a belief that France was full of just such admirable institutions. He was being very subtle when he said to me afterward:

"What did you think of our laundries and baths?"

"Your what?"

"Well, of course—I knew it all the time; but I was not going to discourage you. If we were wise—as the Germans are, for instance—we would establish a few things of that character in easily accessible places, just for the sake of striking admiration into the minds of our 'clean above all things' American friends. How you would praise us! But war is war, and we are working at it."

Though the answer to the question "How do armies get bathed and laundered?" is "They don't," I must qualify that answer by the statement that in some cases in France they certainly do. Not so much in the interest of cleanliness and comfort, perhaps, as for purposes of economy. Probably the great obstacle to the systematic conservation of clothing is in the form of a mountain of things that crawl—things which, in some unaccountable way, manage to crawl into every army. And these unspeakable things do not drown easily, fire being the only element to which they do quickly succumb. However, in Paris I have been in workrooms where hundreds of women were engaged in mending army underwear and shirts, and inquiry elicited the information that the garments were sterilized at the Front in big ovens on wheels, and afterward shipped to laundries here and there throughout the country to be washed and delivered to different mending rooms. But the size of this undertaking, as I have seen it, is not such as to give one visions of clean and neatly mended clothing for three million men every Saturday night.

What one does see in astounding quantities is new clothing. The swift packing into bundles for shipment to the Front of one million and a half new shirts all at once and all in one vast workroom is a thing to look upon with interest; a thing to inspire varied and far-reaching speculation. I was assured that a soldier may have a new shirt and new underclothing as often as he needs them, which was exceedingly indefinite, but at least superficially satisfactory to an inquirer who has learned more or less what to expect in the way of information.

The question as to whether or not a soldier's need is ever determined by himself or by the facts is of absolutely no importance. Down in the Verdun sector I saw men just coming out of the trenches and men just going in, and there was little to choose between them in regard to general appearance, except that the mud on those going in had had a chance to dry, while the mud on those coming out looked as though it had soaked through to their skins—as no doubt it had.

In the front rank of one company on its way in, incidentally, there was a man I shall never forget. He was a living protest against war's hideous sacrifice. He was the only clean man in the ranks. His gray-blue uniform was bright and new and fitted his lithe figure perfectly, making one sure that it had been turned out by his own tailor. He was an unmistakable aristocrat, very tall, and masculinely beautiful in every line. I stared at him; I could not help it. His comrades were laughing and joshing as they swung along, and only he among them all was serious. His level eyes were fixed straight ahead and he carried his rifle with a curious easy grace. He made one think of a shaft of sunlight passing slowly into a bank of cloud. I said to myself: "It is that boy's first time in" I was sure of it—and he was so splendidly young! I do hope he came out merely covered with the glorious mud—"glorious mud" is what they call it.

Women do most of the army sewing and tailoring, just as they make most of the munitions, the metal helmets and wooden trench shoes, and all the other items of soldier equipment. They have become a part of the great system in France, as women have in England; but in France there is no danger of their ever wanting to make their new position permanent. Frenchwomen are essentially home women and feminists in a wholly effeminate sense. Hardly a baker's dozen of them have ever taken any interest in theories of economic independence and equal rights. They don't want to be economically independent. They consider it a woman's privilege to be supported by a man, and they are now doing the work of men because the work has to be done and there is nobody else to do it. They have risen magnificently to meet their country's need, but they perform their great and unaccustomed service rather grimly. It is to their greater credit that their performance in every line leaves so little to be desired.

The average pay for women working in the army-equipment department is four francs—eighty cents—a day for a workday of ten hours. Then there are thousands of women who take work to their homes and are paid so much for a dozen pieces; but in order to get this work they must keep up to a fixed standard of daily production. It is a mill, a machine, and the dead-level monotony of specialization characterizes the whole system. The army must have boots, wooden trench shoes, socks, underclothing, flannel shirts, suspenders, uniforms, overcoats, raincoats, helmets, soft caps, gas masks, blankets, tents, mattresses—sometimes—knapsacks, cartridge belts, gloves and mittens, handkerchiefs, hand towels, and a dozen and one other things; and all these things, or most of them, the women make.

Many of them, especially uniforms, are made in parts and assembled; and when I saw some five hundred women in Paris engaged in turning out an order for a few hundred thousand pairs of uniform sleeves, within a given time, I wondered how much they knew about the other processes of production. Probably nothing at all. Their tired minds must sometimes conjure up visions of valiant regiments going forth in nothing but sleeves. And as for the makers of flannel shirts and undergarments—which are usually referred to in terms of millions—their hours are so long and their weary lives so absorbed, so smothered, one might say, in Canton flannel and wool, that they would be justified in imagining that the beloved army both eats such articles and fires them at the enemy. The amount of materials one sees in actual process of swift destruction is beyond casual comprehension.

The Powers That Be

But I began by saying that all an army really needs is food; and if that can be accepted as a comparative statement it needs no modification. It requires the night and day services of some fifteen thousand men just to feed the army of a million at Verdun. The Battle of Verdun has been fought out and finished, we believe, or hope; but the struggle for Douaumont was in progress when I was down there, and the army of a million was a concentrated reality.

In pursuit of information I went, in the beginning, to the Powers that Be, in Paris, and announced that I wanted to see the national pantry and clothespress—to say nothing of the kitchens, refrigerators, storerooms, wine cellars and other incidentals of national housekeeping, including domestic account books. I knew, later, why everybody laughed. They wondered why I should be choosing such a peculiar life-work. Or was it to cover their own ignorance of the subject? They were ignorant—no doubt about that; and one man at least has since asked even me for small items of information.

Some questions I could and can answer; but most things, be it understood, are known only to some mysterious great person somewhere, who never, no never, will tell. High officials get so in the habit these days of "squirreling" information that they will not even uncover it for the benefit of each other. I found it rather difficult to induce the Powers that Be to take me seriously; but as a matter of fact they take themselves so seriously that their mental capacity for seriousness is completely exhausted before they reach the actual performance of the tasks assigned to them—which sounds rather hateful, but is quite justified. I think I must digress just long enough to give them away.

(Continued on Page 30)

Automobile Busses Carrying Food to the French Front

Let us bring our gardens to your table

Let us give you the benefit of these fresh delicious vegetables so carefully selected and daintily prepared.

Here is a tempting, wholesome food rich in appetizing flavor; full of strength-building nourishment. And it is all ready for your table any time at three minutes' notice. Think how independent you can be, on the food question and the "help" question and the three-meals-a-day question, when your larder is supplied with

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

In this single product you have a perfectly balanced diet—all the elements of nutrition scientifically combined. *We use thirty-two separate ingredients in this nourishing soup.*

Fifteen of these are vegetables; including premium-grade white potatoes—the finest Maine growth, "Jersey" sweet potatoes, red-hearted Chantenay carrots, sweet yellow turnips, baby lima beans, tender little peas, cabbage, tomatoes and "Country Gentleman" corn.

We add rice, barley, celery, okra, fine herbs and delicate leek; besides "A B C" Macaroni, and just a whisper, as you might say, of sweet red peppers. And we blend all these in a rich meaty stock made from selected beef.

You could not imagine a dish more tasty and nutritious. It is not only an inviting dinner-course, but it is the best part of a light meal in itself.

It involves no bother of marketing on your part; no expenditure of time and energy, no cooking expense. It comes to you already perfectly cooked and prepared. You simply add hot water, bring to a boil and serve.

Good soup is positively essential to the properly-regulated diet. All authorities agree on this. It should be eaten once a day at least. And with an assortment of these health-promoting Campbell "kinds" in the house, you are never without a soup that is altogether welcome and satisfying.

Asparagus	Clam Chowder	Pea
Beef	Consommé	Pepper Pot
Bouillon	Julienne	Printanier
Celery	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Chicken	Mulligatawny	Tomato-Okra
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Mutton	Vegetable
Clam Bouillon	Ox Tail	Vermicelli-Tomato

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

A Tempting Dish—
Fried Chicken
Southern Style

Try it—in the

"Wear-Ever"

ALUMINUM FRY PAN

"Wear-Ever" Fry Pan—
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ary When thoroughl
tablespoons of water. Cook 3 minutes longer. Take
out chicken and drain Thicken gravy
or very cold

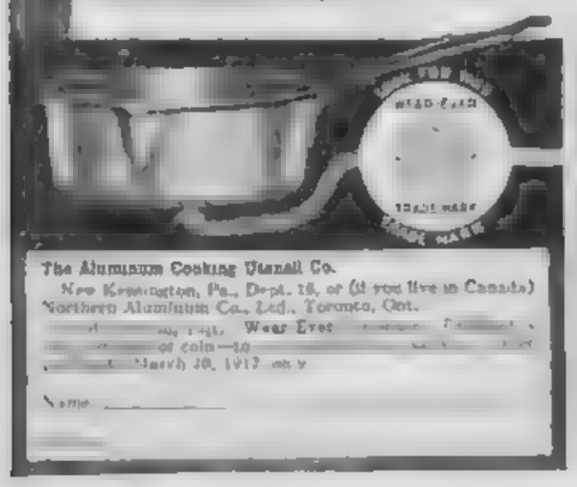
The "Wear-Ever" Fry Pan stores up a larger amount of heat than the ordinary fry pan, sears the meat immediately, thus keeping in the juices—cooks thoroughly and quickly.

The enormous pressure of rolling mills and stamping machines makes the metal in the "Wear-Ever" utensils dense, hard and smooth. They are made in one piece, have no seams to give trouble, no coating to chip off and get into your food, are pure and safe.

Replace utensils that wear out with utensils that "Wear-Ever"

Look for the "Wear-Ever" trade mark on the bottom of every utensil. It is your guarantee of safety, saving and service.

If you never have used "Wear-Ever," we will send you the sample 1 qt Stewpan as pictured, *for only 30c* if the coupon is mailed on or before March 20, 1917.



The Aluminum Cooking Utensil Co.
New Kensington, Pa., Dept. 18, or (If you live in Canada)
Northern Aluminum Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.
Wear Ever
of coin—30
March 20, 1917 on y
Name

(Continued from Page 28)

By the Powers that Be I mean, of course, the men of the Press Bureau. They are ensconced in formidable-looking offices, guarded by numerous uniformed old-soldier doormen, and evidently conceive themselves to be charged with the delicate mission of keeping all friendly inquirers as far as possible from the subjects of their inquiries—which is not what they are there for at all; though, in this connection, I must say that the French are almost loosely liberal in comparison with the English. The English maintain an expensive Press Bureau, I sometimes almost think, for the purpose of having someone to blame for the superiority of German propaganda. It was the irritation and danger of German propaganda, almost as much as a recognition of the necessity for taking a proper interest in the efforts of the world's press to keep friendly tabs on their activities, which induced the allied governments to establish Press Bureaus; and all of them, especially the English and French, have voted large sums of money for the purpose.

The endeavors of these institutions are supposed to be directed toward combating German propaganda and establishing correct public impressions in neutral countries, especially in the United States; and in such an important enterprise the Allies are perfectly willing to spend money. But they do not have to spend money; and this is particularly true with regard to France. France has nothing to conceal except such military secrets as she knows how to guard under all circumstances, and nothing to smooth over or explain. In all that concerns French life and French conditions there is little that would not make an enemy envious; and the spreading abroad of information about such things is a wise procedure.

The French were assured at once, and by an American, that the only thing they had to do was to open the way for American and other neutral correspondents, and that the result would be the wide and free dissemination of a great deal of honest and harmless information. They were pleased to believe this; but the establishment of the bureau was a necessity, and a large staff would be needed to look after the details of passes, investigations of character, and all that sort of thing.

All right; some such institution is undoubtedly an indispensable cog in the great machine of war as war exists. There is no question about that; but one may say that such an institution should be organized on lines of the highest efficiency if it is not to be an obstacle rather than an aid to the strengthening of international relationships.

I shall have to admit, gratefully, that, in comparison with the experience of some others, the way has been wide open for me; but to seek vainly for a little up-to-date information is an irritating process, and that is how one spends most of one's time. At the Press Bureau there is one long corridor filled with unpainted pine shelves of the temporary, hurried-looking and immediately necessary variety, on which are piled thousands of copies of pamphlets printed in all the languages.

The Literature of the Press Bureau

Some of the titles of these pamphlets are: German Theory and Practice of War; How Austria-Hungary Waged War in Serbia; The Suppression of the Armenians—German Methods—Turkish Performance; The Violation by Germany of the Neutrality of Belgium and Luxembourg; The German Mental Attitude and the War; The Origin of the War, According to Diplomatic Documents; The Congress of Vienna and the War of 1914; How Germany Seeks to Justify Her Atrocities; and German Atrocities from German Evidence.

If there are other things on those shelves they are probably of like character; but these are all I have been able to find. All are very interesting, of course, and one is glad to get at these subjects from a French point of view; but, as I have said, when I made my innocent demands upon the secrets of the military economic processes everybody laughed, and I think somebody said "*Mon Dieu!*" In their mental race with passing events they have not yet come up to Christmas, 1915.

There is one thing one must plead in excuse for their shortcomings, however, and that is that the Press Bureau is expected to take care of any and every kind of foreigner who comes along with any and every kind of request. The Frenchwoman, for instance, is not allowed to go anywhere in the direction of the armies; nor are Englishwomen allowed to cross the Channel, except on the strictest and most urgent kind of business. But the foreign woman, the neutral, and especially the American, may go almost anywhere if she has the qualities necessary to meet the difficulties of obtaining permits. Two of these are unlimited patience and dogged persistence. One Frenchman, who knows and likes America well enough to be able, without offense, to speak his mind about Americans, said to me that any American woman who has so much as knitted a pair of socks for a French soldier thinks her service has entitled her to the privilege of seeing the armies at the Front—the Front during the past year meaning always Verdun.

This is a vicious exaggeration, but it conveys a more or less correct idea. Nearly every American woman who comes to France, on whatever mission—and most of them come on war relief—asks permission to go to Verdun, or somewhere equally difficult. The fact that most of them want to "see," only that they may go back home and tell what they have seen in an effort to raise more money for the beloved French, complicates things for the gentlemen of the Press Bureau tremendously. Plain heart interest and not mere curiosity is behind a majority of such requests, and point-blank refusal to pay any attention to them is out of the question.

Diplomatic Bureaucrats

The gentlemen of the Press Bureau are much too polite to refuse anybody anything outright, anyhow. They would much rather keep you waiting until your mental attitude resolves itself into a sympathetic understanding of their own great difficulties; and this takes time. They know you will end by apologizing for causing them such endless trouble. And if they have done nothing whatever for you they will assure you that your disappointment is a triumphant and glorious feeling compared with the deep dejection they are suffering on your account; while if they have done what you have asked them to do, even though it be in the line of press work and their appointed job, they will succeed in making you feel that any repetition of the effort would be fatal to them—though *le bon Dieu* would be able to bear witness that they would be perfectly willing to die for you at any moment!

However, if mere incompetence were a crime most of us would be deprived of our liberty. Also and moreover, if we were at war and were running just such an institution for the dissemination throughout the world of accurate information about ourselves, I do not know of an American who could undertake the work in the French department. But, of course, we should know enough, and we should not be too proud, I hope, to employ a clever and friendly Frenchman.

It was several days after my own preliminary introduction at the Press Bureau that I asked permission to investigate the contents of the national larder. Why, yes; of course! Most interesting! The power I addressed would try to get for me "the informations."

"But I want to see."

"See? What do you mean? See what?"

"Everything."

"Oh!" A curious smile he smiled. "But perhaps you could tell me where you want to go?"

"No; how should I know where I want to go? I know only what I want to see. You know what I want to see; don't you also know where I ought to go?"

"Well, yes—surely; but ——"

He didn't. There was a long pause, filled with pantomime denoting serious thought, great interest in the proposition, but private and uncommunicable knowledge of insurmountable obstacles. I was moved to tell him about a certain well-known, affluent and overmannered English actor who was reduced one night to the humiliating necessity of getting into a public conveyance—a common taxicab. He had been having a late supper with some friends; but, late though it was and supper though it had been, his habitually dignified demeanor was unimpaired. He stepped into the cab with studied precision of movement and uttered the one sonorous word:

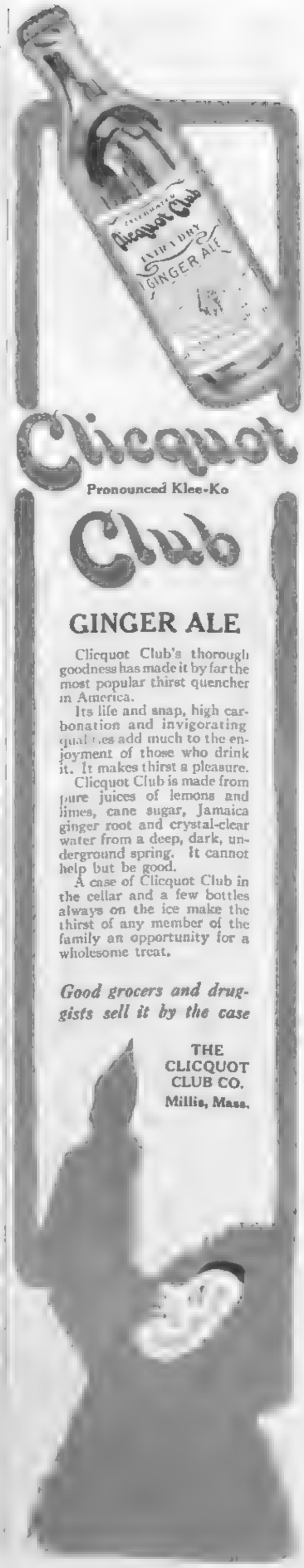
"Home!"

"Yes, sir. Where to, sir?" asked the cabman.

"Home!"

"Yes, sir; but where, sir? What address, sir?"

(Continued on Page 33)



Clicquot

Pronounced Klee-Ko

Club

GINGER ALE

Clicquot Club's thorough goodness has made it by far the most popular thirst quencher in America.

Its life and snap, high carbonation and invigorating qualities add much to the enjoyment of those who drink it. It makes thirst a pleasure.

Clicquot Club is made from pure juices of lemons and limes, cane sugar, Jamaica ginger root and crystal-clear water from a deep, dark, underground spring. It cannot help but be good.

A case of Clicquot Club in the cellar and a few bottles always on the ice make the thirst of any member of the family an opportunity for a wholesome treat.

Good grocers and druggists sell it by the case

THE CLICQUOT CLUB CO.
Millis, Mass.

THE CONSERVATION OF ENERGY AND THE TRANSMISSION OF POWER

Blue Streak Belts Increase Production

Scores of Blue Streak sales are being made in these times of capacity production solely on the strength of their continuous service records.

An hour's shut-down often costs more in decreased output than the first cost of the guilty belt which brought it about.

And belt breakage and belt stretching cause shut-downs.

Blue Streak Belt construction reduces breakage to a minimum. Only a special-weave duck of 25% greater tested tensile strength than that ordinarily used in the best transmission belts is used.

In consequence Blue Streaks give you the highest possible factor of safety according with efficient transmission.

Stretching is harder to combat, for it is not a question of materials alone but also of construction.

The special-weave duck eliminates some of the stretch.

But more is eliminated by the method of impregnating the plies under enormous pressure with high grade "friction."

By this method the plies are united as with thousands of strong yet flexible rivets, rooted in the very fiber of the duck.

They unite the plies as indissolubly as if they were welded, yet allow the play between plies necessary for the equalized adjustment of strains.

Since all the plies bear an equal load, none is unduly strained; and in consequence the exasperatingly variable stretch so common in stitched and other belts of inferior construction is eliminated.

The merits of the materials used in the construction of Blue Streak Belts have been proved in every industry.

They have demonstrated their long service per dollar of cost, their power-saving efficiency, and their continuous service so conclusively that The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company unreservedly stakes its reputation on their performance.

* *

The Goodyear Encyclopedia of Mechanical Goods has been compiled by Goodyear engineers from actual cost records kept in many industries using transmission and conveyor belting, hose, packing, and valves. Write for it, naming the particular industry in which you are interested.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

· PACKING · BELTING · HOSE · VALVES ·

GOODYEAR

Plant Your Garden the

TRADE MARK **PAKRO SEEDTAPE** REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Way This Spring

Try this better way of planting your garden.

Get some Pakro Seedtape from your dealer and just plant the tape, a whole row at a time, at the depth stated on each package, moisten well and cover with earth.

The simplest, easiest way imaginable, and still intensely practical and one of the greatest scientific improvements in planting discovered in years.

Pakro Seedtape consists of selected seeds spaced exactly the correct distance apart in a thin paper tape.

Pakro Seedtape gives you a better garden with less labor because of the following advantages:

1. A better quality of thoroughly tested seed—every variety grown especially for us and selected by experts from the very best of prize-winning strains.

2. A great saving of time and labor because you can plant the tape a whole row at a time instead of a few seeds at a time, and be sure of getting straight rows and a fine even stand.

3. More economical because only enough seeds are planted to insure proper growth—with loose seeds many more than are necessary are used, resulting in over-crowded, slow-growing stunted plants.

4. No thinning out required on account of proper spacing of seeds in the tape. Those who know what this work implies will appreciate keenly this feature.

5. Not only easier to plant but better to grow—the paper tape absorbs and holds moisture around the seed, with the natural result of a quicker and much higher percentage of germination and a stronger plant life.

These are not theories. They are statements of actual results achieved by thousands of amateur gardeners and some of the most prominent agricultural colleges and experiment stations in the country. W. B. Farrar, President of the experiment station at Blountsville, Alabama, finds that "Seedtape is a very fine device for the gardener. The seeds germinate very readily and it is much easier to get straight rows. Therefore, a much more even stand and better looking garden is possible."

Pakro Seedtape comes in 30 varieties of vegetables and 18 varieties of flowers. Get it from your dealer. ***Write for our beautifully illustrated free catalogue.***

You have every assurance that your garden will be better, more economical and easier to plant if you use Pakro Seedtape this year

VEGETABLES
10c per package
In Canada, 12½c. per package

Lettuce, Large Flat

FLOWERS
10c. per package
In Canada, 12½c. per package

Mignonette, Grandiflora
Morning Glory, Selected Imperial Mixed

To Dealers

Your jobber has full information about Pakro Seedtape and can supply you promptly.

Introductory Offer

$1.30 Worth for 50c.

In Canada, 60 cents

It tells in simple terms how to plan your garden, just when to plant the different Vegetables and Flowers and how to plant them. It gives a table to follow and that should be in the hands of everyone desiring to have a successful Home Garden.

Seedtape way of planting with a copy of Mr. Seymour's book and 3 packages of Seedtape, totaling in value $1.30, for 50c. Simply send us 50c. in form of post office money order or stamps today

American Seedtape Co., Inc.

Dept. 101—71 West 23rd Street, New York City

Canadian Distributors: **Wm. Rennie Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.**

Dust shows more plainly on oak than on any other wood. This dust seems to dissolve and form a scum, thus clouding the real beauty of the grain of the wood

To thoroughly dust, clean, polish and beautify furniture or floors made of oak, simply dampen a piece of cheese cloth with water, wring it almost dry and then add

O-Cedar Polish

Go over the surface and polish with a dry cloth. A sparkling clean, bright, lasting lustre is the result—a lustre so dry and hard it will not collect dust.

The same O-Cedar Polish should be used for cleaning, brightening, polishing and beautifying all wood work and furniture of every kind.

O-Cedar Polish is sold by all dealers in convenient sizes—25c to $3.00. Your money refunded if you are not delighted with the "O-Cedar Result."

Channell Chemical Co.
Chicago Toronto London

(Continued from Page 30)

"'S'dress? 'S'dress? Why, how dare you! Do you think I'm going to tell you where my beautiful home is?"

The polite monsieur laughed as a polite monsieur would, but he did not get the application. Perhaps the story had none; but I managed to apply it just the same in painstaking diagram, and it was a pleasing thing to see the light dawn in his eyes.

"Oh, I understand! You mean you can't get anywhere unless you know where you are going."

"Well, something like that"

Nothing came of that interview; but about a week later I went back and found him better prepared. He drew for me a kind of map to illustrate the complications and utter un-get-at-ableness of the subject, but on that map I discovered a few points I thought were quite accessible. Oh, one could go easily enough; the trouble was to get the necessary permissions. Well, that was where he came in. That was what he was there for. Naturally I said nothing to this effect. That would have been fatal. I merely thought it while I puckered my brows in imitation of the way he was doing it and worried with him over the great strain to which I was subjecting him.

Then one day—it took five weeks altogether; make a note of that in case you should be inclined to consider my "grouch" ill-founded—one day I got desperate and announced that it would be "day after to-morrow or never"; and he made it the day after to-morrow with such ease and alacrity that I was sorry I had not introduced the definite note a little sooner.

And that brings me back to the subject of food supply and distribution. Such digression is like showing you over the house and stopping on the stairs to gossip, is it not? A very bad habit.

One must not be geographically definite, of course, because there is just about one chance in a million that it would be dangerous; just about one chance in a million that France knows something about her own affairs which Germany does not know equally well. But for the sake of those who might take this as an occasion for saying unpleasant things about German espionage I might add that it is a reciprocal proposition, and that if any Germans think there is much of importance about German affairs which France and England do not know they underestimate the resourcefulness of their enemies. In any case, the French would be perfectly justified in saying to the Germans: Do you think we are going to tell you where our acres of warehouses, our wheat reserves and bake-ovens are?

The Food-Map of France

A commissariat map of France discloses the fact that the food-supply system embraces practically every square mile of French territory and reaches out into nearly every corner of the earth. All round the coast line are little red anchors marking harbors, many of which, such as Calais, Cherbourg, Havre, Bordeaux and Marseilles, would occur to one's mind at once, but most of which one never heard of. From all these harbors there are railroads running up toward the center of France, where a number of great magazines and mills are located; from these places, small towns generally, there are other lines connecting directly with the food preparation and distribution centers, while many other lines spread fanwise out toward various points in the long battle area and to camps located just behind the Front.

A large red dot on the map denotes a magazine and milling section; a red dot with a ring round it denotes a point of distribution; and all up and down the edge of the fighting zone are little red beefheads, which mark the locations of slaughterhouses. The French soldier likes his meat fresh-killed and will have none of the frozen kind if he can help it; so the cattle and sheep and hogs are transported or driven close up behind the Front and killed as the meat is required. During the summer whole trains of refrigerated automobile vans are loaded with meat at the slaughterhouses each day and driven up to the field kitchens, from which the men in the trenches are fed. Every known kind of vehicle is used to convey food to the Front, however; and it is interesting to see a drove of cattle going from railroad yards to the slaughterhouse corrals with their own food, for the short space of life that is left to them, strapped on their backs in sacks.

There are nearly three hundred thousand horses and mules with the army of a million at Verdun, incidentally; and they consume something like five and a half million pounds of hay, oats and mixed feeds every day. This presents a picture of tremendous transportation difficulties; but, expressed in tons, it sounds much easier. The figures were given to me in daily rations for each horse; and the item of bran, at least, was not expressed in anything even so generous as pounds; it was expressed in grams. Each draft animal in the army gets three hundred grams of bran each day. Bran is not plentiful, because, for *la boule*, wheat is milled in a manner that leaves a very small percentage of this commodity.

And yet the bread is white—whiter than that which is served in some of the best hotels. This surprised me, because I had eaten war bread in a good many countries, and had come to look upon it as a dose for the health's sake rather than as a palatable article of pleasurable diet. The first place I visited was a distribution center where they prepare and send out three hundred thousand rations every day. If you have any interest in knowing what such a place looks like, all you have to do is to vision to yourself about fifty good-sized, ordinary American country-town freight sheds, set end to end, ten in a line let us say, and with railroad tracks crowded with freight cars between them.

In the Military Bakery

Then you might set perhaps a dozen other sheds at various angles here and there round the outer edges of the main camp—and you have a perfect picture; though it would not do to forget the mud and the muck and the cinders, and, round the bakehouses, the great stacks of wood, which dozens of men are engaged all the time in reducing to the proper lengths for the vast brick furnaces connected with the ovens.

I saw the baking process the first time wrong end to. I came, first, into a bread storeroom, in which thousands upon thousands of big round loaves were stacked edge-up on racklike shelves set crosswise of the room and just far enough apart for a man to pass between them. It was a most extraordinary sight. It was just a part of that day's baking and much of it was still warm from the ovens.

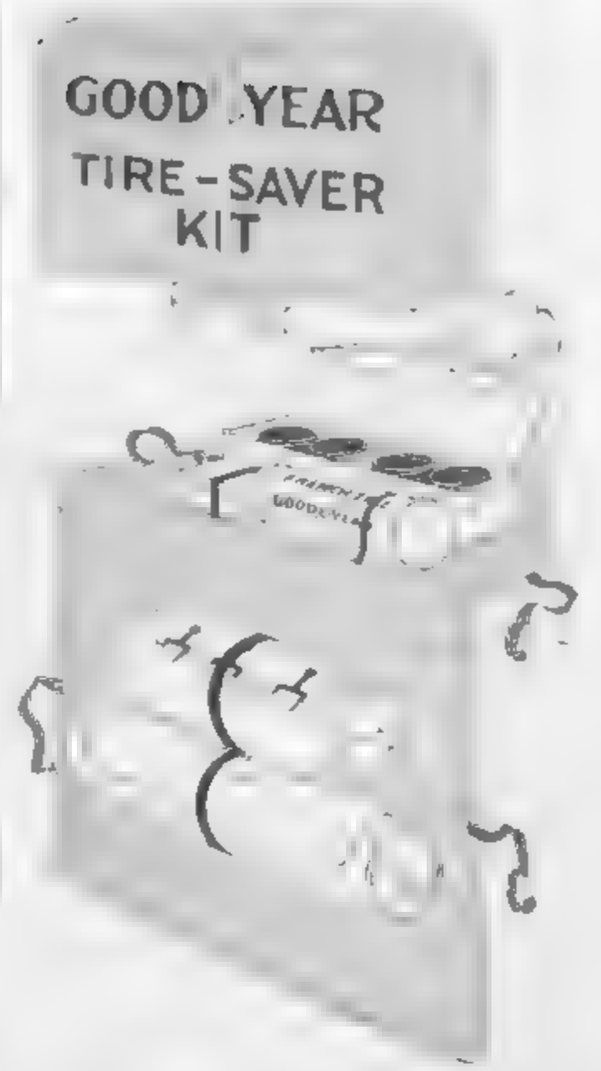
Each loaf is stamped with the date on which it was baked; so there is no chance to deceive the *poilu*. He always knows exactly how old *la boule* is.

La boule, by the way, is merely the army pet name for army bread, and means literally "the bake"—a bakery being a *boulangerie*. Far be it from me to expect anybody to know anything about anybody's language but his own. Goodness knows I don't! And when I am reading what purports to be straight English and come across a foreign word or phrase tucked in in italics, without explanation and with a superior air of ignoring the fact that the Tower of Babel was ever built, I always want to throw the book across the room and break something with it; so please excuse my being explicit.

I passed on through this vast bread-filled room, breathing the fresh fragrance with which its air was laden, and came finally into one of the oven rooms. This room was hot. It was brick-floored, but otherwise only a bare-raftered shed. Along one side of it was a row of ovens and furnaces—ten ovens and eleven furnaces—which made a furnace on each side of each oven. The room was filled with men, most of them stripped to the waist and working like Trojans. Some of them were stoking the furnaces, raking the glowing embers and piling the short pieces of wood far back in the deep interiors. Others were putting unbaked loaves into the ovens, passing them in on long-handled paddlelike shovels; others were taking the baked loaves out with the same kind of implement and stacking them on wheeled shelves to be conveyed to the storerooms.

The busiest man of them all stood next to an oven door taking the perfectly rounded unbaked loaves off their wheeled shelves, covering the bottoms of them with coarse meal and the tops of them with some kind of glaze, and stamping the date deep into them with three unvarying movements as he laid them one by one on the paddle that was to lift them into the depths of the oven. He worked with peculiar swiftness and precision, and there was never a break between his motions and the motions of the man who handled the paddle. In the art of bread baking, where absolute uniformity in a vast

(Continued on Page 35)



Extraordinary Protection

Given four good tires on the rims, a pair of spares behind, and your motorist is adequately protected against any ordinary misfortune on the road.

But the extraordinary misfortune—triplicate trouble, the third tire failing—what of that?

True, it does not often happen—but it *may*. And if it *does*—?

Goodyear has prepared the extraordinary protection to meet and defeat the extraordinary misfortune, and to banish the fear of it forever from the car owner's mind.

It is a handy, compact package, under the name Goodyear Tire-Saver Kit—containing all essential first-aids-to-tires: tire putty, self-cure tube patches, inside and outside protection patches, cement, talc, friction tape, valve parts, pressure gauge and so on—complete and dependable.

It prepares the motorist against any tire accident short of complete ruin, and its cost is trivial in view of the peace of mind it brings.

Goodyear Tires, Heavy Tourist Tubes and "Tire Saver" Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere.

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Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR
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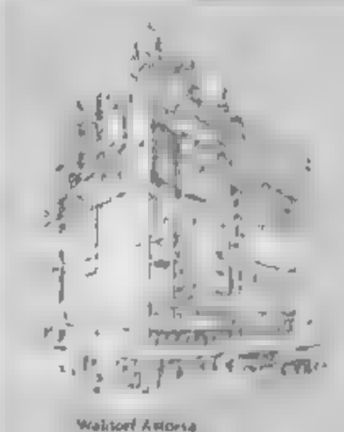

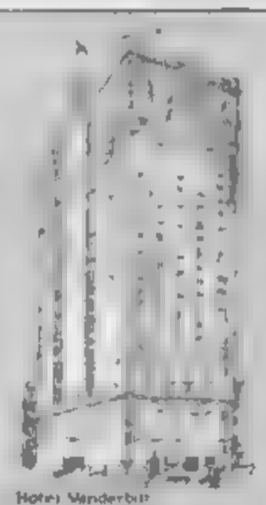

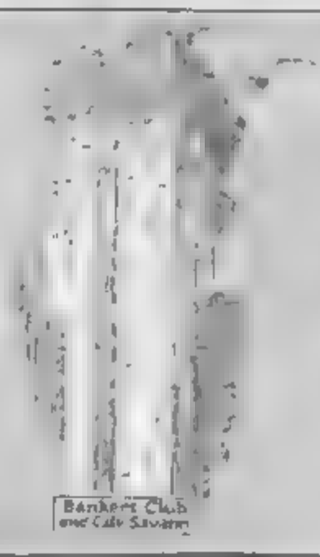

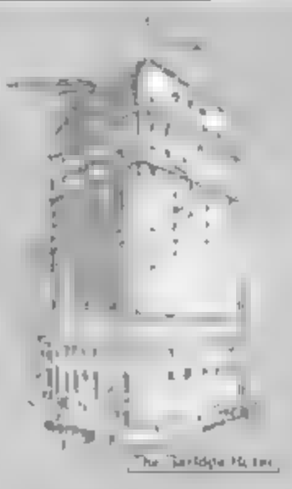

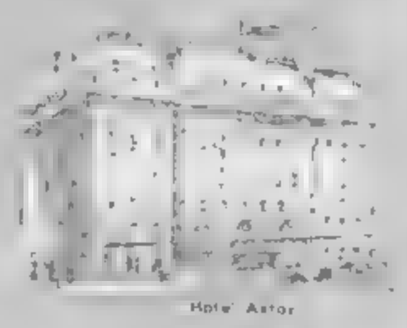

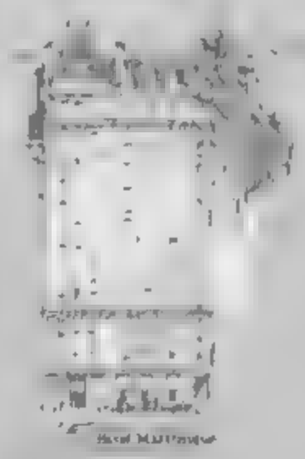

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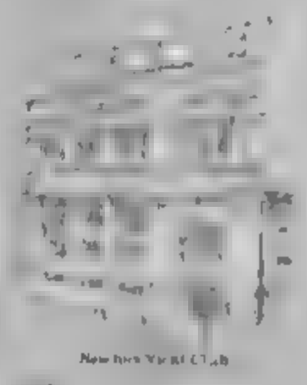

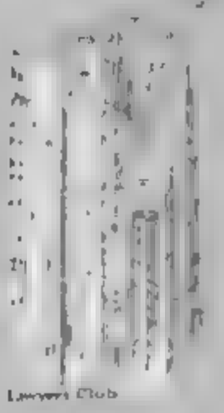

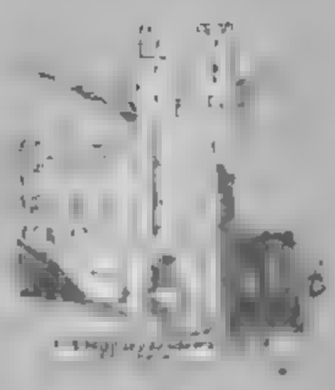

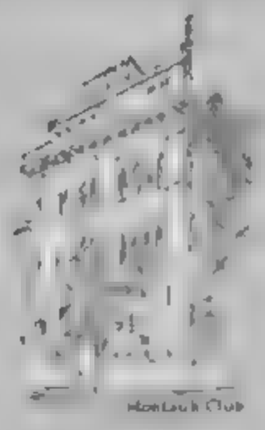

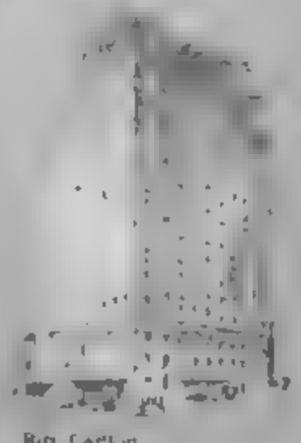

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output is demanded, guesswork in timing operations and maintaining oven temperatures is not possible.

Just beyond the oven room was a room where the loaves were placed to go through the "rising" process, and beyond this was the mixing-and-kneading room. The mixing and kneading are done by machinery; and the flour is brought across on an overhead trolley from a warehouse on the opposite side of the railroad tracks and is let down into the mixing vats in a controlled stream as it is required.

The kneading machines were so nearly human that they all but used bad language over refractory lumps of dough; and I could have stood and watched their methodical, marvelous motions for hours on end. One hundred and fifty thousand loaves a day is the output of this bakery—about one-third of the amount consumed daily by the army at Verdun.

Adjoining the mixing room was another storeroom, filled with yesterday's bake, and many men were engaged in loading this into freight cars, which stood on the tracks alongside. For transportation to the Front the bread is not wrapped up or protected in any way, but is packed into the box cars just as it is, in even rows all the way up to the roof. A carload of *la boule* is a rather wonderful thing to see. It means so much in the general, unbelievable scheme of things.

The trains go out from this station with the regularity of a perfect railroad schedule, and in each train there are carloads of every article included in a soldier's ration except fresh meat. There is a slaughterhouse connected with the establishment, but it is for killing animals to be made into Bologna sausages and Frankfurters. These things the Frenchman likes no less than the German, and they are issued occasionally by way of variety in the meat ration.

Coffee is one of the really important items and is as necessary to the Frenchman as tea is to the Englishman. Very few Frenchmen ever drink tea; but, even so, the army manages to consume nearly twenty thousand pounds of it every week. The coffee, coming from Brazil, the East Indies and other coffee-producing countries, is delivered to the distributing centers green and all mixed up with chaff and hulls; so the odor of roasting coffee crowds the odor of fresh bread in the atmosphere of such an establishment. The coffee is first roasted in great round, revolving, self-regulating ovens—which do everything but go to the bins and fill themselves—and is then dumped into clearing screens. When it is cold and perfectly free from chaff and dirt it is sent to the grinding room, where it is run through the mills into sacks; and the sacks are at once packed into freight cars for transportation to the Front.

The Makers of Sandbags

All this is done on schedule time—do not forget that. Everything moves with clocklike regularity. While a train is loading on one side of a warehouse with foodstuffs ready for consumption another trainload of raw materials will be unloading on the other side, the spaces being filled as fast as they are emptied. There were two thousand men engaged at this center, without counting the train crews; and it is only one of many. It takes three such to supply the Army of Verdun, and the meat supply is a thing with which they have nothing to do.

All the supply centers are located on direct lines of communication with the distributing bases just behind the battle area, and each great division of this area has its own centers, together with its own ports and sources of supply. The aim of the transportation department is to avoid waste motion, because waste motion in such an enterprise means waste in a hundred and one different directions.

The item of sacks: Wherever you find a number of women at work in a sewing room, in Paris or in any other town, in some corner or section of that sewing room you will find a certain number of women engaged in making sacks. The *sac à terre*, or sandbag, is everywhere. Can you imagine the millions upon millions of yards of sacking required to make the millions of sacks necessary in the shoring up of hundreds of miles of trenches? It is beyond calculation. There are lines of sandbags belting the world in all directions. One's mind runs up and down the map of France, with the French lines on one side and the German lines on the other; it goes on down into Italy, across to Serbia, into Bulgaria, on to Rumania, across to Austria, thence to Russia, up into Poland, down into Asiatic Turkey; still on down to the banks of the Suez Canal and across to the wastes of the Syrian Desert; everywhere battle; everywhere trenches and protected guns; everywhere sandbags, which descend upon the armies from—the armies know not where—from thousands of sewing rooms, large and small; from hearthsides; from hamlets; from hovels and palaces; from everywhere that sacking is; from every corner where unskilled hands can be employed in this least skilled of all the labors.

The consequence is that coarse sacking is unbelievably precious. At my center of supply for the Army of Verdun I went into a room where fifty women—the only women employed there—were mending sacks. They were operating American darning machines, which were run by electricity. Some of the sacks had only small holes in them and were easy to do; others were in rags and tatters, and had been mended and remended dozens of times. No matter; no sack is admitted to be hopeless so long as there is any surface left that can catch and hold the darning thread. It was both amazing and amusing. The women get four francs a day and work from seven until twelve and from one until six.

Conservation of Wine-Casks

At night men take their places at the machines and work from seven until midnight and from one until six in the morning. It is a grilling, cruel service—dusty and dirty beyond belief; but the sacks have to be mended. So many things are transported in sacks, you see; and for the indispensable sandbags, which must be uniform in size and quality, all available new material is required.

And almost immediately I came upon another minor but highly important economy. French wine casks are magnificent things. They are made of seasoned wood, and are often bound in brass with twisted thongs or some other kind of ornamental hoops. The older they get the better they are. New wood does something to wine that it shouldn't; I do not know what it is, but it is something very undesirable. Now France has never found it necessary before to transport a million and a half liters of wine in casks every day, and the question of casks is a serious one. The wine is sent from the sources of supply to the distribution centers in large tanks on flat cars—not unlike oil tanks, except that they are made of wood and are squat and rather quaint, instead of being made of steel in elongated and altogether utilitarian-looking form. Casks is the word—not tanks.

From these giant casks the wine is pumped into smaller casks, the size of a coal-oil barrel, and these smaller casks go to the Front. In the big wareroom where they were filling these—through a dozen sections of hose attached to the gigantic tubs on the railroad—I noticed the sign painted on each end of each of them: "Soldiers! Attention! If You Want Wine Take Care of the Casks!" It was exclamatory—imperative.

Then I passed on down the steps and into a vast cooperage shop, where the busy kunk-kunk of hammer and chisel was making a merry din on hoops and staves. New casks? Not at all. The coopers were engaged in repairing old ones that had been broken in transportation. They are worth their weight in wine a good many times over. Every smallest bit of the fine old wine-soaked wood is utilized, and when enough broken staves are collected they are made into kegs—wee, tiny ones sometimes.

This, also, was both amazing and amusing when one thought of the almighty cost and waste of war; but only because an American knows nothing at all about wine. One would think that the millions of *poilus* would be glad to get their wine in any kind of receptacle. But no; even to bottle it is an offense. The Frenchman is brought up from infancy on his light native wine. If the wine was not properly handled there would be one grand ruction in the ranks—and a sick French Army, perhaps. The question of health enters into every calculation of the Commissary Department.

I need only mention that there are enormous stores of everything in the warehouses connected with this central station, and that in the trains which are sent out there are carloads of dried vegetables, *julienne*—or soup vegetables—tobacco, potatoes, rice, spaghetti, macaroni, hams,

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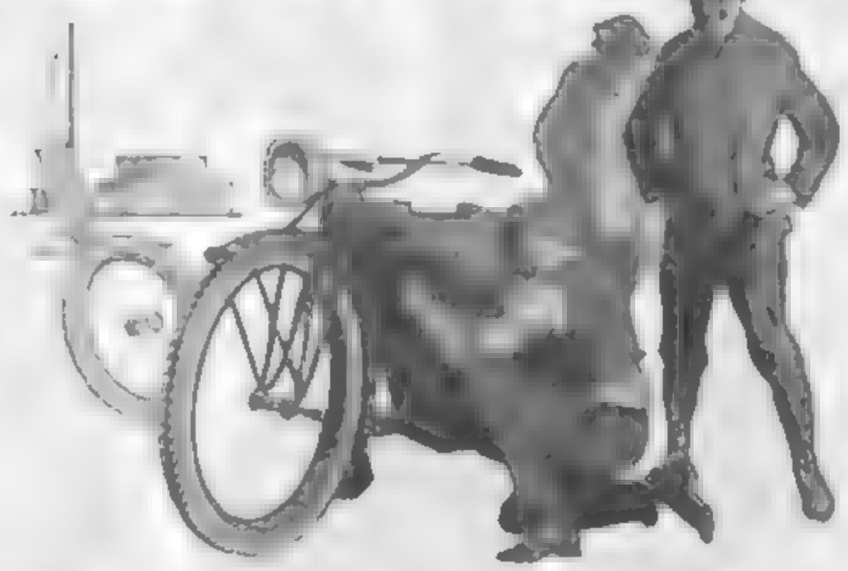
BLUE STREAKS



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FIRESTONE TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY
Akron, Ohio Branches and Dealers Everywhere

(Continued from Page 35)

bacon, sugar, salt, and—to be remembered later—flour. With all their vast oven capacity, the general-supply stations are not able to produce the necessary quantities of bread, and at least one-fifth of the baking has to be done at the Front.

One day I was on my way down to Nancy. The train rolled into the station of Bar-le-Duc. Bar-le-Duc! One thinks of a wonderful and very expensive little currant preserve, put up in small, thick octagonal glasses—a preserve one orders once in a while with cream cheese. This is where it is made—at Bar-le-Duc, the station for Verdun. The train rolled into the station of Bar-le-Duc, and I looked out of my compartment window in time to see a party of American men, under the escort of a French colonel, get out of a car up ahead and hurry into a war-gray limousine that was waiting for them on the other side of the platform, behind the high picket fence. They were going to Verdun.

A long, rolling, sullen rumble of guns spread itself out across the north horizon. Verdun! Let me tell you that when you are within sound of the guns you can think of nothing else; you can hear nothing else; you can feel nothing else—the guns are killing, and you know it. Their heart-chilling roar is the final ungodly expression of all that war means—sentiment, suffering, havoc and horror, and ruin—the voices of the guns!

From Bar-le-Duc to Verdun—in ordinary times, if you were motoring down round there and should get into Bar-le-Duc along about luncheon time, you would probably say "Oh, come on; let's go on up to Verdun for lunch!" It is just that close. A large part of the station at Bar-le-Duc is an evacuation hospital, and there are many new corrugated-iron sheds off behind the station, which are hospital wards.

Verdun cost France almost a generation of stalwart, magnificent men, the best France had. The hospital sheds at Bar-le-Duc are eloquent of a soul's agony—and the soul is the soul of France! The triumph of victory soothes, but cannot heal that hurt. You think these thoughts calmly; you look upon long lines of stretchers bearing their bleeding burdens—calmly; the guns chill your heart, but you listen calmly; you go about your business calmly; not one shadow of indifference in anybody anywhere, but in everybody everywhere a mighty calm—even up behind the guns! It is unbelievable; it is France!

On my second arrival at the station of Bar-le-Duc I was one of the alighting passengers. That seemed strange to me, because never for one instant in my life had I wanted to go to Verdun or near any other battle. But I was following food supplies up to the point of ultimate consumption. The ultimate I did not achieve; nor would I ever, except under extreme compulsion. The ultimate is in the trenches.

The Sacred Way

There is a roadway leading from Bar-le-Duc to Verdun, upon which has been fastened a name that will cling to it through the ages. It is The Sacred Way. When the Germans opened their assault on Verdun last February naturally their first concern was to cut the communications in the rear of the fortress; and they succeeded. Every railroad, every highway, was subjected to a raking and continuous bombardment and if it had not been for this little road leading up from Bar-le-Duc the French would have found themselves faced by really insurmountable difficulty. Instantly the commander of the forces called for every available motor truck in France and within a space of hours he had between nine and ten thousand of them. Everything necessary to the defense of Verdun was rushed to Bar-le-Duc—men, munitions and supplies; and within a space of hours the marvelous procession was started. Everything was ordered off The Sacred Way and the motor-lorry trains had but one order: Keep moving!

It is a winding road more than twenty miles long and neither wide nor finely surfaced. But it was the only way! The motor train was started, and from the latter part of February until the first of May, in a double line, it kept moving, day and night—one line toward Verdun, the other toward Bar-le-Duc. And during those two terrible months everything and everybody getting into Verdun got in over this roadway. No wonder they call it The Sacred Way! It saved France!

I talked with a man who drove one of the motor lorries throughout the entire time. He is a middle-aged gentleman and looks tremendously fine in his blue soldier uniform. In ordinary times he is a silk manufacturer at Lyons and is exceedingly prosperous, but he had to enlist for some kind of service, he could not be happy otherwise. He was too old to fight, but he could drive an automobile; so he went into the Transportation Division.

He talks about his two months on The Sacred Way in a curiously detached and humorous manner. He likes best to tell about the crippled cars and how they were treated. It was so funny to see the big, lumbering lorries lying on their backs, with their heels in the air, waiting for help that was generally so slow in coming. The order, you see, was to keep moving and the road was narrow; so if anything went wrong with a car, and it stalled in its tracks, the only thing to do was to dump it off on the roadside, which usually meant seeing it turn turtle down the slope into an adjoining field.

There were two men with each truck, because a man must eat and a man must sleep—and the order was to keep moving. It was twenty-eight hours to and from Verdun, and no one man could stay behind a wheel so long. When a car went wrong and was dumped off the road its crew had to stay with it; and sometimes it took as much as three days to get a repair car up to them. They would have no extra food with them, of course, and would be dependent on the graciousness of passing comrades.

The New Road to Verdun

Nobody could stop to speak with them, but they could usually depend on having food tossed to them from the always-moving line; and so they fared. And I can imagine that with such succor they fared very well indeed, and that such a period of enforced inactivity might have been made the occasion for one grand, long and sorely needed sleep.

Within a very short time this road was a quagmire, and it became literally a case of "navigating" it under difficulties that the least imaginative can easily picture for himself. And, in addition to such obstacles as mud and ruts, the Germans soon discovered the use to which it was being put and began to shell it. They would cut it in one place one day and in another place another day, and there would be casualties, which included both men and motors; but the determined Frenchmen would merely move off and make a detour through the fields, while roadmen followed up the bombardments, filling shell holes and making repairs as fast as the damage was done. It was a magnificent performance, and The Sacred Way will be, to the French, The Sacred Way for all time.

Meantime railways were being built; and at the end of two months there was a perfect system of railway transportation ready for use, and the worn-out motor train could at last stop moving. The railway was built in two months!

My host, the colonel in command of that division of transportation, took me first to the main yards, where I could see the trains being made up for the terminals behind the Front. This was not at Bar-le-Duc, but at a town more directly connected with the zone of operations, as well as with the bases of supply in the center of France. The small railroads leading to different points on the ten-mile Front of this sector are narrow-gauge and necessitate in some cases the reloading of materials; but fortunately much of the rolling stock is adapted to either kind of track.

Having seen the cars being loaded at a base of supply, it was interesting to behold them again at their destination. The railway yards are a network of tracks, with perhaps thirty-odd long sidings, and onto these sidings the cars are shunted as they arrive, and in the order of what they contain. On one track there will be nothing but bread; on another, dried vegetables; on another, tobacco—and so on; while on several there will be long trains of hay cars, or cars filled with oats and other kinds of feed for animals.

To cross these tracks is dangerous business, as I discovered for myself in my own way. I missed being run over by a big switch engine by about three feet, and the engineer shook his fist at me. I apologized. There is a terrific air of constant and swift motion, with engines plunging hither and thither in bewildering numbers. They are

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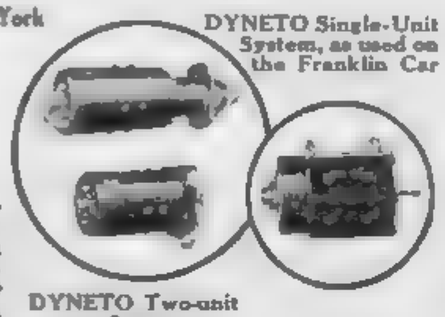
Dyneto STARTING-LIGHTING SYSTEMS
Single- and Two-Unit



DYNETO Single-Unit System, as used on the Franklin Car

DYNETO Two-unit System

making up trains for the zone and the process is to take one car from each siding. When a train is finished and ready to go up where the men and the guns are, it has in it a carload of each thing needful.

Most of the motor lorries that were released from The Sacred Way are now doing business close up behind the Front, in the spaces between the railroad terminals and the field kitchens and headquarters, which might be described as "on the brink of the trenches," and from which the soldiers in the trenches are supplied with their daily rations. This is the most dangerous of all the services.

To illustrate how dangerous it is I need only say that in taking Douaumont and Vaux the French lost six hundred water carriers alone—six hundred of them killed, and nobody knows how many wounded. No matter what happens, the water supply must not be cut off. Which brings me up to the emergency trench ration.

Each soldier always carries with him into the trenches twelve hundred grams of war bread—a kind of hard biscuit similar to that which we know as hard-tack; two tins of beef of three hundred grams each; a tablet of compressed coffee of seventy-two grams; a one-hundred-gram cube of compressed soup materials; one hundred grams of sugar; and two hundred and fifty grams of chocolate. This ration is known as "A Picnic Lunch," and is, altogether, about five pounds of food—a two-days' supply. It is for use in emergency, only when a trench or position is under impassable bombardment and cut off from the supplies in the rear. In the trenches the men have all the necessary utensils for preparing hot food, and they are provided with solidified alcohol for cooking purposes.

The Field Bakeshop

As a rather interesting and important small item, each soldier is given fifteen grams of tobacco every day. This does not sound like much tobacco; but for my own benefit, to ease my mind of a fear that it was not enough, I demonstrated that it will make at least twenty fairly plump cigarettes or fill six pipes; and that ought to be sufficient for any man—though, of course, it isn't. The men get only one package of cigarette papers a month and a box of matches every fifteen days. Not a liberal supply of either article; but there is hardly a soldier in France who does not own some kind of little patent device for lighting cigarettes. They are precious articles and excellent things to include always in gift packages to the Front.

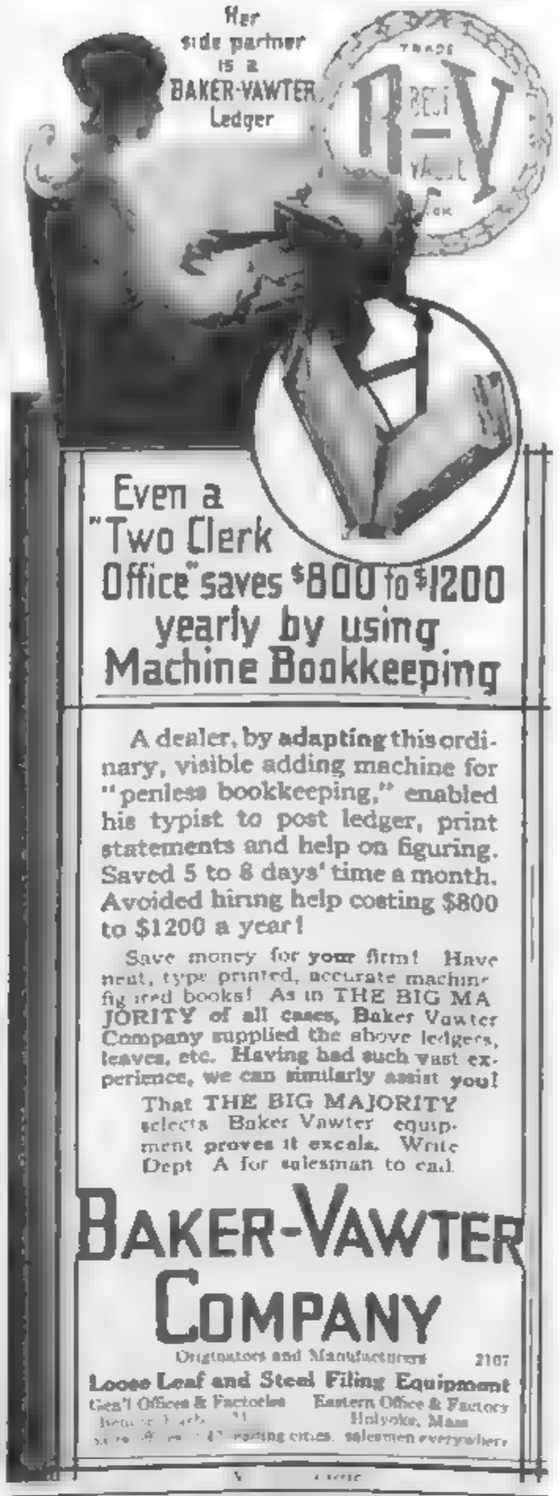
As for cigarette papers—well, they cost only a penny a packet, and the French soldier gets the grand sum of five cents a day in the way of wages! He can afford to buy cigarette papers. Matches and tobacco are state monopolies in France, and it would be interesting to know just how much of the army wage of approximately eight hundred thousand francs a day—not counting officers—is returned to the government coffers by the purchase of these articles and turned over to profit in what is known as "indirect contribution."

My colonel made me walk through a mile and a half of railroad sheds—not all in one place, of course; no such thing as all the eggs in one basket—but all located near the railway terminal, just behind the Front.

Then we went to the field bakeshop, where they make up the difference between the daily demand and the daily output of the bases of supply. If I had never seen a base bakery I should have thought of this one as colossal; but, even so, its crudity would have given me my first and most definite impression. It is under canvas, and was cold and uncomfortable everywhere, except in the immediate vicinity of its vast brick ovens and furnaces.

Here they bake one hundred thousand loaves of bread a day, and as everything except the mixing is done by hand there are many men at work. It is a hive. The mixing machines are run by horses. There were two horses at work, a bay one and a gray one; and I thought they looked pitifully bored. They were hitched to long poles connected with a series of cogwheels that turn the shaft attached to the mixing machines, and all they have to do is to go round and round interminably.

I stood and looked at the poor beasts with grave interest, seeing in their unvarying course an illustration of the clock-like regularity of the system by which a great army is provided with the necessities of daily life.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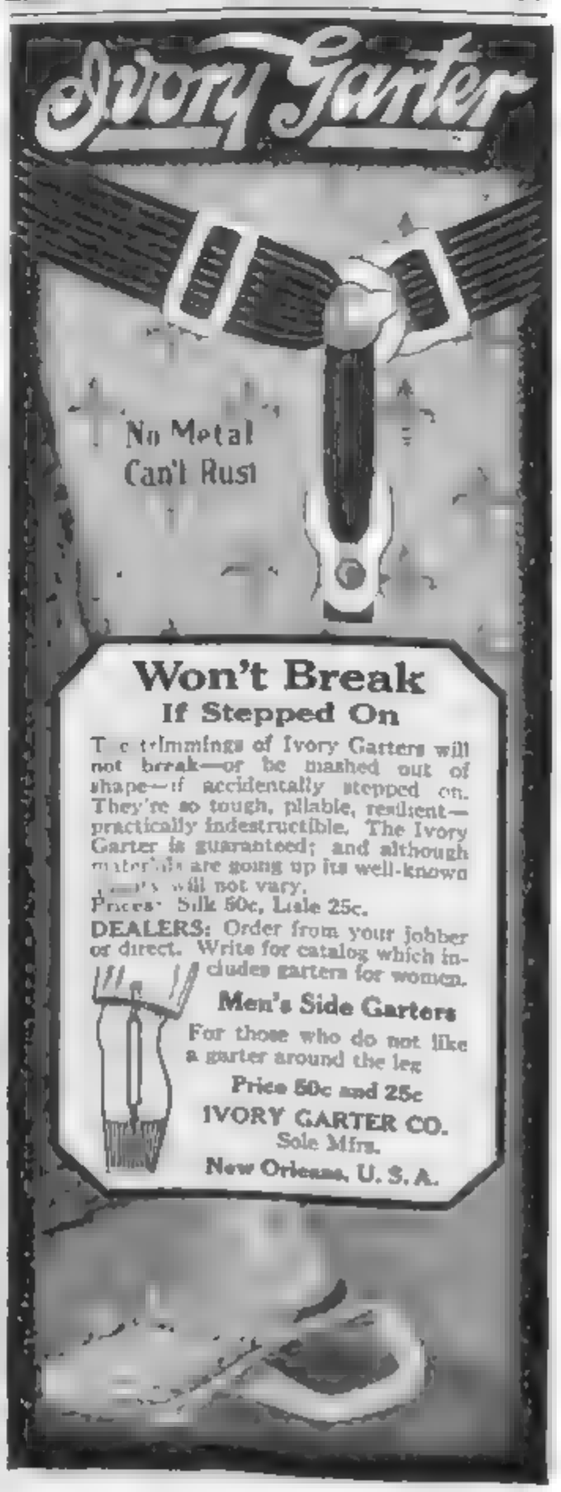
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But *one* wagon carries a kind of coal which costs *40 per cent less than the other*.

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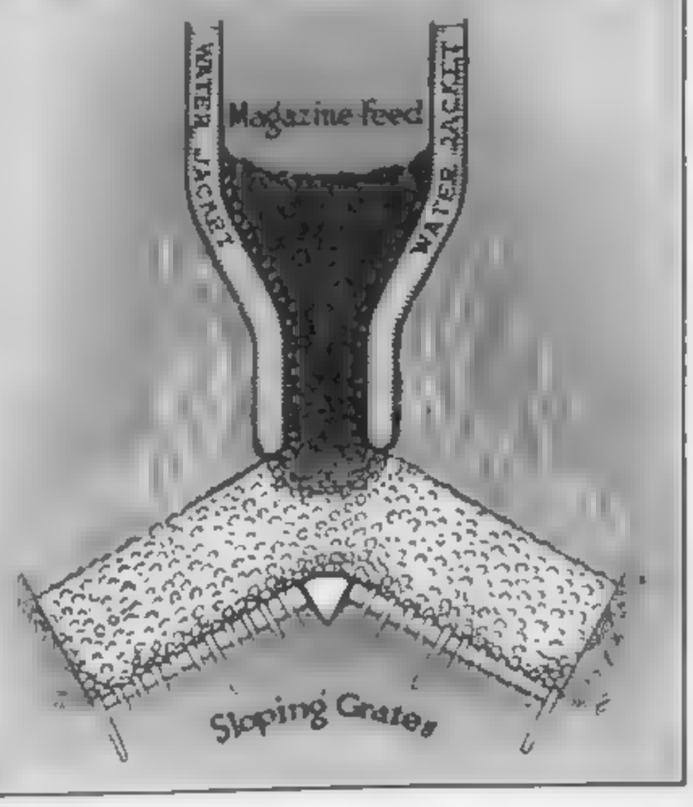
Diagram of the Spencer Coal-Action.



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How Can The Spencer Do This?

Because it was built for this special purpose—to burn a very small low-priced coal with perfect efficiency, and with the least labor.

Thus, the Spencer has a *Magazine-feed* instead of a surface-feed. Therefore you can fill it up once a day (or twice in extreme weather) and it feeds its coal down automatically.

Under the mouth of that Magazine the Spencer has *Sloping Grates* which prevent the coal from piling in a pyramid, but automatically distribute it at just the depth the fire wants it for perfect, even burning. (See diagram on left).

It Saves Work Also

The Spencer *reduces labor* to a minimum. Because of the automatic action of the Magazine and Sloping Grates, the Spencer needs attention but once a day in mild weather and twice a day in coldest weather. In a *residence*, only a few minutes a day. In a *big building*, the janitor or porter is enough, and he can do a full day's work on his other duties.

No Ups and Downs of Temperature

Perfectly Even Heat is another result of the Spencer's automatic action. You have an unvarying temperature in your rooms at just the degree you want, day and night. No spurts of over-heat or shivering chill.

Entire Cost Paid by the Savings

The Coal Saving pays the Spencer's *Entire Cost* in four or five years, and then becomes a yearly dividend on the investment. It can pay its extra cost over other boilers in one season.

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The Spencer adds to Property Value because of the above reasons, and also because it is so built that it rarely needs a repair. A Spencer building sells better and rents better.

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All know of the remarkable development of the 11 Union Pacific States since the completion of the line in 1869.

It was Lincoln who urged the construction of an east and west railway. He insisted that the Government help to build it, "not only as a military necessity" as Gen. Dodge had said—"but as a means of holding the Pacific Coast to the Union."

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Since the reorganization of this national railway in 1897, over $269,700,000 have been invested in improvements—the debt of $60,000,000 to the Government has been paid in full—and the whole people benefited.

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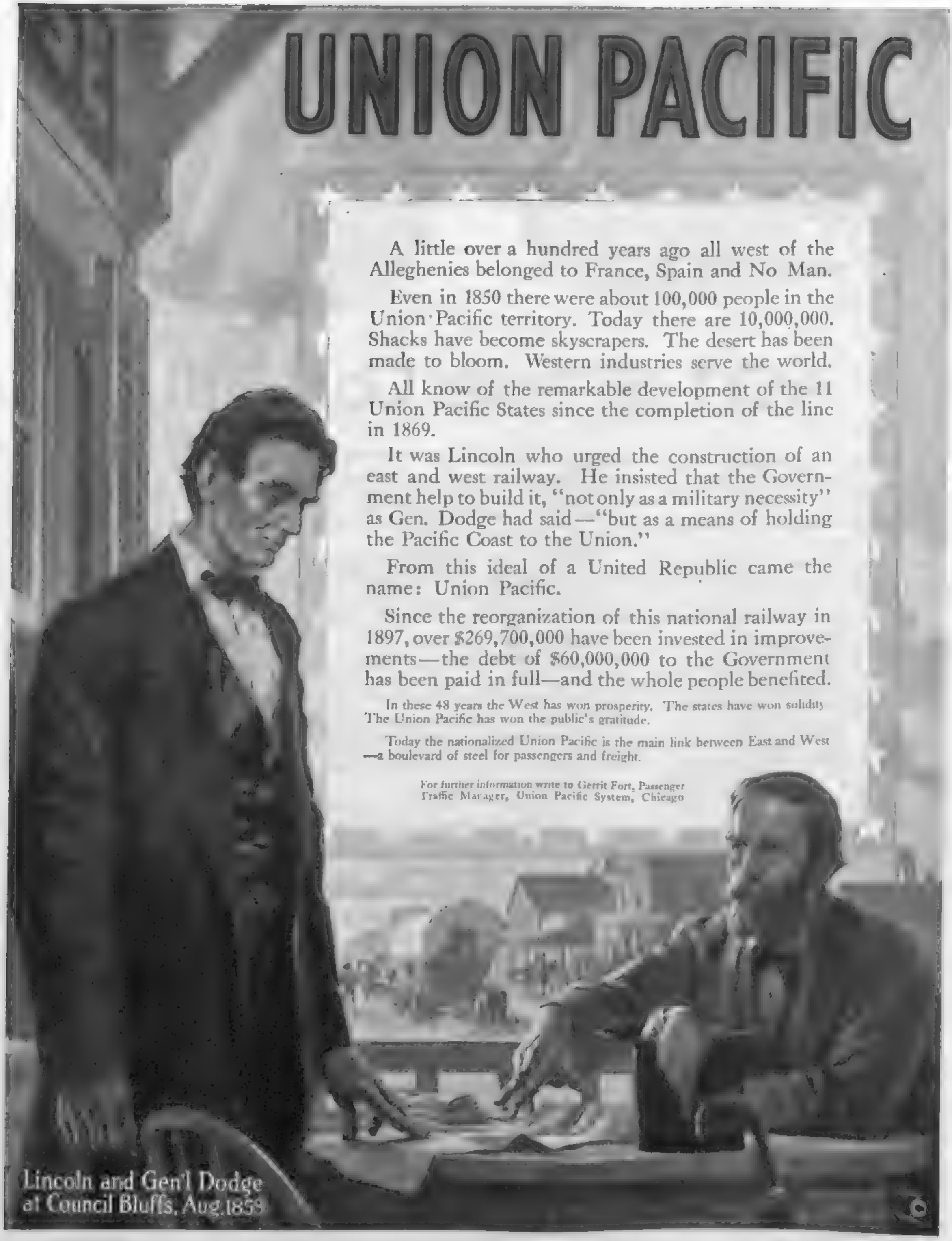


Lincoln and Gen'l Dodge at Council Bluffs, Aug. 1859

Very Temporary Captain McLean

By PHILIP E. HUBBARD

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. JOULEN

NEXT morning, correctly dressed for his appearance in the rôle of Divisional Commander, Mr. Gavin McLean stood gazing over the rail at the headland on which stands the town of Le Havre, as the S. S. Scorbutic—commandeered as a transport from the Pale Moon Line—dropped anchor in Havre Roads and awaited the arrival of the pilot who was to take her up the Seine to Rouen.

What Mr. McLean saw did not impress him with any idea that he wished to carry his adventure any further; but it seemed that the disclosure of his identity could only lead to serious trouble, if not to capital punishment; whereas, provided General Ferguson was as little known as seemed to be the case, there appeared to be a certain sporting chance that Mr. McLean might be able to pass himself off as that now defunct commander. And it seemed fairly certain that the very boldness of the enterprise promised success.

The pilot boat fussed alongside; the pilot climbed the Jacob's Ladder and took charge of the ship.

A bundle of papers followed him on the end of a line, and presently a quartermaster made his way to where Mr. McLean was standing and, touching his cap, held out a telegram to him.

Mr. McLean took it, glanced at the address, and, seeing that it bore the name of General Ferguson, acknowledged proprietorship with a curt nod and hastily tore open the envelope.

The message was from General Headquarters, and General Ferguson was instructed to report himself by telegram to that assembly on arrival at Rouen, and forthwith to take over command of the —th Division.

Meantime the clattering winch on the forecastle head had hauled the Scorbutic's anchor out of the mud of Havre Roads, and, under command of the excited and gesticulating pilot, the boat pointed her nose toward the river and pushed off on the trip to Rouen.

Mr. McLean found the river trip past the quaint little French towns and the luxuriant orchards, where the apples were ripening, quite a pleasing experience; but he was haunted all the time with the fear lest any of the members of General Ferguson's Staff should have been intimately acquainted with that warrior and so challenge the identity of his newly made representative.

However, he argued to himself that, since General Ferguson's appointment had been an afterthought and made in place of a commander who had been incapacitated by sudden illness, the selection of the staff would naturally have been made by the first general appointed to the command. And, since that worthy would probably have selected his own personal friends for the various jobs, with slight reference to their capabilities, it was unlikely that any of Mr. McLean's future satellites would have any knowledge of General Ferguson or of the dead man's personal appearance. To this day there are said to be general officers, living in comfortable châteaux at the back of the Front, who have never been seen by any of their commands except the individuals of their personal staff; so Mr. McLean was really on safer ground than he thought himself to be.

In any case, here was Mr. Gavin McLean, arrayed in General Ferguson's uniform, in possession of his dispatch case and kit; and as senior officer of the division he would be distinctly at an advantage if confronted with any junior who presumed to question his identity. So finally he determined that, in the event of any such gross disrespect from anyone junior to himself, he would promptly place any such misguided junior under close arrest, and take an early opportunity of dealing with him in some way calculated to close his mouth forever.

At length the Scorbutic picked up the lights of Rouen—it is a long trip up the river, and daylight had faded into dusk by the time they reached the city—and was eventually moored alongside one of the quays below the traveling bridge.

The quay was almost deserted, except for a sentry or two; but presently a transport officer strolled down to the ship and, using his hands as a megaphone, shouted an inquiry as to whether General Ferguson was on board. The reply from the bridge being in the affirmative, the officer departed at a brisker pace and disappeared round the corner of a shed.

The gangway was lowered to the ship's side from the quay by a party of Frenchmen in blue overalls. Before it was secured, a party of four officers in service dress, wearing the red badges and cap band of the staff, and headed by the Naval Transport officer who had appeared first, came at a smart pace down the quay and, halting at the gangway, saluted as General Gavin McLean-Ferguson, after a brief farewell to the Scorbutic's commander, walked up the gangway to meet them.

Mr. McLean returned the salute and a pause fell. Evidently military etiquette demanded that the general should speak first.

"Carry on, gentlemen!" said Mr. McLean.

A major stepped forward and saluted. Mr. McLean returned the salute.

"I'm Tripwell, your G. S. O. 1, sir," said the major. "I hope you had a good crossing."

"Verra fair," said Mr. McLean. "Carry on, Major Tripwell."

"Have you had any dinner, sir?"

"Aye," said Mr. McLean. "Carry on!"

The major looked at this general who had absorbed the word of command of the senior service, and then, with a smile, inquired:

"Would you prefer to go to a hotel, sir, first, or straight to the station? The last brigade of the division is entraining now, but they don't pull out till nine-thirty."

Mr. McLean remembered his telegram.

"Ah've or-rder-rs to r-repor-rt at—where was it?—some alphabetical place. Ah'm thinkin' it was ca'ed X. Y. Z."

"X. Y. Z?" queried Major Tripwell, repressing a smile.

"Na!" corrected Mr. McLean. "Ah'm wrang—it wull be G. H. Q. Ah was cer-r-tain it was some pair-rt o' th' alphabet."

The staff here supplied the usual "laughter in court" which is the perquisite of all sitting magistrates and broody generals.

"Very good, sir—very good, indeed!" said Major Tripwell.

"Aye," said Mr. McLean, "but the queastion is, wheer dae Ah find this G. H. Q., an' whae micht he be? Ah canna ca' tae mind ony name beginning wi' a Q excep' Quilp. An' it'll nae be yon dwar-rf frae Dickens' Auld Curriosity Shop, Ah'm thinkin'."

The staff rocked with laughter; truly this general was a wit, and there was a twinkle in his eye that they liked.

"General Headquarters has moved to-day, sir," said Major Tripwell; "they've gone up to——"

"Hae they, ondeed! But Ah thocht General French was the Commander-r i' Chief?"

"Very good, sir," replied Major Tripwell with the necessary laugh.

"He and the Headquarters' Staff have all gone up to——"

"Aweel! Ah'll e'en gae after-r them; but we'll hae a wee drap in our e'e fir-rst. Hae ye discover-red a public wheer the stuff's fitten tae dr-rink?"

"The Lion d'Or, sir, where we are staying," remarked a young A. D. C. "Their stuff's quite drinkable."

"Then carry on tae the Lion d'Or, gentlemen," ordered Mr. McLean.

And, again saluting, the staff trooped across the quay toward the hotel.

Arrived there, the —th Divisional Staff, headed by their general, clattered into the salon and, settling themselves into chairs and settees, awaited their commander's lead.

This was speedily given in the shape of "*Whiskee Ecossais et eau-gazeuse!*" And by paying for drinks all round Mr. McLean established a reputation for good fellowship second only to that already made as a wit.

Major Tripwell introduced the remaining members of the staff, and Mr. McLean was charmed with the air of deference that was apparent on all sides. His two A. D. C.'s—he had not the vaguest notion what an A. D. C. might be or what duties he was supposed to perform, but soon discovered that they were to all intents his body servants—were two typically British subalterns, Lord Percy de Warr-Wentwisthle and the Honorable Anthony Hammerfoot, both well-grown, well-groomed young men, conspicuous only for a slight deficiency in the development of the chin, and each the possessor of a diminutive mustache, carefully trimmed to show mouths that might better have been hidden.

The ordnance officer, Major Twigg, who, as he had only the day before been transferred from an infantry regiment, knew nothing of ordnance work, was an excellent fellow, a county cricketer, and a first-class game shot; and to him Mr. McLean took a great fancy.

The remainder of the Divisional Staff—the A. D. M. S. and his deputy, the D. A. D. M. S., and the veterinary officer—being at the moment engaged on duties connected

"Ach! So!" Exclaimed the German. "What is it You Have to Me Brought? Is it a Spy?"

with the entraining, were not present at this first meeting; while the senior A. S. C. officer, commanding the divisional train, had gone on in advance of the troops. But Mr. McLean gathered from Major Tripwell that these noncombatant people—with the exception of Major Twigg—because of his cricket—were not encouraged to associate with the fighting staff for more than an occasional conference.

There was one awkward moment when the Honorable Anthony Hammerfoot was in greater danger of his life than he had ever been before.

"Aw—by the way, sir," drawled the youth, "I—aw—heard from my—aw—aunt, Lady Cowcaddens; she—aw—asked to be remembered to you."

"Indeed!" said Mr. McLean, wondering whether this was a trap.

"Yaas—aw—she saw you'd been appointed to take over the division; she—aw—met you once at some relation of yours in Scotland."

Mr. McLean, whose only living relative was a struggling fishmonger in Edinburgh, thought this improbable. However, he plunged boldly.

"Verra guid o' her leddyship," he said; "ye'll be gien' her ma kin' regair-rds when ye send her a few scrapes."

"Aw!" said Hammerfoot. "Very good of you, sir."

"Naet at all!" deprecated Mr. McLean, and the incident closed; but Mr. McLean decided that the Honorable Anthony Hammerfoot should be the first candidate for any danger point he could find for him.

At twenty minutes past nine Major Tripwell suggested a move toward the station, and, with their general in the van, the staff set out to give a send-off to the last brigade.

"Will we no' tak' the train?" inquired Mr. McLean.

Major Tripwell reassured his chief. The staff, it appeared, were to proceed by automobile and would not need to start before the next morning early, since they could easily overtake the slow-moving troop train.

Mr. McLean, in anticipation of at least one comfortable night in a hotel bed, reflected that it was better to be a general officer than a private soldier; and as the overcrowded train steamed out of the station he decided that war was eminently a game to be played by those of high social status or advantage in military rank. Before leaving the station, Mr. McLean instructed Major Tripwell to dispatch a telegram to G. H. Q., reporting his arrival. And when this had been handed to the Honorable Anthony Hammerfoot for conveyance to Signals, the staff retraced their steps to the hotel and prepared for bed on the principle that the man with the whisky inside him sleeps better than the man who looks at the label.

General McLean-Ferguson slept the sleep of the full, and was wakened from a dream of diving into a calm blue sea of warm water by his soldier servant, who was profuse in his apologies for having inadvertently upset a cupful of scalding tea over his enraged commander's head and pillow.

"Ye gr-reat gowk!" spluttered Mr. McLean.

"Very sorry, sir!" said the man. "I'll fetch another cup."

Mr. McLean checked him.

"Ah'm no wantin' ma bath i' ma bed," he remarked. "Yon cup ye broont me'll suffice. Man, Ah've a mind tae hae ye shot!"

The servant withdrew, suppressing a grin, and the most general rose from his tea-stained couch, bathed and dressed himself, and repaired to the *salle à manger*.

General McLean-Ferguson had not omitted to retain the large sum of money in English notes with which he had left England, so he had no fear of bankruptcy; but, much as it went against the grain to abandon loot, he concluded that it was wiser to say nothing of the car lying in the hold of the Scorbutic. So the Naval Transport officer, finding no claimant for the car, sent it back to England to his own wife, who eventually sold it to the War Office for a good round sum. It is an ill war that brings no patriot any money!

After a substantial breakfast Major Tripwell informed his spurious commander that the cars were ready for the journey to the Front, and the party set out, General McLean-Ferguson in a large limousine, the incompetence of whose driver gave him heartburn every time the man changed gears, and the remaining officers—with the exception of Major Tripwell, who traveled with his chief—in two open touring cars.

Away they sped through avenues of poplars over the splendid roads of Northern France, without incident worth recording till they reached the town of ——, where G. H. Q. was already installed.

The leading car, in which was the Honorable Anthony Hammerfoot, had gone on ahead to report General McLean-Ferguson's arrival, and just outside the town the limousine met this car returning. At a sign from the general both cars stopped and the Honorable Hammerfoot jumped down to make his report.

"The Commander in Chief has gone up to the Front, sir," he reported; "that is to say, he's gone up somewhere at the back of the Front. Here are your orders for the division, sir."

The Honorable Hammerfoot handed a large sealed envelope to his chief, who took it, opened it, and, after a brief glance at the contents, handed the package to his G. S. O. 1, with the exhortation "Carry on!"

After a leisurely lunch at ——, during which Mr. McLean still more firmly set up a reputation as a wit, the party proceeded as fast as the cars could take them to ——ville, where the division was to have detrained and billeted for the night; but on arrival it was found that the orders had been changed.

Now when the British Expeditionary Force departed for the theater of war it was the common belief among the optimists who composed it that the war would be of short duration; in fact, many of the officers gave it as their opinion: "We shall knock hell out of the Germans in six weeks!" And that, since one volunteer was worth at least ten conscripts, the superior numbers of the Germans counted for nothing, except to make a larger and more easily seen target, which even a third-class shot could not fail to hit. Everything was taken in a spirit of trust, even to the extent of accepting without verification the statement that the position selected for meeting the German advance had been properly prepared and intrenched; and that all that remained to be done was to occupy the trenches and blow the Germans to "blazes" as fast as they were foolish enough to offer themselves as targets.

While General McLean-Ferguson and his staff were making their way to the scene of operations in leisurely fashion, affairs had been moving. And so it came about that, before Mr. McLean got in touch with G. H. Q. or had any opportunity to really take command of the —th Division, the occupants of the three cars became aware that the road and the adjoining fields in front of them were filled with a disorderly rabble of khaki-clad figures, intent on a Marathon, whose goal was evidently not in the direction of Berlin, as should have been the case.

"What's happened?" exclaimed Tripwell.

"Ah dinna ken," replied his commander; "but Ah hae na noticed ony Ger-rmans passing us on the road, or Ah'd hae thocht mebbe oor laddies weer chasin' them. They seem tae be in a michty haste tae get hame. Ah doot they've killed a' the Ger-rman Airmy, an' the job's finished wi'."

"It's a bally run," murmured the major.

"It's a' that," said General McLean-Ferguson.

"We must stop it somehow," said Tripwell. "Good Lord! It's our own division, or part of it; that's the —st Brigade over there."

Mr. McLean, who had the crook's trained eye for cover, took a hasty glance at the surrounding country. What he saw reassured him to a certain extent, for the three cars had stopped at the far side of a ridge of low-lying hills, from the foot of which the Plain of Flanders stretched away to the northeast, over which the road wound like a white ribbon.

"Gin we can stop some o' these steeplechasers," he said, "there's a fine place at top o' yon hillocks, wheer we could hide them."

Major Tripwell glanced back in the direction indicated. "You're right, sir," he said. "It's an ideal place."

At this moment the leading car dashed round the corner facing them and pulled up in a slither of dust and shrieking of brakes. The Honorable Anthony Hammerfoot leaped down from it and ran across to the limousine.

"There's been a devil of a scrap, sir!" he sputtered. "The Germans aren't playing the game—they started the attack before our people were ready. You'd better get back, sir."

Mr. McLean looked steadily at the young man.

"Mister-r Hammer-rfoot," he said, "I will ask ya tae notice that Ah'm the mon that gies or-rder-rs here."

"But it's a retreat, sir—a strategic retreat; we shall be caught in the devil of a mess if we don't hustle back."

Mr. McLean looked at Major Tripwell.

"Got the wind up," said that officer. Mr. McLean whipped out his service revolver and covered the Honorable Hammerfoot.

"Mister-r Hammer-rfoot," he said sternly, "gin Ah hear-r anither-r wor-rd like that, ye'll nae see England again! Tur-rn yon car-r roond an' get it dr-rawn across the road ower agin' yon cor-rner. An' do ye sit there; an' if ony mon tries tae pass ye, ye'll shoot."

Mr. Hammerfoot, steadied by this sudden ferocity on the part of the general, whom he had hitherto regarded as a comedian, pulled himself together and saluted.

"Yes, sir!" he said, and proceeded to carry out the order.

The advance parties of the strategic retreat were rapidly bearing down on the staff; and, after a hurried consultation with Major Tripwell, General McLean-Ferguson uttered the magic words:

"Carry on!"

Now Tripwell was a good soldier, who knew his job; and he had that magnetic touch about him which is needed for the leadership of men. And as Mr. McLean, being a civilian and quite conscious of his own inability to cope with a military problem, left matters to him, he proceeded to issue sharp, crisp orders to the remainder of the staff, with the result that the first straggling bodies of men were speedily halted and, in their turn, set to policing the road and the surrounding fields.

In a very short time something like order began to show itself. And as the mixed bodies of men were collected and formed up, and more officers sorted out to take charge of them, they were ordered to retire to the crest of the rising ground, to line the hills, and to intrench themselves so far as possible.

Meantime the road ahead had become a scene of indescribable confusion. Infantry, cavalry, guns, staff cars and transport were jammed together in a mass, tailing off along the road and becoming momentarily thicker; while across the road, blocking the way, was an open touring car, in which sat the Honorable Anthony Hammerfoot, with an automatic in his hand, threatening all and sundry who attempted to pass.

Major Tripwell turned his attention to this point as soon as he had disposed of the first policing of the fields, and in an incredibly short space of time succeeded in reducing the chaos to order.

The British soldier is a great-hearted man and, given leadership, can and will go anywhere and accomplish the well-nigh impossible. Major Tripwell was a born leader and, though he didn't know it, had the luck to be acting under the only orders that could help him—the magic words, "Carry on!" given to him by this Scottish crook, who had scandalously usurped the title of G. O. C. Division, and now sat coolly lolling back on the cushions of the big limousine, smoking a cigarette and looking as if he hadn't a care in the world.

Gradually the strategic retreat was sorted out and the mixed troops strung out in a long line near the crest of the rising ground, digging shelter trenches for all they were worth. And, before night fell, the rout that had threatened was reduced to a formation that promised to give the advancing Germans quite a lot of trouble to dislodge it. Touch was established with the columns on each side of the position, and Mr. McLean had the satisfaction of receiving a message from the Commander in Chief, stating briefly his commendation of the action taken and issuing instructions for the coming fight. The message ended with an order to General Ferguson to report at G. H. Q. for verbal conference forthwith.

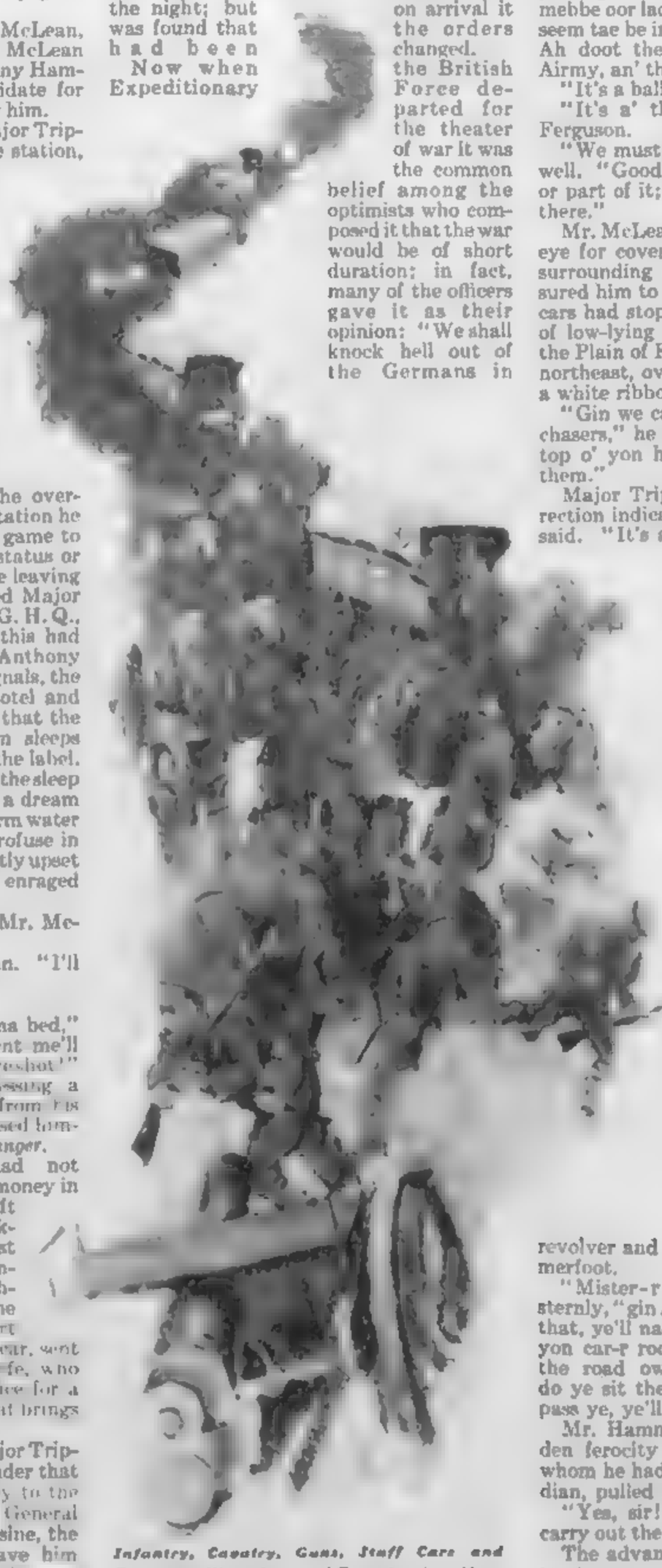
After consultation with Major Tripwell, whom he again exhorted to "Carry on!" in his absence, Mr. McLean, accompanied by the Honorable Anthony Hammerfoot, departed in the limousine for G. H. Q., greatly wondering whether the C. in C. or any of his understrappers had any personal recollection of the late General Ferguson's personal appearance and mannerisms.

It is wildly improbable that Mr. McLean could have bluffed his way with success through the pitfalls which must have surrounded such a visit. But again his luck intervened, and it chanced that the driver of the limousine made a wrong turn in the gathering darkness; and, before the occupants of the car had time to realize what was going forward, they found themselves in the middle of a very pretty little scrap that was developing on the left of the new position. The Germans were following up their first day's success and no rest was to be given to the "contemptible little army."

Before Mr. McLean could give any orders, they were under heavy fire from the German guns; and as they turned a corner at the edge of a wood a shell burst overhead and scattered shrapnel bullets in an unpleasing shower. The car lurched as the driver fell forward over the wheel. The Honorable Anthony Hammerfoot gave a grunt and slid to the floor of the car, remaining there in a sprawling heap; and the car ended its career in the ditch at the side of the road.

When Mr. McLean came to himself he found, to his surprise, that, beyond a splitting headache and a general feeling of having been severely beaten with a club, he was to all intents unhurt. He crawled

(Continued on Page 45)



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(Continued from Page 42)

from under the wreck of the car and endeavored to pull his scattered wits together. Dawn was showing in the eastern sky and it was evident that he had been unconscious for some hours. After a futile attempt to revive the driver and the Honorable Anthony Hammerfoot, who were both very unpleasantly dead, Mr. McLean revived himself with a pull at his flask and reconnoitered the position.

A little farther along the road he found the remains of what had been a field ambulance—shattered wagons, dead horses, and—alas!—dead men littering the ground most untidily. And then, as he listened in the stillness of the dawning day, he heard the tramp of feet and a command given in a harsh, guttural tone.

It dawned upon Mr. McLean that the tide of battle had passed on and left him stranded within the German lines. Very quietly he crept into the wood on his left and concealed himself among some tall bracken.

The tramp of feet and clash of accouterments died away in the distance. Creeping forward among the cool bracken stems Mr. McLean endeavored to get a glimpse of the troops on the road; but he could see nothing, and he was disagreeably wakened to the horrors of war by his hand's coming into contact with a dead, cold face.

Instinctively he drew back; and then, as the light of dawn penetrated the thicket of bracken stems, he saw that the dead man who shared his hiding place was an officer. On the dead man's sleeve was the white brassard, with the red cross, which showed him to be an army doctor.

Mr. McLean considered the position. It appeared to him that, from the commonsense point of view, he was to all intents doomed to be a prisoner of war; and it was obvious that the capture of a British general would be something which would cause a certain elation in the stolid Teuton mind, even to the extent of advertising the fact. If General Ferguson was captured, General Ferguson would, in course of time, be put into communication with friends in England—possibly exchanged; or, at all events, he must meet with fellow countrymen who would discover the fraud, and then —— Mr. McLean was uncertain whether the end would be a firing party or a rope; but it was clear that it would be one or the other.

It seemed expedient, therefore, that General Ferguson should be discovered killed in action, while his unauthorized representative assumed the character of an army medical man.

To this end Mr. McLean stripped off his own service jacket, with its staff badges, and put on the unfortunate medical officer's coat and brassard; and after a hunt among the bracken he discovered the dead man's cap.

Having arrayed the body of the dead doctor in the garb of the late General Ferguson, and ascertained from the dead man's identity disk that for the future his name and rank were to be Captain Dougal McDowall, R. A. M. C., Mr. McLean made his way out of the wood and onto the road.

Gaining the top of the hill, he looked to right and left of him. Away in the distance he could see moving bodies of troops, and his field glasses soon discovered to him that these were Germans pushing on in the direction of the town through which he had traveled on the previous day. He could hear the growling of guns in the distance and, turning, saw the head of an advancing column coming up the hill.

"Aweel!" he reflected. "Gin Ah'm tae be a prisoner-r, it's as weel Ah'm a doctor-r man—gin Ah recollec' aright, there's some fulish rule o' war-r that gies either side the choice o' keepin' the ither-r's doctor-r men tae wor-rk at their ain wounded. Ah ken verra little aboot doctor-rs or medicines, but gin they pit me tae look after-r wounded Ger-rman swaddy men, Ah'm thinkin' Ah could wrastle wi' an ampytation at a pinch; an' the mair Ger-rmans there air i' the wor-rld wi' less than their proper-r complement o' airms an' legs, the better it'll be for Auld Englan' an' Bonny Scotlan' i' th' lang rin."

With which piece of excellent though brutal philosophy, Temporary Captain McDowell, R. A. M. C., *né* McLean, hobbled down the road toward the advancing column of Bavarians, with his hands stretched well above his head as an indication that he was prepared to surrender.

Conscious of a certain lack of dignity in his progress, but stretching his arms high above his head, Mr. Gavin McLean approached the head of the column of German troops; and, since the commanding officer was just then in rear of his command, was forced to the further indignity of surrender to a mere subaltern.

At the moment of his surrender the order to halt was given, and Mr. McLean, under armed escort, with the cold muzzle of a rifle pressed uncomfortably against the small of his back, was hustled to the tail of the column, and there pushed in front of the commanding officer.

That worthy, being a Saxon, received him with more courtesy than Mr. McLean had expected.

The German colonel was a stout, elderly individual, with a large, flat face and multiple chins, who sat astride a Belgian farm horse, whose back, in spite of its strength, sagged under the old gentleman's weight.

"*Ach!* So!" exclaimed the German. "What is it you have to me brought? Is it a spy?"

Mr. McLean, recovering from his surprise at hearing himself addressed in English, shook his head vehemently.

"Ah'm nae spee!" he said.

"Then—*Donnerwetter!*—what is it you in our so-much-to-be-admired and presently-all-victorious ranks do?"

"Ah weer stunned by a shell that exploded maist onpleasantly near tae ma heid"

"*Donnerblitzen!*" exclaimed the colonel. "And this language of the most unpronounceable and barbarous description which you speak—what is it? You English are not—you in the garb of an English soldier masquerade—you are a spy! *Teufel!* We will you shoot!"

"Mon," said Mr. McLean earnestly, "dinna be sae hasty—Ah'm nae a spee, Ah'm tellin' ye. Ah'm a puir Scottish body, wi' the maist honest intentions."

"A Scotlander! *Himmel!* You the truth do not speak. You wear breeches!"

"An' why for no?" inquired Mr. McLean.

The Saxon colonel spat profusely into the road.

Before His Opponent Had Come to His Senses Mr. McLean Had Lashed Him Firmly and Neatly Hand and Foot

"All Scotlanders wear the—how you call?—the accursed petticoat of indecent brevity—you have breeches!"

"A kiltie is it ye'er fashin' aboot? Mon, be not sae fulish! Hae ye ne'er seen a Scotsman i' breeks before?"

"*Nein!*" replied the Saxon stolidly. "All Scotlanders the indecent petticoat themselves wrap with. We an entire regiment of Scotlanders took prisoner only yesterday—there was not a pair of breeches among them—they all the accursed petticoat of too-short-to-be-decent length wore. You are no Scotlander. You are a spy!"

"Mon," said Mr. McLean, feeling that he was arguing for his very life, "Ah'm naethin' o' the sor-rt. Ah'm a doctor-r."

"A doctor! That is than a spy rather worse!" said the Saxon.

"Ah'm inclined tae agree wi' ye," said Mr. McLean; "but there's naethin' i' the rules o' war-r to enable ye tae shoot doctor-rs."

"*Nein!*" said the colonel. "Though, if I my way had, I would all doctors instantly shoot, without trial."

"An' I'm nae denyin' that ye wadna be daein' the best for humanity gin ye did it—for we've a michty lot o' frauds amang us; but Ah claim immunity under the Geneva Convention—Ah'm nae a spee!"

"If you a doctor are, where is your ambulance?"

"Blawn tae hell wi' yon artillery o' yeer-rs—Ah but 'scapit wi' ma life—the rest on 'em's lyin' aboot i' maist ontidy fashion at the top o' yon hillock."

"We will for the necessary and much-to-be-desired inspection of the remains proceed. If you are to me lying—you will be shot."

The Saxon colonel gave a string of verbose orders to his adjutant, and the column resumed its promenade to the top of the rising ground, halting again as the tail of the column arrived at the point where the remains of the ambulance littered the ground. The colonel examined the débris.

"So!" he exclaimed. "You have to me the truth told; but I am not understanding why you do not the indecent petticoat of all-too-much-brevity wear if you are a Scotlander."

"Ye wull obsairve," said Mr. McLean, "that yon half of an or-rder-rly, in the ditch there, is nae wearin' a kiltie; the British Airmy Medical Ser-rvice dae not wear the kiltie, Ah'm tellin' ye."

The colonel grunted, but appeared to be convinced that Mr. McLean was speaking the truth.

"You are willing to look after my brave and suffering wounded-who-are-to-be when we into action go?" he inquired.

"Aye," agreed Mr. McLean.

"Then we will you to our ambulance attach."

The colonel barked several long-winded orders to a subordinate and the column resumed the march, while Mr. McLean was taken to the ambulance and handed over to the medical officer in charge. This individual proved to be a slow-witted youngster of stolid appearance. However, he was good-natured enough and spoke English more fluently than did his commander.

Seated in his car, Mr. McLean was speedily supplied with refreshment for his inner man; and, as he ate, his captor conversed on war, *Kultur*, and the superiority of Teutonic surgery. From him Mr. McLean learned that the progress of the German armies had been practically uninterrupted since the fall of Liége, and he was amazed at the story of the failure of the allied forces to stem the tide of the Kaiser's invading hordes.

As the column to which he was now attached formed part of the reserves of Von Kluck's army, they met with no resistance to their advance; and for the next three days Mr. McLean had nothing to do but sit in the car and listen to the boasting of the German doctor.

The country they passed through showed everywhere the devastation caused by the fighting, and some of the scenes were such as to cause Mr. McLean to renew his vow that he would, as soon as possible, carry out his intention of amputating everything possible from as many Teutonic patients as might fall to his care.

(Continued on Page 48)

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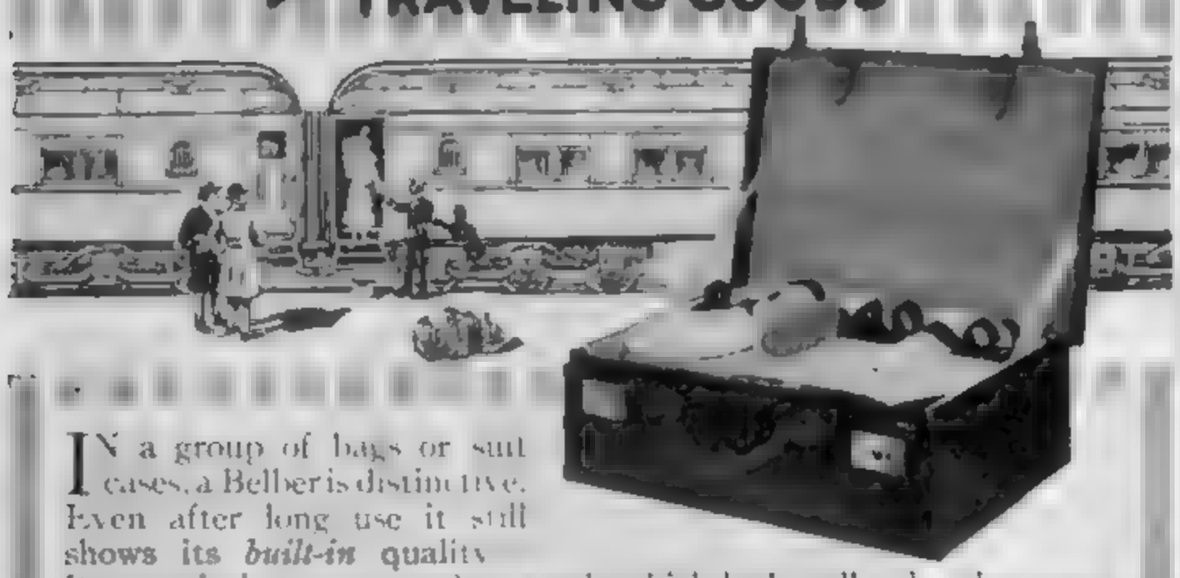

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(Continued from Page 45)

On the fifth day of his captivity, after the column had covered some ten or twelve miles, a halt was called, and Lieutenant Herr Doktor von Leinmann—Mr. McLean's captor and colleague—was summoned to a conference at headquarters. After an absence of an hour he returned, swearing strange oaths in the German tongue; and from him Mr. McLean learned that the German arms had met with an unexpected reverse just as they saw their goal in sight.

It appeared that Von Kluck had disregarded the "contemptible little army" of England, marched across their front; and, between that weary band of devoted warriors and the army rushed out from Paris by the French, he and his army had been outflanked, and their long line of communications so threatened as to make farther advance impossible.

Mr. McLean, who by this time was exceedingly tired of the patronizing attitude of his captor, heard this news with a satisfaction he had great difficulty in concealing.

After a day of indecisive waiting the German reserves were hustled into a position behind the River Marne; and there, on the outskirts of a small village, Lieutenant Herr Doktor von Leinmann established himself and his ambulance in a barn, which had been allotted to him as a temporary hospital. The German forces were strung out in a line of hastily made intrenchments, and the attack of the allied French and British Armies prepared for.

Mr. McLean, arrayed in a white rubber apron, his hands incased in rubber gloves, chatted with Von Leinmann and by skillful evasion and bluff evaded the surgical pitfalls which that worthy arranged for him.

They had not long to wait, for the allied advance was as successful as had been that of the Germans in the first rush, and the force to which their ambulance was attached was soon in the thick of a very pretty fight. The first case arrived; and, as the man was suffering from a compound fracture of the upper arm, accompanied by severe laceration of the muscles, Mr. McLean's counsel in favor of amputation was favorably received by his colleague, if not by the patient.

For some hours, then, Mr. McLean, by a skillful exhibition of bluff and nerve, and covered by the confusion caused by the ever-increasing stream of wounded, assisted the German doctor to cut, hack and probe his way through Teuton brawn and sinew; and even his cold-blooded partiality for lopping off arms and legs, regardless of the future utility of the wretched patients, passed unnoticed in the heat of the moment.

Presently came a lull, and the German surgeon turned his attention to the less serious cases awaiting treatment. Selecting a case of scalp wound, in which the man had suffered only very slight injury to his head, he requested Mr. McLean to deal with it while he himself attended to another case.

Mr. McLean ordered his patient to lie down on the operating table; and, overhearing this strange prescription, the German surgeon interposed.

"For why you require him to lie down?" he asked.

"Tae oper-rate!" replied Mr. McLean.

"But he a bandage requires. What were you about to do to his head?"

"Amputate it!" replied Mr. McLean shortly, and flourished a large and vicious-looking knife.

"Amputate? Nonsense! Are you mad?" exclaimed the German. "How can you amputate his head?"

"Jist as Ah wad hees leg or hees airm," said Mr. McLean; "wi' yon knife."

"The man's mad! Amputate his head! *Donnerblitzen!*" exclaimed the German, aghast.

"Why for no?" inquired Mr. McLean. "Yon's an ugly-lookin' laddie—he'll dae better wi'out a head like yon."

What would have been the upshot of Mr. McLean's rashness is not determined, though one may hazard a guess that it would have led to his undoing; for at that moment the bombardment began again at a range which was evidently closer than before, and as the look of suspicion dawned in the German surgeon's eyes a shell struck the temporary hospital and wiped it out of existence.

When Mr. McLean came to himself he found that he was lying under a heap of rubble, half smothered, but otherwise unhurt, while round him lay scattered portions of the temporary field hospital.

Mr. McLean pulled himself out of the mess that surrounded him and took stock of the situation. Beyond a few bruises, he found he was unhurt; but his clothes had been literally torn off his back.

Looking round him, he discovered that, so far as the gathering twilight would permit him to see, he was alone with the dead, while in the distance he could hear the bark of the guns and see the flares sail up skyward.

"Aweel!" murmured Mr. McLean. "There's nae doot Ah wasna bor-rn tae be shot—here's the second time wi'in a week Ah've been blawn tae shreds an' come oot alive! Ah've the luck o' the deil—God bless him!"

He searched round among the rubbish for something with which to clothe himself; and, seeing two feet sticking out from a pile of débris, he proceeded to unearth the owner. In the course of a few minutes he brought to light the body of a lieutenant of cavalry and transferred that defunct officer's clothes to his own person.

In the pocket of the coat he discovered French, English and German bank notes amounting to a total of over fifty thousand dollars; and, with a view to possible future developments, he ripped open the lining of the coat and hid the notes carefully between cloth and lining.

Just as he finished making his safe deposit he noticed that the musketry and artillery fire were dying down; and, without any very definite plan, except to get away from his German captors, he made off in the direction of what he judged to be the English lines.

Progress was quickly barred by a wide river: but, finding some logs and a few hurdles on the bank, the ingenious Mr. McLean, with some wire torn from a near-by fence, contrived to make these into a raft, and on this, when launched, he sat, and with a long hedge stake endeavored to pole his way across the stream.

The current carried him quickly down the river, and it was not before he had been swept along for more than a mile that he contrived to push his clumsy raft under the opposite bank. Wading through the shallows toward a point where he could conveniently climb the steep bank, he heard an unmistakably English voice give the command:

"Hands up!"

With lightning speed Mr. McLean's hands shot up over his head; and as he reached the landing place he made out through the gloom that his advance was covered by several rifles projecting through the hedge. Being under no misapprehension as to the probable consequences of trying to bolt, he made no attempt to leave the water, but stood there to parley with his captors.

Before one of these showed in the flesh, a thought flashed through Mr. McLean's mind: How was he, who could speak no word of German, to explain his presence clad in the uniform of a German officer? A vision of a firing party and a wall flashed to him, and for the moment he was paralyzed with fear.

"Who are you?" inquired the voice behind the hedge; but Mr. McLean made no reply. "Speak up—if you ain't dumb!" commanded the voice.

This gave Mr. McLean his cue.

"Dumb!" he thought to himself. "Yon's the idee—dumb; an' deef too; like tae yon German swaddy that was brocht in wi' shell shock—dumb an' deef. Yon's what Ah am."

"Speak up, you damn son of a Dutchman!" repeated the voice.

No answer.

"Oh, blow his silly head off an' be done with it!" said another voice.

"Can't do that," said the first speaker. "It ain't done in the best armies—anyway he's all alone and looks struck silly. Go and grab him, Jenkins—you, too, Tonks."

As a result of this command, two privates of British infantry crawled out of the hedge and approached Mr. McLean. Private Tonks jammed the muzzle of his rifle into the pit of Mr. McLean's stomach, while Private Jenkins grabbed him by his outstretched wrists and hauled him up the bank.

"What's your name?" inquired Private Tonks.

Mr. McLean replied with a gurgling noise in his throat.

"Come on aht o' this!" remarked Jenkins.

And with scant ceremony the two soldiers twisted Mr. McLean toward the hedge and urged him forward with their rifle

butts, finally pushing him through a gap, to the detriment of his uniform.

On the far side of the hedge Mr. McLean was confronted with a small body of British troops under command of a subaltern, and to the latter his captors escorted him. The subaltern, being unable to extract any word from Mr. McLean, and being satisfied that the latter was a German officer—who else could he be, wearing a German officer's uniform?—came to the conclusion for which Mr. McLean had hoped, that the supposed German must be suffering from some injury which interfered with his power of speech.

Mr. McLean was, therefore, treated with kindly sympathy, given bully beef and biscuit, and presently sent under escort to a spot about half a mile from the river bank, where the British had established a field hospital.

The escort handed Mr. McLean over to the hospital orderly, with the brief diagnosis "Deaf an' dotty, and a son of a gun!" and returned to their hedgerow.

Mr. McLean was interviewed by the medical officer, who, getting no reply to his questions beyond the gurgling sound at which Mr. McLean had now become an adept, diagnosed the case as "Shell shock," and sent him, under escort, to the clearing hospital.

Gratified with the success of his ruse, and inwardly rejoicing in the courtesy and kindness meted out to him by the good fellows of the R. A. M. C., Mr. McLean, as an interesting case—one of the first of many genuine cases to come—was dispatched from point to point along the line until he found himself at Havre, whence, after a brief detention, he was sent to England.

Now in the early days of the war the English, with their insular contempt for all things and people not British in origin, were extremely careless in their manner of guarding their German prisoners. It was presumed that no German officer would attempt to escape, and that if he did escape it would not matter. So, instead of confining prisoners in fortresses and dungeons, after the German fashion, the British authorities put their German officer guests in a large and well-appointed country house known as Donnybrook Hall, treated them with the utmost kindness—not to say slackness—and allowed them very considerable latitude as regards their method of living.

To this courtesy the German officers responded by plotting to escape, and as a preliminary step had dug a tunnel from the cellar of the Hall to a point beyond the inclosing wall surrounding the gardens.

To Donnybrook Hall, in the fullness of time, came Mr. Gavin McLean, known to the authorities, from the name found marked in his clothes, as Lieutenant Horstner; and being there regarded by both German prisoners and English guards as a harmless idiot, he was permitted to roam about the house and grounds much as he pleased. It was not long before his explorations took him to the cellar; and there, to his surprise, he found a party of the prisoners busy disposing of the last basketfuls of earth from the tunnel.

The excavators did not notice Mr. McLean's entrance; and, safely hidden behind an empty wine bin, he watched the Germans creeping back and forth from the tunnel's mouth, and noted how, when they knocked off work, they covered the entrance with loose boards, on which they piled empty cases and old sacks, so that the work was completely hidden from the chance observer.

Mr. McLean deplored his ignorance of the German tongue, but he gathered from the jubilant expression of the workers that their self-imposed task must be near completion.

Hidden behind his wine bin, Mr. McLean remained in the cellar until all the excavators had cleared out, and then proceeded to explore on his own account. He had noticed that the Germans had cached their tools and stores in the mouth of the tunnel; and, as soon as he had removed enough of the covering for his purpose, he lowered himself into the hole and by the light of a match searched among the stores. He found picks, shovels, crowbars and, what was more important at that moment, a supply of electric torches and a compass.

Armed with pick, compass and torch, he crawled cautiously along the tunnel, which led him for a distance of a hundred paces in a direction due northwest. At the end of the tunnel, which had been carefully shored up with rough timber throughout its length, he found that a chamber had been excavated to a sufficient size to allow two men to work. And from this chamber the tunnel took a direction due west, and was carried in an upward slant, which, he calculated, must bring the end of it to the surface at a distance of only a few feet from the point where the tunnel then ended.

Reviewing the situation, he carefully went over the ground a second time, checking his measurements and compass bearings. This done, he pocketed the compass, covered the entrance to the tunnel and returned to the outer air. The German prisoners were scattered about the grounds, and presently the dinner bell summoned them to the dining hall.

Mr. McLean, knowing that his own movements were never very carefully observed, absented himself from dinner and made his way to the side of the house corresponding to the part of the cellar from which the tunnel started.

He took a compass bearing, walked the requisite number of paces, and by this means roughly checked the ultimate direction of the tunnel to a point on the far side of the high wall surrounding the house, and, so far as he could reckon, determined that the exit planned by the prisoners would be within the limits of a thick wood at the back of it. Mr. McLean hurried back to the house and, smiling idiotically, sauntered into the dining room and took his belated dinner.

That night, after "Lights out!" Mr. McLean rose from his bed and with great stealth crept down to the cellar. He opened up the tunnel, selected a pick and shovel, and by the light of a torch crept down the narrow burrow to the far end. Here he removed his coat and, after some preliminary investigation, fell to work to cut upward at the same angle as that planned by the Germans.

It was hard work, and once he came within measurable distance of an unpleasant end by reason of the collapse of his new excavation; but he worked like a Welsh miner, and at last his efforts were rewarded by the feel of the pick driving clear of the last layer of earth and turf that kept him from the outer air. A few more strokes and Mr. McLean felt the fresh night breeze and smelled the scent of the pines.

He enlarged the opening sufficiently to enable his body to pass and then retraced his steps along the tunnel. Halfway to the cellar he stopped and proceeded to cut away the underpinning, with the result that after a few strokes of his pick the earth fell in, cutting off the passage from the cellar.

"Ah'm thinkin' they'll be verra disappointed wi' yon tunnel!" reflected Mr. McLean as he retraced his steps to the far end, picked up his coat—the lining of which was still stuffed with bank notes—and squeezed through the narrow opening to the outer air.

Consulting his watch by the light of the electric torch, he found that it was nearly three o'clock in the morning; and, with a sigh of satisfaction at his regained freedom, he picked his way cautiously through the wood and on the far side of it discovered a main road. A walk of a hundred yards brought him to a signpost, and from it he learned that he was on the main road to Wolverton, while the cross-turning led to the village of Yelmpton, distant about half a mile.

His chief anxiety now was as to his clothes, for to be seen in the guise of a German officer would entail recapture and an ignominious return to Donnybrook Hall. But Mr. McLean had not been an expert cracksman for nothing, and he relied on his past experience in this direction to obtain a new outfit.

On the outskirts of the village he noticed a good-sized house, which stood back from the road; and, with great caution, he entered the gate and crept up the drive leading to the front porch. He found a window that promised well to his practiced eye and speedily slipped back the catch with his knife. Removing his boots, he climbed in at the window, and by the light of his torch saw that he was in a well-furnished dining room.

He crept noiselessly to the door, opened it and listened. Not a sound! Noiselessly he crossed the hall, mounted the stairs and stopped to listen. No sound fell on his ear.

Investigation with the torch showed him three doors leading from the landing on which he stood. He tried the nearest and found it locked. The second yielded to his touch and he swung it gently open. At that

(Concluded on Page 52)

Produced by Rex Ingram

"THE Reward of the Faithless" is that type of play that holds your interest with a vise-like grip—makes you oblivious to your every surrounding—strikes every chord of human emotion and makes you live the story as it is gradually unfolded upon the screen.

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Upon no less fallacious a ground rests the virtue of the definite mileage guarantee.

But the difference between mileage as adjusted over a counter, and mileage as delivered on the road, is pressing hard for recognition upon the intelligence of the American automobile owner.

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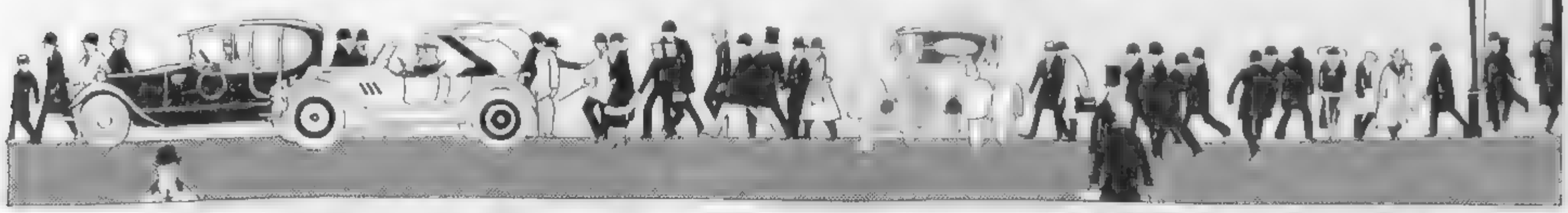

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THAT depends on *you*. If you give them a faulty-toned piano, you will eventually ruin their ear for music. But if you choose a pure-toned instrument, they will have *correct* musical taste *as long as they live*.

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(Concluded from Page 49)

instant a switch clicked and the room was flooded with light.

Dazzled for a moment, Mr. McLean stood blinking like an owl in sunlight, and when he recovered himself he found that he was looking down the barrel of a .45 revolver, held in the steady grasp of a man of about his own size.

"Hands up!" said the man behind the gun; and Mr. McLean, who was getting used to this form of exercise, obeyed with the precision of an automaton. "Breaking in here to carry on as you did in Belgium, I suppose! I've a mind to strew your brains on the carpet!"

The threat sounded ruthless enough, but Mr. McLean detected the shadow of a quaver in the voice, which told him of a bold front to cover a certain nervousness; so he said nothing, but stood like a statue, his arms outstretched above his head.

"Lucky you happened in here to-night," said the man with the gun. "My wife's away, and the servants too; so you won't even have the satisfaction of frightening a woman."

The man with the gun drew nearer as he spoke and, with the boldness of inexperience, stood quite close to Mr. McLean, the muzzle of the pistol almost touching the latter's chest.

On the instant Mr. McLean saw his chance and took it.

With a quick swing of his left arm he struck his opponent's wrist outward, turned sharply to the left; and, as the man involuntarily turned in the direction of the blow, Mr. McLean swung his right and brought a hard fist, with a thud, to the point of the armed man's jaw.

The gun clattered to the floor and the man sank in a heap. Hurriedly Mr. McLean pounced on the gun and pocketed it, dragged a sheet from the bed, tore it into strips, and before his opponent had come to his senses had lashed him firmly and neatly hand and foot with his own bed linen.

Presently consciousness returned to the fallen man, and Mr. McLean, to save trouble and conversation, gagged him with a cartridge from the gun and a strip of linen. Having made his prisoner thus secure, he stood over the disgruntled householder and addressed him.

"Mon," he said, "Ah'm no a German. Ah'm a veectim o' circumstances. Ah want naethin' frae you but a suit o' clothes, an', by the look o' ye, it's yeers that wull fit me fine! Gin ye had treated me as one gentleman tae anither Ah'd no ha' had tae tie ye up; but Ah canna' trust ye the noo. Ye say the ser-rvants are awa'?"

The supine victim nodded his head in assent.

"Aweel! Sae muckle the better. Gin ye gie me yeer wor-rd ye'll nae call oot, Ah'll tak' oot yeer gag. Nod yeer heid gin ye'll behave yeersel."

The man on the floor contrived to nod his head and Mr. McLean loosened the gag.

"Blast you!" said the victim as soon as he was free to speak.

"Gin ye use sweer wor-rds tae me Ah'll e'en gag ye agin. Ah canna abide a mon who sweers."

The victim relapsed into silence, and Mr. McLean, after making sure that his lashings were fast, explored the room and helped himself to a suit of clothes, a shirt, and other necessaries. Dressing himself with care, he selected a pair of boots from the shelf, tried them on, and decided that they were a fit. Then he stood over his host and admonished him: "Ah'm obleeged tae ye for the claes; an', tae show ye there's nae ill feeling, Ah'm leaving ye this five-pun' note tae pay for them. Gin Ah could trust ye Ah'd untie ye an' let ye loose, but Ah canna tak' the reesk; so ye'll e'en hae tae stay here till Ah can telephone tae the police tae come an' set ye free. Guid mor-rnin', ma mannie! An' the next time ye try tae hold up an honest bur-rglar man dinna come sae close wi' yeer gun. It's there ye went wrang."

With which parting advice, Mr. McLean picked up his German uniform, turned out the lights, and closed the door after him as he left the room.

He hurried down stairs, let himself out at the front door, and after removing the collection of notes from the lining of the tunic, heaved the uniform into the depths of a shrubbery and strode away down the drive.

He made for the main road and, taking advantage of a passing farm cart loaded with vegetables for Wolverton Market, swung himself to the tailboard and rode comfortably to within easy walking distance of the town. He went to the station, found there was a train to London in half an hour, had some breakfast at a coffee shop just outside the station, and three minutes before the train was due went to the public telephone in the station and called up the police.

"Hello!" came the reply.

"Hello, yeersel'!" said Mr. McLean. "Wull ye be sae guid as tae send an officer tae the first hoose on the Yelmpton road? There's been an accident and a gentleman needs yeer kind assistance."

"Who's that speaking?" inquired the voice excitedly.

"Me!" said Mr. McLean, with admirable brevity, and hung up the receiver.

The train steamed into the station, punctual to the minute, and Mr. McLean swung himself aboard with the comforting feeling of a man who has done his duty to the suffering.

Mr. McLean had no difficulty in evading all attempts to trace him. He adopted the simple plan of making no attempt to hide, but returned to his Chiswick home and set about conducting his garage and repair business without delay.

By exercising due precaution he contrived to exchange his German and French notes for English gold, and on reckoning up his resources found that his martial experiences had made him richer by some eight thousand pounds.

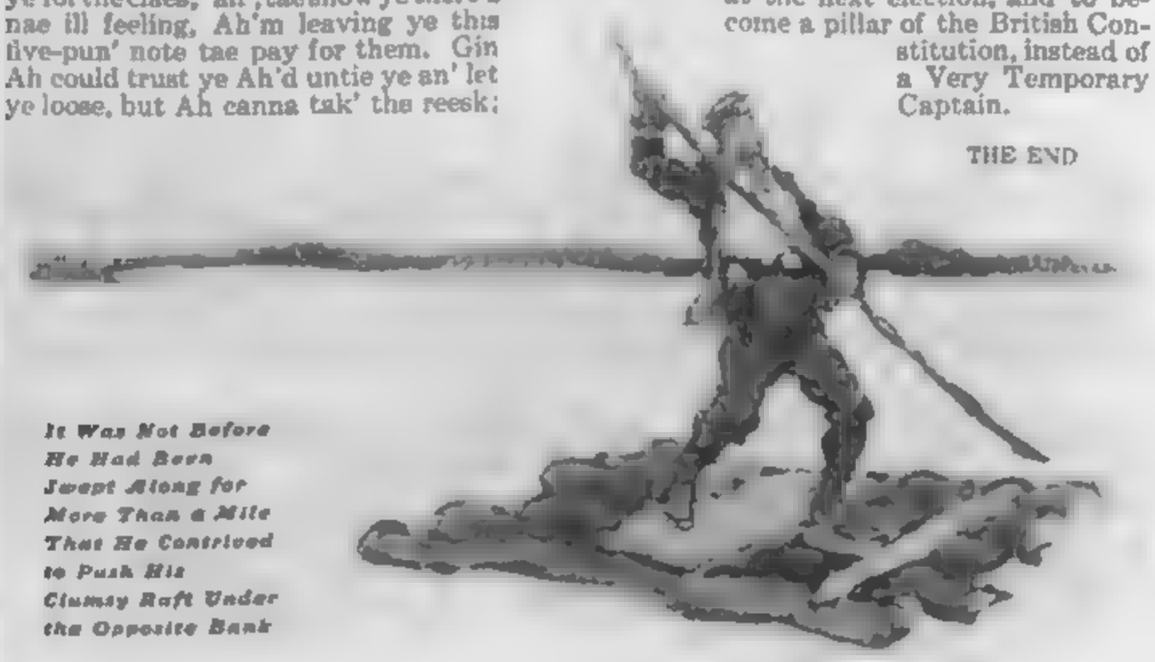
Being a Scot—and a canny Scot at that—he lost no time in finding a suitable site on which to erect a larger workshop, with room to expand in the near future. This done, Mr. McLean searched round until he saw his way clear to accepting a small subcontract for munitions work, as he was convinced by what he had seen that the war was not likely to be over for some considerable time.

By the purchase of a small existing factory and the development of his new works he has blossomed into one of the most successful English subcontractors. And, with admirable patriotism, he was heard lately to express the opinion that—"Gin the Government would but tak' off that shameful robbery of a supertax"—he would be able to retire from business in six months.

However that may be, there is no doubt that the once Very Temporary Captain McLean is among the most successful of the war contractors; and it will not be surprising if, in the fullness of time, he becomes one of the most respected members of the British Parliament.

He has been nursing a constituency for some months now, and by judicious gifts to the deserving poor—there is no graft in British politics—he hopes to head the poll at the next election, and to become a pillar of the British Constitution, instead of a Very Temporary Captain.

THE END



It Was Not Before He Had Been Swept Along for More Than a Mile That He Contrived to Push His Clumsy Raft Under the Opposite Bank

Sense and Nonsense

Faith

THE eyes of you were dark and sad,
Like pools too deep and still,
Whose lure might drown a wistful lad,
Oh, Moira-of-the-hill!
The way we went o'er the springy sod,
Where the heather met the sea,
Was an old, old way you'd often trod,
But a new, new way to me.

They said: "She keeps no faith with men;
She'll keep no faith with you.
Her heart's a wild bird in the glen
That feeds as wild birds do.
Of all the lasses who live and love
Where the lough lies long and still,
There's none so faithless to troth will prove
As Moira-of-the-hill.

"She'll love you, lad, maybe to-day,
But she'll love young Will to-morrow;
And she'll never have less than her own wild way
With a lad, to his lifelong sorrow
Unless, indeed, it should come to pass
That the rivers should backward flow,
Or daisies bloom at Candlemas,
Or roses under snow."

So over the world I went and away
Where the stars are gold in the blue.
Dim as a dream was that yesterday
Of the old green land and—you.
Home I came with an empty hand,
And a heart burnt out and chill,
Though I'd loved a lass in every land—
But I found you faithful still!

You'd kept a tryst where was none to keep,
Since that day by the purple sea;
And your eyes were sad, as of those who weep
For the thing that may never be.
Oh, never again will I doubt you, lass,
Whatever may come and go,
Till daisies bloom at Candlemas,
And roses under snow!

—Mary Lanier Magruder.

Discovering Columbus

DURING the recent campaign a Tammany leader on the East Side, a self-made man and one not entirely completed yet in some respects, was addressing a mass meeting of Italian-born voters on behalf of the Democratic ticket.

"Gintlemen and fellow citizens," he began, "I deem it an honor to be permitted to address you upon the issues of the day. I have always had a deep admiration for your native land. I vinerate the mimory of that great, that noble Eyetalian who was the original and first discoverer of this here land of ours.

"Why, gintlemen, at me mother's knee I was taught to sing that inspirin' song: Columbus, the Jim of the Ocean!"

Whereupon there was loud applause.

Not the Right Smell

SOMEBODY sent David Warfield, the actor, a case of rare old rye; and he, in turn, expressed a quart of the stuff to a friend living in a New England village, where local option rules.

Because of the prohibition law the local agent declined to deliver the package, and the consignee went to the station personally to claim it.

"That's all right," he said; "that's just a bottle of ginger ale which was sent to me by my old pal, Dave Warfield."

"Dave who?" asked the suspicious agent.

"Dave Warfield. You know who I mean—Warfield, the Music Master."

The agent shook the package and sniffed at it.

"Call it ginger ale ef you're a-mind to," he said; "but I know better. And, furthermore, I wanter tell you this here parcel never come from no music teacher neither!"

An Exception

MR. JUSTICE VICTOR DOWLING, of New York, who, as might be guessed from the name, is of Irish descent, tells this one on himself:

Once upon a time, a few years ago, he was presiding at the trial of a separation suit between a couple financially and socially distinguished along the Eastern seaboard—a suit that naturally attracted a good deal of attention.

The attorney for the husband was having his inning. It was the aim of the lawyer to show that the lady in the case owned a quick and fiery temper, and that she was addicted to upsetting the domestic arrangements of her home on slight provocation. Pursuant to this intention he put upon the witness stand a tall, solemn Swede, formerly in the plaintiff's employ as a coachman.

The Swede, under the crafty promptings of counsel, told in broken English of a certain occasion when his mistress had flown into a violent passion at a certain footman, and had demanded the luckless footman's discharge upon the assertion that he was drunk.

"Well, was this man drunk?" asked the lawyer when the witness had finished describing the incident.

"No," said the Swede; "his name bane Shaughnessy—but he not bane drunk!"

Those Large Moving Bodies

"ROOSEVELT was certainly the most bellicose president we ever had," said the husband, looking up from his paper.

"Bellicose!" echoed his wife dreamily. "Aren't you thinking of Taft?"

Faint Praise

AT THE Players' Club a group of writers were discussing the work of various artists. Somebody mentioned a popular illustrator who is much given to speaking favorably and at considerable length of his own productions.

Oliver Herford considered for a moment.

"Yes," he said; "if that fellow was as good an artist as he is a talker he would still be a fair talker."

Around the Corner

AROUND the corner I have a friend,
In this great city that has no end;
Yet days go by and weeks rush on,
And before I know it a year is gone,
And I never see my old friend's face;
For Life is a swift and terrible race.
He knows I like him just as well
As in the days when I rang his bell
And he rang mine. We were younger then;
And now we are busy, tired men—
Tired with playing a foolish game;
Tired with trying to make a name.
"To-morrow," I say, "I will call on Jim,
Just to show that I'm thinking of him."
But to-morrow comes—and to-morrow goes;
And the distance between us grows and grows.

Around the corner!—yet miles away. . . .
"Here's a telegram, sir." . . .
"Jim died to-day!"
And that's what we get—and deserve in the end
Around the corner, a vanished friend.

Charles Hanson Towne.

The Breath of Scandal

"YES," said a lady of high social distinction at the Colony Club in New York, "I dearly love a Bronx cocktail before dinner, but I never take one. The odor of the gin stays on my breath for hours, and my husband doesn't like it."

"Only too true!" stated Beatrice Herford, the society monologuist, dreamily. "The wages of gin is breath!"

"It was no trouble at all to get rid of the stumps by blasting," writes R. C. English, Port Matilda, Pa. "I had never used an explosive before and had never seen the work done. But I understood it thoroughly after looking at the pictures in your book. It is easy to blast stumps with

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It means the supreme art of Ysaye and of Casals, the miracle-voice of Lazaro, the divine colorature of Barrientos, the incomparable genius of Hofmann, Godowsky, Parlow, Seagle, Sembach and Nielsen, the rich beauty of Graveure's baritone, the classic triumphs of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, the fun of Jolson, the delights of the dance—all that makes for inspiration, for education, for joy and for pleasure.

These are but a few of the many world-renowned artists making records exclusively for the Columbia Company. No artists like them, no art to match their own, and the Columbia process of recording reflects and echoes their very genius with a matchless truth and a *living* beauty that gives *all* of their greatness to an admiring world.

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Artists

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There was no panic; no wild stampede to a fire-escape or stairway.

There were no shrieks or groans. No wives or mothers waiting, pale with horror, while charred bodies were carried from the ruins.

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Pyrene Manufacturing Company
New York
Every Appliance for Fire Protection

THE SHRINKING DOLLAR BILL

(Concluded from Page 8)

"Nature seems to have conspired against meat production all over the world. We have had two bad corn crops. That of 1914 was frozen and the 1915 crop was burned up. In Argentina they had six months of drought. Now they have the locust scourge. They are buying cattle here that used to be furnished from the Platte country. Australia had bad conditions too. Our Pacific Coast used to swim with Australian beef. Now Australia is buying mutton for its own use from New Zealand, and consequently is not exporting anything to us.

"The men in the trenches are eating an immense amount of meat—undoubtedly a lot more than most of them ever ate before. It is mighty fortunate we had a big crop of hogs in 1916—otherwise a meat famine would be upon us. We had such a good hog year that it saved the situation. The high prices have compelled the Western hog grower to keep his hogs healthy—hence the big crop. Beef is now a luxury and it will continue so.

"Figures will show an increase in sheep. These seven markets in 1916 received 11,637,000 sheep against 11,160,000 the year before; but in 1913 they had 13,500,000 sheep. Our native sheep industry—that east of the Missouri River—has disappeared. The sheep in this country cannot compete with the dairy cow and the hog. Cattle raising is now on a remunerative basis. Cattle will take care of themselves. So will hogs. Sheep must be constantly watched and cared for. Lambs used to sell at six cents a pound; now they are thirteen and a half cents. Sheep used to sell for three cents a pound; now they are worth ten cents. We can raise sheep in this country profitably.

"Another factor is our booming industrial situation, and the increased consumption due to big wages. This is illustrated by the fact that the big steel-making towns are enormous consumers of meat. Pittsburgh consumes more beef a head than any other city in the world; while Gary, Indiana, has a larger individual meat consumption than any other city in this country.

"For a few months after the war broke out, during the temporary lull in manufacturing, the meat packers were sending the manufacturing centers practically nothing; now they cannot fill their orders. If the fires were banked the men would stop eating meat; experience has proved this. Whenever there is a highly profitable season for the workers they seem to try to eat up their wages in the form of meat."

The Men Who Eat Less Meat

In this connection, however, it is well to remember that a large public—men receiving moderate salaries or incomes that have not increased materially—have cut down on their meat consumption. To some extent this has offset the unstinted meat feast of the wage-earner with the fat pay envelope.

Mr. Poole declares that if a strike should occur in New York City the cattle demand at the Chicago Stockyards would drop thirty per cent, the market for meat being very sensitive.

"Export orders," says this expert observer, "do not cut so great a figure in the grand result, after all. If our home industries keep going at a good pace and the workers have plenty of money there will be sales for all our meats. This is the dominant element in the meat situation.

"The trouble with our whole retail system is that its overhead charges are excessive. We are trying to retail meats about as we do whisky. You find half a dozen meat markets in a neighborhood where there should be only one. There are salaries to be paid, high rents and high delivery and collecting costs to be met. There are so many meat markets that they crowd each other and make all demand larger profits in order to earn a living.

"From this condition has sprung into being a new element in the meat game—the meat peddler; the man with the automobile truck who buys his meat at the packing house and pays cash in advance for it by always keeping a thousand dollars on deposit with the packer. He then cuts his meats on benches that are furnished him by the packers and peddles them to the retailer. His profit runs from twenty-five to forty per cent. It is safe to say that this peddler will take at least twenty-five per cent profit. He relieves the packer of the job of delivering and also lifts from his shoulders the necessity of carrying a lot of accounts This means, of course, that the packer does not need to worry about drivers' strikes and bad accounts. So, of course, the packer encourages these peddlers. The packers want cash and a quick turnover. They are willing to take a small profit provided they can depend upon these two things.

"Just to show you how that works out: The little meat-market man in this neighborhood, who drives over to the packing house and buys direct for cash, can sell his goods twenty-five per cent cheaper than can the average retailer located at a distance. The trouble with the average retail meat man is that there is not enough volume of trade open to him to stand his excessive overhead costs without the addition of excessive profits. So many workers must get their pay out of meat retailing that prices must be boosted to break even.

"The packers do not take big profits. They are content with less than two per cent. But they have such a tremendous volume and get so quick a turnover that—together with the proceeds of their by-products—they are making a mighty good thing out of it."

A Look Into the Future

"Of course these high prices are going to stimulate production. That is one good thing. No country in the world can raise domestic animals at less cost than can the United States. And we are getting back into the cattle game very fast. The Western States are coming back rapidly. When they begin to save beef calves and cows they come back into production at a stiff pace.

"Children and women are saving calves everywhere. I saw a boy with five calves last summer and I asked him what he was going to do with them. He replied that he was going to make five hundred dollars on them next summer. Women are raising calves in orchards and along the roadsides all over the West.

"Just contrast conditions with those of a few years ago. A man who was in here then was asked what he expected to get for his cattle, and he answered:

"'Don't know. Don't give a damn! If they're sold at all they're well sold!'

"Don't make the mistake of thinking that we know just where we are headed for in this matter of meat production. There has been a lot of gambling in cattle and values are inflated. Australia and Argentina will come back and make themselves felt eventually.

"Germany swears by the hog—they're wise over there! The hog is the one best life-saver in the meat game. The fecundity of that animal is something marvelous. Again, it doesn't take so long to make a steer as it once did. We used to market them at four years; now they are turned in at two. There has been a great sacrifice of good small stuff recently, though. Thousands of cattle come in here weighing about eleven hundred pounds when thirty days of corn would add two pounds a day to each creature.

"A few years ago the Canadian packers tried to hog it and would not pay fair prices to the farmers. The farmers promptly went back to grain. The result is that the Canadian packers are buying meat right here, slaughtering it here and shipping it dressed to Canada. They have learned their lesson.

"Though this is an era of strange and unexpected happenings in an economic way, and the meat situation will undoubtedly develop its share of surprises, the consumer may as well dismiss from his mind any fond hope that we are going to see cheap meats again, though they may and probably will become less expensive than at the present moment."

No fact concerning meats that has lately been brought to the surface is of greater interest than the statement made in a 1916 United States Department of Agriculture report, that the stockman or raiser receives from two-thirds to three-fourths of the gross returns in the marketing of beef, the remaining one-third or one-fourth, as the case may be, being divided between shipping and marketing expenses, packers' gross profits, jobbers' gross profits and retailers' gross profits.

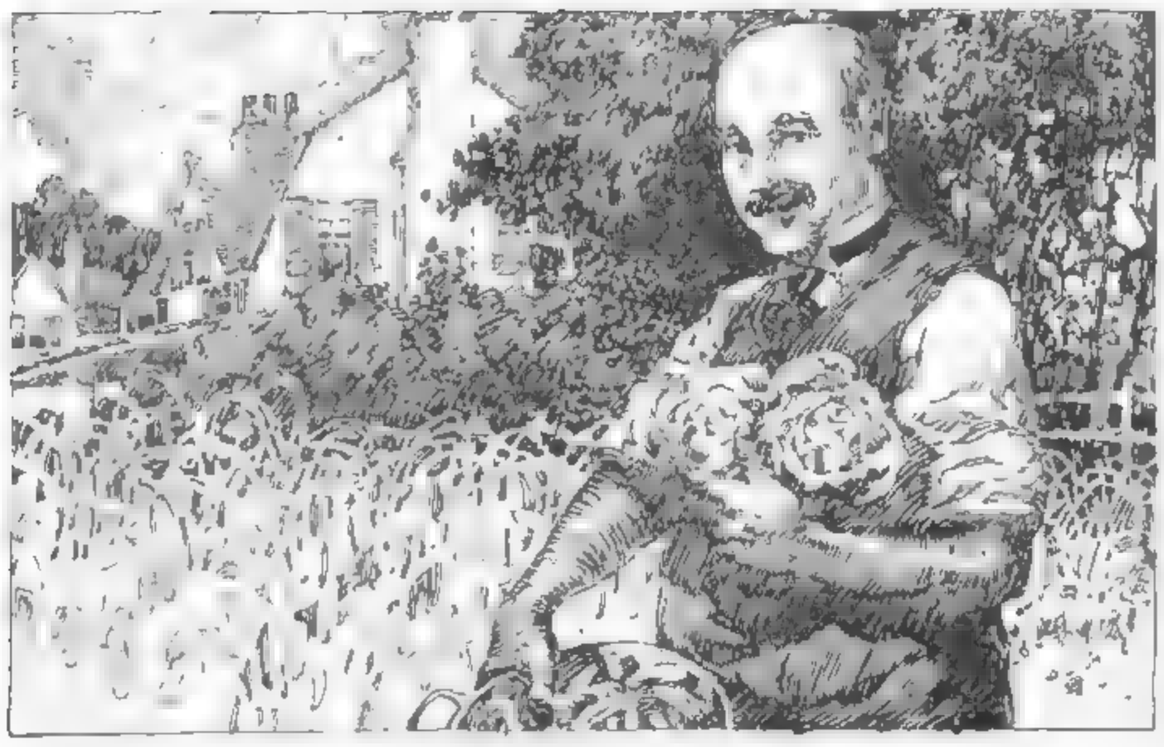
Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Crissey. The second will appear in an early number

CHALMERS $1090

This 5-passenger 6-30 Chalmers has a wide range of use. Neither big nor heavy. Neither small nor underweight. It is a car for touring. For city. For running about. For the woman to drive. For the daughter to drive. And is a man's car, too. Handles well in traffic, because it is easy to steer. Easy to get under way quickly. Easy to stop. Easy to swing around a corner. Easy in shifting gears. Good on the long run because it rides well. Holds the road evenly. Runs straight as a line. And it gets over the ground without noise or effort. Takes the hill with snap. The turning radius is 17¾ feet. The horse power is 45 (on the brake test). The wheelbase 115 inches. The tires 32 x 4. The engine is simple and rugged. A car soundly made—and thus sensible to own.

A rare value at $1090.

Five-passenger	Touring	- - -	$1090	Detroit	Seven-passenger	Sedan - - -	$1850	Detroit
Seven "	Touring	- - -	1350	"	Seven "	Limousine - - -	2550	"
Two "	Roadster	- - -	1070	"	Seven "	Town Car - - -	2550	"



A Royal Living from a Little Land

IT is a mistaken idea that you *must* live in the country to have the finest, freshest lettuce, juicy tomatoes, tender sweet corn, choice peas and beans and other garden produce.

Whoever has enough ground in his back yard or in a nearby vacant space for a garden can live like a king. All you need is a very little land, the willingness to dig and potter around and the foresight to buy

FERRY'S SEEDS

Why Ferry's Seeds? Extra choice garden things are never accidental. Seeds descended for generations from plants noted for lusciousness and abundance will almost invariably produce luscious, abundant crops. Pedigree profits the planter. Unknown seeds are dear at any price.

Ferry's Seeds are pedigreed seeds. They come from families with known histories and each yearly crop of seeds is tested in the Ferry trial gardens to make sure that the family traits survive, that the strain is running pure and true to type.

Experienced gardeners everywhere know that Ferry's care in seed selection has made Ferry's Seeds most sure of success.

Write today for your free copy of Ferry's Seed Annual. You will value the selected receipts for best ways of cooking vegetables.

Ferry's Seeds are sold by dealers everywhere.

D. M. FERRY & CO.
Detroit, Mich.
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THE MAN WHO WAS AFRAID

(Continued from Page 20)

Those stupid boys—they don't realize! You mustn't go, even to Camp Whitman, Benton. If you got that far you'd probably take it—example, and all that. But there's nothing decided if you refuse even that; you can stay at home—and whatever they do won't amount to anything, because your term's almost out. Think of it! You can stay here, Benton—safe—when the company goes out to-morrow. Timothy says there won't be anything—no court-martial or heavy discipline to face—the War Department won't be able to do much. Everything's all right, dear. You will simply not go!"

She threw her arms about him; but Benton stood rigid.

"That—that's desertion, mother—morally."

"Not for you. You wouldn't go to Mexico in any case. You'd never take that oath. We never meant you should. Nobody decent and Christian goes to war. . . . It's all wrong; a work of the devil. A righteous man has nothing to do with it; and you're out of it—safely—Benton. Oh, my dear! My dear!"

Then, as Benton still stood silent, she drew back from him in terror.

"Why—you don't want to go, Benton!"

The boy looked at her with a face like death.

"Oh, mother," he said, "don't you know me better? Don't you know I couldn't want to go?"

That was the evening when the thing came out of cover and stalked boldly up and down the main-traveled roads of town gossip:

Bennie Clune was not going to the Front—wasn't even going to the main camp!

"Oh, but, my dear, he'll have to! That's desertion, and there's a penalty."

"His mother has arranged for that—and her lawyer. They're not afraid of the consequences. They found out there won't be any heavy ones—Mr. Aitken talked to the Department. . . . And they won't mind what folks think! I think it's a burning shame—a cowardly thing ——"

"Oh, but what could you expect? Why, everybody knows what Bennie used to be like—you'd hardly think he'd stand up to anything with any risk about it."

"Oh, I know, Jim Greely was telling us that he remembers ——"

Yes; it all came out afresh then. All Bennie's dark past roached up its mane and pranced about town recalling to people exactly what Bennie really was. He fell from Benton to Bennie in a jiffy, and all the fine military panoply fell away.

They talked it all over at the farewell dance that night—the dance where Elsie Revere, with flaming cheeks and a rose-and-silver frock, led the march with Pod Fisher. There was no sign of Benton; and, watching Elsie, people whispered again. He was to lose not only honor but love, they said. Elsie was a little soldier-girl—no quitters for her! Bennie must be crazy not to realize; and he was so much in love too! But then, as a few concluded, perhaps it wasn't really true.

Yet it seemed not unlikely. Toward nightfall the Clune household had veiled itself in silence; no member was seen on the streets; the telephone, importunate on behalf of the curious, remained unanswered. There was an editorial in the evening paper referring to "any fellow townsman who shirked his duty and absolved himself on a technicality," with the usual attendant embroidery on "honor" and "manliness."

But, at that, people didn't really believe that he would put it through—would actually quit it cold—until they were forced to; not until, at nine o'clock the next evening, Company X marched out of its Armory and went swinging down to the station in full marching kit, and they saw that Benton Clune wasn't with them. But even then the thing didn't make more than a ripple of interest on the thrilled and watching crowd.

You could hear the noise they all made back in the street where the Clune house stood. The place was darkened but in an upper room two persons sat listening.

The company band was playing Onward, Christian Soldiers! And they could catch the roars of approval as "the boys" swung by. They could almost see it all—the motor, flag-trimmed, with the handful of proud old Grand Army men in it; the vets of the Spanish War, who marched behind; the band; the ambulance detachment; the company in full turnout.

And as he listened, Benton Clune's breath and spirit failed.

"Oh, God!" he whispered, and a great choking sob surged to his throat.

The woman sought to comfort him:

"My boy, let them go; they are fools and do not realize it. . . . Some of them may never come back. It is all wrong—all wrong!"

The noise had moved on to the station, where the specials were waiting. There was a lull; then the night wind came through the blinds, bringing a thread of sound—a man's voice, barytone, singing to the crowd:

"My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died ——"

And, on that, the man in the silent upper room put down his head and sobbed like a child.

"Afraid! . . . Afraid, mother! . . . That's what I am! . . . Not a man—just a lay figure. . . . There's not a dog in the street out there but has more sand—more spirit. . . . I've been a coward all my life. . . . Let's be honest and face the truth. . . . I daren't do what those boys are doing!"

She came and touched his hair softly.

"You're just overwrought, Benton. To-morrow ——"

He sprang up at her touch.

"The truth! It's the truth! Don't you see? It's the coward's part—the one I've always played. And it's your fault, mother. Oh, I've a yellow streak, no doubt; but you helped me—you taught me fear all my life! To be a coward! Think of it! I've had good ancestors, real men—fighting men—Americans! . . . And you—you and I—have let me be like this. Afraid! I want to go, mother—part of me; I want to rush out there and be a man—and I daren't! I'm afraid! . . . That's what I'm like. Coward! Coward!" he screamed suddenly. "Not honor or the girl I love counts—nothing but fear! Fear!

"Mother"—he spoke more calmly—"do you know who they've got down there? Do you know who my marching mates would be? Sam Hedrosian, a naturalized Armenian—Armenian, mother—a shoemaker; and Pat Flynn, a cabman; and the two Schwartz boys, whose father runs the Dutch brewery—they're going out to fight if need be—if they must—for my country—'My country, 'tis of thee'!" He laughed bitterly. "And I am an American, mother—what they call a real one, with roots way back in Colony days. . . . And you—my mother—a Daughter of the Revolution! And I daren't go! I daren't! They are the true Americans, and I—I'm just afraid!"

He flung himself down, his face buried.

For two days no one emerged from the Clune house. On the first morning people observed a figure propped up on their veranda—a dummy figure of a soldier, crudely dressed in brown book muslin, to represent khaki. There was an infant's feeding bottle tied to it and a placard on its breast. One or two got near enough to read it:

I AM THE LATEST WAR BABY.
I ALWAYS STAY AT HOME, SAFE WITH MY MA.
I LET THE OTHER FELLOW DO IT.
I AM THE MAN WHO IS AFRAID!

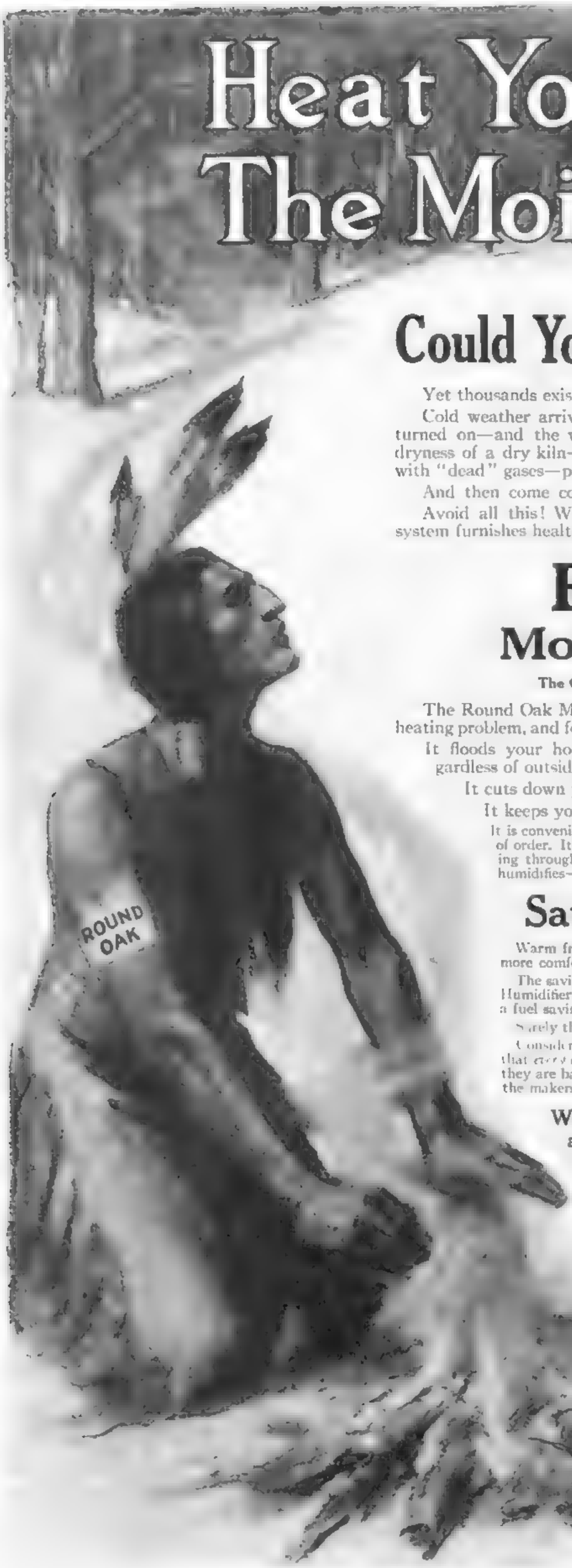
Presently a servant came and removed it.

Toward nightfall of the second day Benton Clune went out of the house for the first time. He walked down the street, looking neither to the right nor the left until he came to Elsie Revere's home. There he stopped and made as though to enter, putting a foot on the first of the veranda steps. As he did so the door opened and Elsie herself came out. At sight of Benton she turned white and seemed about to speak. Then she put out a hand and touched the big flag beyond her. As though its touch heartened her, she lifted a proud head and smiled, instead—not a pretty smile—and let her cool eyes sweep the figure before her from head to foot. After a moment she turned her head away indifferently.

It was on the fourth day after that, when Benton came out of his room and spoke to the white-faced old woman who sat huddled in her chair.

(Concluded on Page 81)

Heat Your Home The Moistair Way!



Could Your Family Live in a Dry Kiln?

Yet thousands exist under conditions *little better!!*

Cold weather arrives. Doors and Windows are shut *tight*. Fresh air is excluded. The heat is turned on—and the whole family hibernates! Now for a winter of hot, stuffy air—air with the dryness of a dry kiln—unhealthful, dangerous! The air is breathed over and over! It fairly reeks with "dead" gases—poisonous, disease breeding.

And then come coughs, colds, headaches, lung diseases, sickness, inefficiency—and the doctor!

Avoid all this! When you build or replace your present heating plant, see that your heating system furnishes healthful air; that is, fresh, warm, *moist* air. Install a

ROUND OAK
Moistair Heating System

The Only Heating System that AUTOMATICALLY Ventilates and Humidifies

The Round Oak Moistair Heating System *absolutely* solves the heating problem, and for a lifetime!

It floods your home with cheery warmth and comfort, regardless of outside blizzards.

It cuts down your fuel bills—burns any fuel.

It keeps your house free from dirt, dust and coal gas.

It is convenient, cleanly, easy to operate—has nothing to ever get out of order. It sends an ever-changing current of warm, *fresh* air circulating through the house. And besides all this, it AUTOMATICALLY humidifies—keeps the air both fresh and *moist*.

Saves Fuel by the Ton

Warm fresh air, *properly humidified* as it is by the Round Oak, is more comfortable at 68 degrees than *dry* air at 75 degrees.

The saving of 7 degrees thus effected by the Round Oak Automatic Humidifier and other exclusive features listed opposite literally means a fuel saving of *one ton in every nine.*

Surely this saving is worth taking into account

Consider that more than 60,000 Round Oak Systems are in use, and that *every one*, so far as we know, is giving satisfaction. Reflect that they are backed by 46 years of experience and that they are made by the makers of the famous *Round Oak* STOVE—then

Write for Valuable Book and Heating Plan— FREE

Handsome illustrated book fully describes this modern plant. With book goes a blank, which filled out and returned to us will [illegible] Heating Plan drawn up by our engineers to meet your exact requirements. Cost of installation, [illegible] goes with Plan. All this involves no obligations to you. Send Coupon NOW

With Book we also send name of nearest authorized dealer selling and installing Round Oak Moistair Heating Systems. Many dealers sell on easy payments. To get the genuine, look for the trademark, which shows the Round Oak Indian

Five Star Points of Round Oak Supremacy

***Health.** Only Heating System that [illegible] HUMIDIFIES

***Comfort.** [illegible]

***Economy.** Longest fire travel all around coil casing, Improved [illegible] blast Ring, extra deep fire pot, extra large combustion chamber affording [illegible]

***Convenience.** Simple regulator controls entire system [illegible] frame cast on—not bolted. Easy to operate.

***Durability.** Materials used stand highest physical tests. All hinge pieces *drilled* [illegible] bolt where [illegible] for generations of service.

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[illegible]

Waiting for you to tap its Greater Comforts and Conveniences

The electric socket on your wall is just a gateway through which you can get not only MORE and BETTER LIGHT, but the many other electrical comforts, conveniences and economies afforded by science and invention.

One key to all that lies behind the socket is the *lamp* you use. What you get from the socket depends upon the *kind* of lamp you use.

You can open the socket wide with EDISON MAZDA LAMPS. Without any increase in your current bills you can, with EDISON MAZDA, make your electric current go three times as far as with old-style carbon lamps.

Since the economy of each individual lamp is multiplied by the number of lamps you use, you get the most light and save the most current for other uses when you put an EDISON MAZDA in every socket in every room.

If your house isn't wired for electricity—now is the time to have it done. In the springtime, in many localities, special house-wiring rates are made. Your lighting company will tell you how little it will cost and show you how simply it is done.

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

Made in U. S. A. and
backed by MAZDA Service

The brighter, whiter, less-expensive light of Edison MAZDA Lamps symbolizes the object of the General Electric Company in its development of *all* the branches of the electrical industry; for its purpose is to make "Electricity for Everybody" not only possible, but economical and practical.

EDISON LAMP WORKS of General Electric Co., Harrison, N. J.

(Concluded from Page 58)

"I'm going, mother. I can't stay and face it out I'm going away where people don't know me. Perhaps I can find it yet—courage."

"Where will you go, Benton?"

"Anywhere to forget—everything. I've come to the end of things here."

He slipped away at dusk. He didn't even buy a ticket. They were making up a freight on a siding and he hid away in an empty box car.

It didn't improve matters back home, his going. "Full quitter's act," of course, people called it. Instructions had come from headquarters to penalize—lightly enough—the deserters who had stayed behind in the various towns. Benton Clune, it was learned, was to be reprimanded severely and assigned to the home recruiting station until the expiration of his term. But Benton wasn't there.

And after a while we forgot him. We were too busy reading about Camp Whitman, and the mud and rainstorms, the hikes and inspections, the Government processes, the potential military cabals, and speculating about war—real war—and our boys in particular. And suddenly Camp Whitman ceased to interest us. Our boys—our Company X—were to go to Mexico at last. The special train would pass through the home town en route.

They were due at eight o'clock; and at seven-thirty the little woman—a strangely aged and stilled woman these last days—who rocked and rocked herself so desolately all day in the big Clune house, looked up at a slight sound in her doorway.

She did not know him for a moment, so tattered and dirty and worn and torn he was. When she recognized him she cried out in terror; and, at that, he came quietly into the room. Under the lamplight he looked even worse, with a face strangely older, harder, and the eyes of one who has faced torture. He was bearded, unkempt, and bore the marks of a man who has, even if futilely, tried to pay his toll among men with fist and right arm. There was a long stripe of purple bruise on his face, and the scars of conflict about him.

"Benton!"

He spoke very quietly, quite without emotion:

"I have come back, mother. Do not ask me where I have been. . . . You may call it hell if you wish. It has been just that. You see, I made a mistake. I tried to run away from it all; I tried different ways—drink—different people—a new life—hard work. But I have found out the truth. If a man knows himself—a man like me—there is only one way." He swung round and faced her. "Mother, the only thing he can do is to fight himself—where he lost himself. That's why I'm here. I've come to ask you for a bit of supper—and a bath. The soldiers' special comes through in half an hour and I am going to meet it. Mother, I'm going to Mexico, and fight—me!"

Then a strange thing happened: the little woman began to sob.

"Perhaps you are right," she said. "You must do what is honorable."

It rained that night and only the persons most concerned went out to meet that train. Few saw the young man in civilian clothes, carrying a military kit, who ran out from the shadows of the freight house and straight toward the officers' section.

Colonel Corey and several others had gotten out and stood on the wet platform. The young man went up to the colonel and saluted.

"I am Benton Clune," he said, "and I've come to ask for another chance. I wrote to you from Downingsville ——"

"I have your letter."

"I wish to go with my company, if it is possible, sir—to take the Federal oath and enter the United States service."

Right up at his left loomed a flat car, loaded with big caissons; but he did not wince.

Our old Corey is a psychologist; a stickler for military etiquette, too, but a diagnostician of situations—and men. He looked at his watch now, quite casually—the big engine was getting up her head, drawing long snorting breaths—then back at Benton.

"Technically you belong here in the recruiting station, Benton; but on receipt of your letter I communicated with Sergeant Mayhew, and the matter has been arranged. You may take the oath and go with the company. You will report immediately to Lieutenant Ainslie."

Then the whistle sounded and Benton Clune started for Mexico.

No; there was no war; no chance for the spectacular; no thrilling dash to assist beleaguered comrades; no message-to-Garcia business; no rescue of a beloved officer, single-handed, in a hail of soft-nosed Mexican bullets—only the chance for reinstatement—to "come back"—that the daily grind of camp life offers. A fellow had to do it by grace of simple daily little things—not an easy matter; yet somehow Benton Clune did it.

You see, everybody knew what the mere first step had cost him—what it meant to break through the wild funk he had gone into; and everybody appreciated it.

Benton wasn't asking any favors either. He kept to himself and asked odds of no one, and bore silently the glances, the innuendoes and patronage of the less friendly spirits; he understood the embarrassment his appearance caused in a jolly, chaffing group, and he bore no rancor. He was alien—set apart by his own act. He threw himself passionately, instead, into the business at hand—set himself the task of becoming a good soldier. And little by little he slipped back into the respect of his comrades. And then came the thing that happened on the Juanarez River.

We got it in the papers via the messages of Special Representative Chester, who went out with the company:

"A brilliant rescue was effected last Saturday, when Private Clune, of Company X, saved the life of Private Hedrosian in the Juanarez River. A small detachment from the company had gone up the Juanarez and, returning, attempted to ford it. A mistake was made in the location of the ford, and not until the party were in midstream was it detected. The crossing they selected, though comparatively shallow, is filled with quicksands, and the men in advance drew back just in time. Unfortunately Private Sam Hedrosian, not realizing the situation, undertook to go through with it. In a few seconds he found himself sinking rapidly.

"For a minute it seemed Hedrosian would lose his life. But even while his comrades were frantically devising a lifeline Private Benton Clune, bringing up the rear, went out into midcurrent and literally pulled Hedrosian out of the jaws of death. He was able to get near him only by making a detour, working upcurrent, and fighting inch by inch for a foothold. His own life was endangered a dozen times, and his comrades will not soon forget the daring and plucky rescue, and the unselfish and generous impulse that led him to offer his life to save a naturalized American soldier."

Well, well! Were we proud? I guess yes! Bennie Clune, our man-who-was-afraid, to do a thing like this, a real man's stunt! To go out and play with death—and voluntarily court the sucking lips of that quicksand! . . . Shows what stuff the boy had in him after all; good stuff!

"Why, he's a regular fellow after all!" we said.

The boys got back only yesterday after four months on the Border.

Good Lord, but we got excited! At least five thousand of us were down there in space hardly enough for one—and all the flags were out again—and the bands—and —— Well, we certainly were glad!

There was an extra force of police to keep back the crowd, but they melted like snowflakes in Hades when the women saw those brown-clad arms and shoulders through the windows. They charged that train like a troop of Boches; and there were mothers and sweethearts and sisters and infant offspring all over the landscape.

And right in the thick of it were two women clinging to each other—one little and elderly; the other young, radiant, clad in white, her arms full of flowers. They went right up to a window where a good-looking, blue-eyed, rather thin young fellow looked out, and they literally ate him up with their eyes. The older one could not speak at all—could only look up, worshiping and weeping; but the younger one held up her flowers, and a soft small hand besides.

But the boy did not take her hand for a moment. He looked down at her, his heart in his eyes, and spoke falteringly:

"Elsie—you said—before I went—the man you marry would be soldier stuff ——"

"He is!" the girl flashed back proudly.

Then they couldn't hear the sound of their own voices for all the joyful racket we made because the boys came home.

Goodyear Tires, Heavy Tourist Tubes and "Tire Saver" Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere

This Tube *Holds* the Needed Air

Whatever the merits of this or that casing, the fact remains that it's *air* that carries the car—and the *tube* that carries the air.

A tube that *won't* carry air, and carry it at pressure day in and day out, is about as diligent an enemy to long casing-life as can be conceived.

A tube that *will* carry air, and hold it under shock and blow, is about the best friend a good casing has.

For the good of your casings, then, and the sake of your own satisfaction, use Goodyear Tubes on your car.

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ONE EVERY MINUTE

(Continued from Page 25)

The office manager read it and returned it to Mr. Shadd. His staring eyes were darting such volleys of interrogations that Shadd volunteered:

"Mr. Lipps, that represents—er—a part of one of my —— Well, you might call it one of my lucky investments. I have made it a practice to trustee one-half of the profits of such deals. I am sure of the income at all events. After my death the principal goes to my—my beneficiaries. My wife is the chief one, of course; but Winifred comes right after her."

"I'll be da—er—I'm sure I'm much obliged to you, Shadd," said the office manager deferentially. "I hope you will visit us and see for yourself what she is like."

"I bet she's a little queen," said Shadd happily, thinking of his own royalty.

"Thank you," said Lipps with respectful gratitude.

Fortune had waved her magic wand over these two men and they had changed positions.

"And you won't say anything about it in the office, will you, Mr. Lipps?" said the modest benefactor.

"No. But say, Shadd —— Well, I never dreamed you—er ——"

"I don't blab my business all over the shop. That particular investment was a little deal of mine in one of the war brides. I closed it out just before the news of the sinking of the Lusitania reached the Street. But the reaction had to come."

"So you said. Well, they are still going down," said Lipps, gazing with a sort of gloomy admiration on Mr. Shadd.

"Are they?"

"Yes; I just had 'em on the phone ——" Lipps stopped himself—too late.

Shadd smiled commiseratingly, lumping Lipps with the Rumneys and the Meiggses and the Paines. Then he observed slowly:

"Well, I've never had any trouble in knowing when to get out. Even before I buy, I figure out at what price I'll let 'em have mine. A man ought to know what profit will satisfy him, and when his price is reached he ought to slide out, no matter if everybody says the stock is going a hundred points higher. Why, when I sold my Undersea ——"

"You didn't have Undersea?" And Lipps stared, awestricken, at this clerk, suddenly revealed a great man.

"Two hun—lots of two hundred shares each, bought at eight and nine—plain nine! I sold one lot at 300 and the other at 301."

"What!" almost shrieked Lipps. "I bought ten shares at 185 and another ten at 200 on inside information, and I thought I was a plunger—paying such prices."

"I wasn't gambling," said Shadd almost reprovingly. "I happened to know what business the Undersea Craft Company stood a good chance of getting."

"How did you know it?"

"I—I—I have a friend, and—— Well, I make it a point to keep posted."

Shadd had doubled his purchases and his profits in the telling; and though he did not yet believe his own lies he found no trouble in making Hen Wilkins an insider.

"Well, I'll be blowed!" exclaimed Lipps, looking at Wilberforce as if he couldn't believe his eyes. "I never should have thought ——"

"You'd never what?" And Shadd frowned, thinking Lipps thought he was lying.

"I'd never have held on to mine if I'd only known you were selling yours," Lipps corrected himself, trying to look as if Shadd were the source of all wisdom.

After what Wilberforce had received in Woodcock's office, the tribute left him calm. His indifference impressed Lipps profoundly and he said:

"You might have told a fellow."

"I—I don't talk about my little deals."

"Little deals?" echoed Lipps, and Shadd was rewarded. "I know you don't, you old oyster!" And the manager slapped Shadd's back tentatively in lieu of the old-time nod.

Shadd noticed that Lipps went into the private office. He never knew what Lipps said; but that night both partners, as they went home, stopped and shook hands with Wilberforce Shadd. And both partners said, most cordially:

"Good night, Shadd."

Lipps said:

"Good night, old chap. I'm not going to thank you again for Winifred. But, say, the next time you have a good thing——"

Shadd shook his head. He knew he should never again gamble. He had no money to gamble with; and, moreover, tip giving was dangerous to a reputation for infallibility.

Lipps frowned. Stinginess with money is bad, but stinginess with stock-market tips is far worse. But Shadd, thinking of Henry Rumney, remarked slowly:

"The last time I gave a tip to a friend he made fifteen thousand dollars. You'd think he would have been grateful, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, I would. I know that I ——"

"Well, he called me a skunk because I didn't make my tip strong enough for him to have mortgaged his home, and so on. He said I ought to have made him buy enough stock to make one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. He blamed me for not making it. We don't speak now. I don't say you'd be the same, Mr. Lipps; but I'd like to keep your friendship."

"No matter what you did to me, I'd be your friend," said Lipps earnestly. "So long as you mean it for the best, I am not the kind to whine if the tip—if things don't come out as we hoped. Just try me, Shadd, the next time you have something good enough for you."

Shadd, noncommittally not answering, turned to his work. Whereupon the manager said:

"Go home, man! People will think I'm a slave driver. You have all day to-morrow. Come on! I'm going your way."

Wilberforce did not wish to go with Lipps, because it suddenly struck him that he had to do too much lying to the manager. He never before had been obliged to lie about anything; but his stock-market winnings somehow made him say things he never meant to say. To begin with, the very winnings did not seem true. He could not quite persuade himself that he really and truly was worth sixty thousand dollars. It, therefore, did not seem any less true to imply that he was worth one hundred and twenty thousand dollars. If you believe in miracles there is no need to be conservative. That is probably why all men magnify their market winnings.

"I've got to finish," said Shadd determinedly.

"That's some employee!" muttered Lipps, thinking of Shadd's wealth and Shadd's loyalty. Then he said: "Fine chap!"

Thinking of Winifred's luck, he wondered what the precise amount might be. Well, it was velvet, anyhow.

**

WILBERFORCE SHADD left the office pleased with himself. Lipps' kindness; the new amiability of both partners; the deference of Molloy and Ross; the respect, bordering on fear, with which he was regarded by the lesser clerks, who had heard whispers of millions—curiously enough did not strengthen his sense of loyalty to the firm. No longer fearing, he no longer could feel grateful. What he thought was that he was a man with two thousand and eighty dollars a year from his salary and three thousand dollars from his investments. This did not give him earnings of five thousand and eighty dollars a year; it gave him the five thousand and eighty dollars without the need to sweat.

He carried his head high. His eyes were bright, his step elastic, his entire bearing that of conquering youth.

His wife was in the kitchenette, and not, as he half expected, in the vestibule, waiting for him as a sort of reception committee. He sought her, his eyes beaming brightly and kindly.

"That sure smells fine!" he vouchsafed, taking a deep inhalation of beefsteak-pie steam; others might as well share his happiness if talk could give it to them.

She turned toward him eyes utterly free from fear; so that he scarcely recognized her.

"Say," she asked bluntly, "what did you tell Mr. Warren?"

"Mr. Warren?" he echoed, and looked blank.

There was no need to lie, but it is always well to play safe; and, moreover, there was a curious expression in her eyes—a sort of challenge that made him uneasy, on general principles.

(Continued on Page 65)

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The Maccabees

(Continued from Page 62)

"Yes; Mr. Warren," she firmly repeated.

He looked at her steadily. Then, having found an excellent answer, he replied with much dignity:

"I said to him I wished to give my wife the sixty thousand dollars I made in Wall Street by investing my money in a stock that everybody said wasn't worth ——"

"He said you had tied it up so that nobody could take it away from you."

"You didn't understand him, my dear."

"He said so, himself," she insisted.

"It's true, in a way," admitted Shadd conciliatingly. "I've given the money to Mr. Warren to invest safely according to law, and hold it in trust for you, so that nobody can touch the income—not even for debt. The money itself is yours."

"How is it mine—and I can't touch it?"

She gazed at him in the utter noncomprehension of a logical mind.

"The idea is to protect you against loss as long as you live."

"Well, I never wanted to lose it."

"You would have if you had bought those Long Island lots, and ——"

"Who wanted to buy Long Island lots?" she said, beginning to blink her eyes.

"Jersey, I meant; or any other wildcat scheme." He felt he was not of the stern stuff of which conquerors of dollars are made; and to conceal his growing weakness before the menace of her tears he asked with a ferocious frown: "How did you know I was in Warren's office?"

"I went there, myself. You hadn't been gone an hour. He said you were the only man he ever heard of who had brains enough to salt away for keeps the money he'd made in Wall Street. That doesn't prove it's my money, does it?"

"Oh, no!" he said deprecatingly, not having heard her last eight words. "Oh, no! I'm not the only man."

"He said so," she asserted.

"Very well, dear." He had done his best to be modest.

She looked at him with the admiration of their courtship days. He felt himself getting first hot and then cold. What if she ever found out the truth about his wisdom? Presently she asked:

"Will you always have the sixty thousand dollars drawing interest?"

"Always."

"You can't lose the money—not even if you try?"

"No."

"Mr. Warren said to me: 'Well, Mrs. Shadd, you don't have to save money. It's already saved for you,' he says. 'All you have to do is to spend your income in having a nice time. You can't be really extravagant,' he says, 'no matter what you do with your money.'"

Mrs. Shadd shook her head to show she didn't believe the lawyer; and looked at her husband to see whether he would confirm Warren.

"He's right," said Shadd in a judicial voice. Then, still judicial, he added: "He did exactly what I told him to do."

But he did not say he told Warren to do it because he wanted to put the money out of the reach of Mrs. Shadd.

"In that case ——" Mrs. Shadd paused and looked frightened.

Her look of fear made Shadd look brave. He prompted encouragingly:

"In that case what?"

"I might have an automobile."

"For what?"

"For me to drive," said Mrs. Shadd uncomfortably. "Mrs. Warren uses Mr. Warren's all the time."

"She does!" sneered Shadd.

"She knows we've got the money," confessed Mrs. Shadd.

She did not tell her husband that Mrs. Warren's new friendliness was something wonderful—especially about giving advice. Mrs. Shadd had been inhaling incense all the afternoon; and, while she was getting her poise back, it had not been an unpleasant experience.

"You'll break your neck," said Shadd crossly.

"Mrs. Warren says it's the easiest thing in the world. I met so many nice people. They all drive their husbands' cars."

"Your husband hasn't any."

"Mr. Warren said no matter what you did, you couldn't lose your money. He said I simply couldn't be extravagant. I don't want to throw away money, but I ——"

"Warren's an ass!" said Shadd.

"But I promised to go with Mrs. Warren to look at some cars to-morrow. They demonstrate them for you, you know. And you don't have to buy if you don't feel like it."

"What's the use of going if you are not going to buy one?" he asked disagreeably. "You'd better tell her you can't go."

"I—I can't, Wilberforce!" she almost wailed. "I said I would. I—I ——" She paused, not liking to admit audibly that she was ashamed to back out. "I—I've just got to go!"

She went over to him and kissed him. Her cheeks were wet. He felt it with his own. He did not kiss her back.

"Damn!" he muttered.

The automobile was hers and he knew it. He hadn't bought a thing for himself. At the rate she was going how long would the money last? What were these women trying to make his wife believe she was?

XXI

BOTH partners believed the stories of Shadd's success in Wall Street. Why shouldn't they? The thitherto taciturn clerk was the kind of expert who could say about a stock "I don't know anything about it!"—and smile. So everybody knew that what he did not know was much more valuable than what other people said they knew.

Shadd, finding that his words were listened to with eager interest, began to think well of the speaker. He perceived that they knew he had beaten the unbeatable game; and they naturally assumed, first, that he had beaten it to the tune of at least a million, and, second, that his triumph was the result of both brains and valor. He perceived, also, that it was not necessary actually to have money in order to be considered a success. It was enough to be suspected of having it. Perceiving these things so clearly, he also perceived no reason why he should not think Wilberforce Shadd was everything the world thought him.

On the same day that poor Mrs. Shadd was literally forced by Mrs. Warren's success worship into buying the automobile, to pay for which Shadd had to borrow the money, anticipating his coupons, Mr. Morris looked up from the Wall Street page of the Tribune and said to Cunningham, the junior partner:

"I thought he lacked ambition, and all the time it was that he didn't need the money. No wonder he was the only man in the office who never asked for a raise!" He spoke as if he had succeeded at last in explaining the utterly inexplicable.

"No," agreed Cunningham perfunctorily. Then, with real animation: "I asked him whether he thought the decline was over. He said he didn't think so. Then I asked him point-blank whether he was doing anything in the market, himself." Cunningham paused to admire his own courage and sagacity.

"Well? Well?" said Morris impatiently.

"He looked me straight in the eyes—you know we used to think we ought to fire him because he always avoided looking at us well, he looked straight at me and said, 'Mr. Cunningham, I am not buying anything.' And so I've decided not to begin averaging yet."

"That's all very well; but why in blazes didn't you ask him whether he was selling 'em?"

"I didn't think of it," confessed Cunningham. "Fool!"

He meant himself. His partner nodded a cordial agreement and said:

"I shouldn't be surprised if he was short ten thousand shares of Structural Steel."

As that particular stock had broken forty points since the sinking of the Lusitania, the little deal would have given Shadd a paper profit of four hundred thousand dollars.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Cunningham, naturally assuming that Morris' surmise was a fact.

"I am going to promote him," went on Mr. Morris with the look of a man bent on doing justice.

"There's no vacancy," objected Cunningham, who saw at once through the subterfuge.

"I—er—we'll create a position in which his judgment will be of value to—er—the firm."

Mr. Morris, thinking of infallible stock-market tips, spoke almost piously. But Cunningham, knowing that Morris hated to raise salaries, pointed out:

"If we do we'll have to pay him more."

"Not at all," denied Morris. "He has his future assured. He doesn't have to worry about panics or business depression or the

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loss of his job. By trusteeing half of his profits he never plays except on velvet. Great trick, that! Probably that's why he has always beaten the game."

"Bet your life!" agreed Cunningham, recalling that he himself had never had any velvet to play on in his life.

"He always," pursued Mr. Morris, still intent on not raising the salary of the man from whose stock-market tips he expected to make a fortune, "is in the contented frame of mind of a man who knows that a nice little income is waiting for him the moment he wants to quit his daily grind. Why, with such a man we have all the benefits of a pension system—at his own expense!"

"Supposing," inquired Cunningham coldly, "he should ask where the promotion comes in?"

"Well," replied Morris, "we'll give the position a high-sounding title. There are men who would rather be spared the humiliation of punching the time clock than get more wages. All a matter of titles!"

"Shadd isn't that kind," said Cunningham. "However, I'll see him; and I'll ——"

"No. I'll talk to him, myself," the senior partner broke in hastily. "He's a valuable man. I'll do it now." And he left the private office.

Cunningham sneered. Then he decided to take Shadd out to luncheon and immediately thereafter invite himself to accompany Mr. Shadd downtown to Mr. Shadd's brokers. He would love to see how that quiet, taciturn man, who had fooled them all for years by keeping his mouth shut, went about the business of making the ticker cram bushels of dollars into his pocket; and ——

"Well," announced Mr. Morris, picking up a letter from his desk so he shouldn't have to face his partner, "I did as you suggested. I raised his salary."

"I suggested?" indignantly interrupted Cunningham.

"Certainly you did."

"Not I," denied Cunningham. "With our increase in expenses, I thought you might give him the title of Imperial ——"

"After I told him that I—we had decided to make him confidential adviser and a sort of assistant general manager, he asked: 'And the salary?' Then, of course, I had to tell him we'd give him an increase of fifty ——"

"Fifty!" yelled Cunningham, sure now that Shadd would give them all to Morris first.

"Fifty per cent," explained Morris. "Why, that's only twenty dollars more a week. It sounds bigger when you say 'An increase of fifty per cent.'"

"Did you ask him whether he was short of the market?" interrupted Cunningham, weary of listening to unessentials.

"No; I didn't. I—did—not!" replied Mr. Morris with much dignity.

"Then, if we don't know what he's doing in the market, what was the sense of increasing his salary?"

"He's an old employee, who should have had an increase long ago," rebuked Morris.

What he did ask Shadd, to use the precise words, was:

"Do you think any big money is to be made on the short side of the market after the big reaction some of the stocks have had?"

And Wilberforce Shadd, at once flattered and frightened by his responsibilities, astutely guessed the kind of answer that Mr. Morris, being long of stocks, desired. So he reverted to the elemental wisdom of children and poker players, and replied:

"Mr. Morris, the time to go short of 'em was when I did—er—I mean, not now."

Whereupon Mr. Morris realized that no increase in salary was too great for this man, who had lifted a great weight off his mind.

XXII

THE stock market had begun to stiffen and, with it, the hopes of the men who, not being so wise as Wilberforce Shadd, had not sold out at the top. To buy or not to buy is always an interesting question with people who have no stocks and do not wish to buy prematurely.

But to people who have stocks bought higher up, and wish to average, the question becomes vital.

Shadd entered the office with a frown on his face, as if he was greatly displeased—not with anything he had heard, but with something he had thought. This, however, did not discourage Lipps, who was waiting for him, his newspaper open at the financial page.

"Good morning, Wilberforce," said the office manager. "How are you this fine spring morning?"

"Lo, Lipps!" short and snappy from Shadd.

"My boy, you haven't answered my question." Mr. Lipps' rebuke was plainly prompted by affection.

"What question?"

"How do you feel?"

"Rotten!"

"Not sick, old man, are you?"

Lipps' face showed real solicitude. If the previous day's strength foreshadowed the resumption of the bull market, it wouldn't do to have the great conqueror of dollars in the hospital.

"No, not sick; only married," answered the philosopher Shadd. "I tell you, Lipps, just as insufficient capital is the cause of ninety-five per cent of our commercial failures, I firmly believe wives —— Oh, pshaw! Let's talk of something else."

Lipps was more than willing to obey his dear Wilberforce. He promptly said:

"I see the market closed pretty firm last night."

He gazed at Shadd, with his soul in his eyes. Shadd, a married man and, therefore, an adept at seeking painful forms of self-torture, instantly thought of the worst thing that could happen to any human being: To see the market go up by leaps and bounds, day after day, with nary a reaction, and he long of nothing—not one share!

He turned to the office manager and said solemnly through his clenched teeth:

"Lipps, we are going to have the biggest boom this country ever saw. Yes; that the world ever saw! Everything that's happened up to now is nothing, absolutely nothing! compared with what's coming!"

Lipps was thrilled by the speaker's voice, by the speaker's look, and by the vision of what the biggest boom this country ever saw would do to the bank account of Mr. Alvin J. Lipps. Then, to convert the bank-book figures into hard cash, he asked with a sort of deferential eagerness:

"What stocks would you buy?"

"Any of them! All of them!" answered Shadd savagely.

Lipps could not help looking disappointed. General tips were never satisfactory. It would be his luck to get into the one dead one in the entire list. He thus began to feel that the boom would do him no good. This thought made him desperate. He asked—almost on his knees:

"Wilberforce, won't you please tell me when you buy anything? I want to trail behind you and keep my mouth shut. If I could get in when you do, and slide out with you, I'd be more than grateful. You don't have to give me any reasons. Just say 'Do this!' and I'll do it."

He looked as he felt—ready to obey Shadd, no matter what the command might be—to the death!

Shadd shook his head.

"I don't know," he said gloomily, "whether I'll ever touch 'em again."

By speaking of American securities as though they were playing cards he gave himself a professional standing that made Lipps, thinking of his unleashed ticker profits, say in genuine distress:

"Don't talk that way, old chap! I don't know what's happened and I don't want to pry into your private affairs. But whatever it is, you want to forget it. If what you say is coming, it's your duty—by George, it is!—to—er—to take advantage of it."

"What's the good?"

"You want to get out of that mood. There is no reason why you shouldn't be contented. You've got everything a man could ask for—money, health, the good will of your fellows, the certainty of a partnership in the old firm before very long ——"

"And a wife!" said Shadd, completing the catalogue of his blessings.

Lipps shook his head commiseratingly, and discreetly kept his mouth shut. Then he ventured on a muttered:

"Too bad!"

It turned Shadd's trouble into words, as verbal sympathy is so apt to do:

"Sometimes, when I think—I don't want to tell you my troubles, Lipps."

Lipps did not want to hear them, but he thought of the future supply of tips. He said:

"Sometimes it helps a man to speak. If you think I can do any good—why, go on and tell me, old man. After all, a friend is a friend."

Lipps was looking sympathetically at Shadd, but he was thinking how hard it was sometimes to tell good tips from bad. The last time he got two at the same time—from a banker and from Vin Markey, the cashier at Kendall & Robert's, a rival firm. Lipps took the banker's tip. The stock went down seven points, while Vin's stock—which he didn't buy—went up twenty-three. What he would do would be to follow not Shadd's tips, but Shadd's actual operations. There would be no bad tips that way. He therefore put his hand on Shadd's shoulder and said fraternally:

"Just what's the matter, brother?"

"I married her because her father was a man who couldn't keep a cent—went through half a dozen fortunes! Never had any money in the house. It made his folks learn to count their pennies. I didn't have very much when I married; but she was—my wife, I mean—she was a great manager. Say, at times she really was what you might call close!" And Shadd, thinking of Ann Elizabeth as she used to be, now looked indignantly at Lipps.

"Some of them are," admitted Lipps reluctantly.

"My mistake," pursued Shadd, "was in letting her know I had made that—that I ever made a cent in Wall Street. I ought to have let her think my salary was all I had."

He shook his head in wonder at his own imbecility. In the old days they used to save money. Now he had been obliged to borrow one-half of the first year's interest on the sixty thousand dollars to pay for the wholly unnecessary automobile. He hadn't spent a cent for himself except for actual necessities. He couldn't afford it!

"You couldn't live on your salary," smilingly expostulated Lipps; he didn't like tightwads; but this was a friend.

"We did, for—er—quite a time," said Shadd, who had become an expert at catching himself in time. "And now she is running round with a lot of hens who have nothing to do but gab and spend their husbands' incomes. Say, she's opened charge accounts in every shop in the city!"

He did not say that Mrs. Warren had made Mrs. Shadd do so, and that Mrs. Shadd had bought nothing.

"It's too bad! But after all, old man, you can afford ——"

"I can't afford to buy a three-hundred —" He paused. Mrs. Shadd had timidly asked for a three-hundred-dollar diamond ring, because all the other women wore them. Shadd went on, the pause barely two seconds long: "—— thousand-dollar pearl necklace, can I? Especially when she'd never wear it, but keep it in the safe-deposit box, afraid she'd lose it. Can I afford it? And a thousand other things a day?"

"You're right."

"She thinks, because I trusteed—er—half my Wall Street winnings, that my principal is income; and, of course, she doesn't see why she shouldn't buy everything that's for sale, and ——"

"Telephone, Mr. Shadd," interrupted an office boy respectfully—the office had decided that the real boss was Shadd, the millionaire, seeing how deferentially he was treated by Mr. Morris, Mr. Cunningham and Mr. Lipps. Jim Molloy and old Ross confirmed the office suspicions.

It was Mrs. Shadd, who at one time feared that Wilberforce might lose his job if he was five minutes late, or if he wore a sporty necktie. The wheels of the ticker had revolved since then, and her new friends were sowing seeds in the garden of her soul.

"Oh, Wilberforce dear!" she said. "The Reverend Ernest West is getting up subscriptions for the most wonderful charity ——"

"Don't you sign any paper!" interrupted Shadd in a shrill voice.

"I haven't. Mrs. Warren wanted me to give him a check, but I told him to see you. He's going to get one thousand strong, healthy orphan boys. Then he's going to buy a thousand acres of good orchard land; and he'll set out one hundred thousand apple trees. The boys will do all the work; it's easy, you know—pruning and mulching, and all that. And by the time the boys are of age Mrs. Warren says the trees will be bearing; and, instead of being the flotsam and jetsam of a great city, or homeless wanderers along the nation's highways, they'll be expert orchardists and rich men. The land costs only fifty thousand dollars—for a thousand acres, dear; just think of it! And the trees ——"

"I see where the Reverend Ernest comes in," said Shadd, cuttingly, and hung up the receiver.

He turned to Lipps, murder in his eyes.

(Concluded on Page 69.)

Thinking of You

HERE is a great big institution which is governed by the same simple, everyday thoughtfulness and anxious desire to please you that makes what your mother cooks for you taste better than anything else.

You know that when your mother prepares a dish for a meal, that dish becomes the *chief feature* of the occasion. Your mother has been careful in selecting the materials, she has been *particular*, she has been watchful—she has been *thinking of you.*

We try to attain what is really a home influence in the preparation of our products.

OF the thousands of hams selected for our curing and smoking only an average of *four out of ten* have just the right firmness of meat, the right proportion of fat, the right smoothness of skin—the self-evident *quality* to earn Wilson Majestic label.

So with the selection of meat for Majestic Bacon. The very choicest pork sides are chosen, and only the *heart* of each side is accepted, to be cured and smoked as Majestic.

There, then, you have the *secret* of the "deliciously different" old-time taste which appeals to and gratifies *particular* people.

AND every step of the curing and smoking and packing is watched and inspected and protected, because we insist that Wilson's Majestic label must be your guaranty of the cleanest, choicest food products.

That label itself says to you: "Here is a food product which is pure; clean, excellent, prepared with respect —and *good.*"

Order Wilson's Majestic Ham and Bacon today. Buy the whole ham or whole piece of bacon, as a matter of economy.

All Wilson and Co. food products are prepared under U. S. Government supervision.

"This mark WILSON & CO. your guarantee"

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Be particular—ask for Wilson's Majestic

The Home of "The Most Beautiful Car in America"

THE Paige Car is made in a mammoth plant which covers more than ten acres of floor space.

Here—in the home of "The Most Beautiful Car in America"—the art of precise manufacturing is found in its highest form of development. There is no guess-work—no "rule of thumb" measurement.

Many of the operations require one one-thousandth of an inch precision, and a rigid, uncompromising inspection system sees to it that these standards are maintained day in and day out.

Paige Cars are manufactured as carefully as the finest Swiss watches. Only the most expert mechanics are employed, and practically every labor-saving device known to modern shop practice has been installed to insure economic production.

The Paige Car is superbly built. For that reason it is a glutton for hard work and constant service.

The Paige Car is superbly designed. For that reason it is universally recognized as "The Most Beautiful Car in America."

Stratford "Six-51" 7-passenger	$1495 f.o.b. Detroit
Linwood "Six-39" 5-passenger	$1175 f.o.b. Detroit

Paige-Detroit Motor Car Co., Detroit, Michigan

(Concluded from Page 66)

"What is it now?" asked the alarmed Lipps.

"A thousand-acre orchard for fifty thousand dollars and one thousand orphans ——"

"A thousand orphans!" interjected Lipps incredulously.

"That's the way she does things," said Shadd.

"A thousand orphans?" repeated Lipps.

These ticker fortunes have a habit of shrinking when the unexpected happens in the stock market, as it always does. But, even though part of Shadd's principal was held in trust, no fortune could stand such an increase in its family.

"One thousand!" Shadd spoke with bitter distinctness. "And she's sending the Reverend Ernest West to get a check from me."

"Are you going to give it to him?" indignantly inquired Lipps, thinking of Winifred's legacy.

"N-no! But"—Shadd paused, for the reaction had left him less murderous—"he'll chin; and if I am polite to him he'll persist. And if I lose my temper and tell him to go to Hades, I'll feel rotten all day. And just when I wanted to keep my head clear!"

"Don't bother! Just you let me see him," said Lipps, thinking that the clearer the head, the better the tip. "I'll tell him!"

He would care for Shadd's fortune with his life. Shadd was a nice chap—and childless.

"Will you?"

"Yes. It won't spoil my appetite!" said Winifred's father.

(THE END)

THE SCENT OF APPLE BLOSSOMS

(Concluded from Page 16)

"Well," he demanded, "what do you want? That was a fine piece of work you did, lying about me to an old friend."

"I got a note for you, Bray," said Doyle.

"Ordering me off the premises, hey?" sneered Bray. "Well, let's see it."

Silently Doyle handed him the note. The Mississippi Mixer read it.

"*Dear Russ:* I can't forget that we were old chums. There are two things waiting for you in the manager's office. One is a ticket to Freeport. If you come there's a job, a job of hard work, waiting for you. You can make good if opportunity and yourself will help. The other thing is a check for a thousand dollars. If you take that, I will know that the Russell Bray I used to pal round with is dead, and I shall never expect to hear from him again.

"Your old friend,

"SAM ORDWAY."

"Is this straight?" demanded Bray of the house detective.

"I know that I had a talk with your friend Ordway before he left," said Doyle. "I told him that you were a likable guy, and maybe if you had a chance that you'd straighten out and ——"

"Quit the preaching! I mean the thousand. Is it there?"

Doyle looked his contempt.

"The cashier will give you the money for the check."

He turned his back as Bray rushed to the manager's office. Five minutes later, a thousand dollars in fifties in his pocket, Bray sauntered down Fifth Avenue. It was a great thing, this having made friends. Even after they got sore at you they sometimes made good. A thousand dollars would just about fix him up so that he could put across a nice little deal that would net him four or five thousand, with no comeback from the police either. Ordway was a soft one! With his pretty little sermon —— Oh, hell, it made Bray sick!

He stopped at the corner of Twenty-ninth Street. He had a hard head, and yesterday's libations had not affected his nerves or his stomach. A good luncheon now. Lucky that Ordway didn't know of the telegram. Well, let him suspect! Bray had his cash. He laughed.

A little fat man, emboldened by the smiling countenance, accosted Bray:

"Excuse me, sir, but I'm getting married."

"Well, don't let me stop you," said Bray.

"N-no, sir. But I'm a stranger in this town, sir. The lady, she's got an old landlady of hers to stand up with her, but I don't know a blamed soul in this town, and—and—it's just this church. I wonder ——"

"Best man, eh?" Bray's eyes narrowed. The little man looked prosperous. "Well, you bet I will."

He was best man at the wedding of Martha Westcott and Garfield Ordway; nor did he decline an invitation to the late breakfast that followed the ceremony. The lady who had "stood up" with the new Mrs. Ordway was much impressed with the bearing and manner of the Mississippi Mixer. She devoted herself to him. Bray hardly heard her. He was amused with idle speculation as to for how much and how easily he could trim the groom; but he started as the landlady said:

"And if it wasn't for someone sending a telegram, with that French lady's name signed to it, to a Mr. Sam Ordway, just think! They'd never met, and ——"

"What's that?" demanded the Mississippi Mixer.

The matron of honor decided that she had not been making so great an impression as she had thought. She repeated with detail. Bray stared at the bridal couple. So he, Russell Bray, had brought them together. "Miss." "Mass." He could visualize the messenger boy stealing thirty cents by altering a letter.

Then Sam Ordway would never know of the dirty trick that Bray had tried to play upon him. Bray felt suddenly ashamed—and glad.

He looked at the bride and groom. By George, they were already in love with each other! And they were going back to a jerk town in Massachusetts, to live like clams, and ——

"See, Martha? I made him promise to search the whole city, and I guess he did, but he got them! My, don't they smell fine? There'll be loads of them right outside your window, Martha, when you wake up to-morrow mornin' back home."

Ordway sniffed loudly as the smiling head waiter brought the bough of apple blossoms to their table.

"Some says orange blossoms, but I says apple blossoms for a bride," he cried. "What do you say, Mr. Bray?"

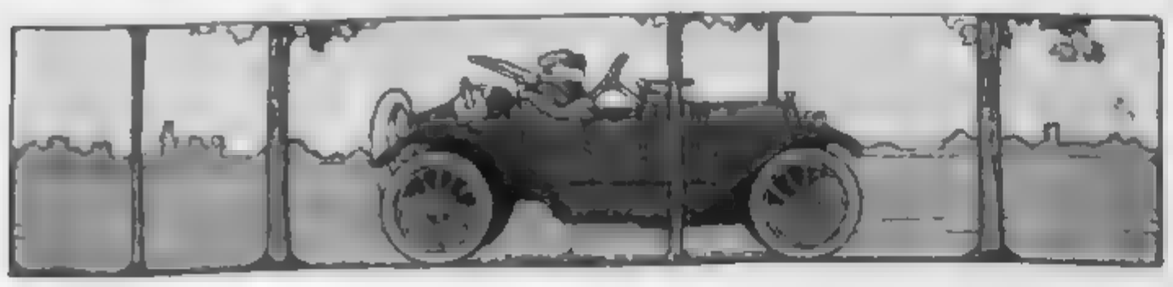
Bray smelled the fragrant odor. He saw himself, fifteen years old, palling round with Sam Ordway. To live like a clam, but —— He rose to his feet.

"I just remember an important engagement, Mr. Ordway," he said. "Will you forgive me if I wish you and your wife all happiness, and leave?"

"But I want to hear from you sometime," protested Ordway. "What's your address, Mr. Bray?"

"My address?" Bray's nostrils quivered faintly. The apple blossoms' fragrance filled the air. He could go back to the hotel, surrender his thousand dollars to the cashier, get the ticket, the ticket to—home! To home, where there were Martha Westcotts that he'd played round with as a boy, only their names were Sally Blair, and Peggy Joralemon, and —— They couldn't all be married, and—he sniffed the apple blossoms once again.

"My address?" he repeated. "It won't be hard for you to remember—it's Freeport, Mississippi."



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Guaranteed With the Williamson *Underfeed*

House Number One—9 rooms, coal bill reduced 50%. House Number Two—$37 heats 8 rooms. House Number Three—9 rooms heated for $36. Read the letters to the left. Then remember that we have thousands of others just as interesting—telling of coal bills cut ½ to ⅔, *guaranteed with the UNDERFEED!*

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The UNDERFEED ... (Signed) Herman W. Koch, 733 Chestnut St., Burlington, Wis.

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"Referring to the New Feed UNDERFEED furnace I can not say enough for it; it has cut my fuel bill more than half. It only cost me $37 this season and we heated 8 rooms and we were good and warm. We have a hard house to heat because it is all opened up. If it hadn't cut my fuel bill any I would not say a word because ... We burnt Cripple Creek Slack, $4.25 a ton." (Signed) Frank Williams, Grand Rapids, Mich.

House No. 3 Saves

The UNDERFEED ... (Signed) C. C. Watson, Butler, Pa.

And all this guaranteed money-saving has a real meaning for you. The UNDERFEED *saves* because, first of all, it burns the cheaper grades of coal without dirt or waste. It *saves* because of its scientific principle by which coal is fed from below—the hot, clean fire always on top in direct contact with the most effective radiating surfaces. It *saves* because smoke, soot and gas are consumed as they pass *up through* the fire. It *saves* because there are no clinkers or partly burned coals—everything reduced to a clean white ash.

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GRANDPA MAKES HIM SICK

(Continued from Page 14)

finally have to get off and lead; and I guess it's some job to drag a horse across the Chimneys!

"And about the time he gets across he'll meet us coming back!" Old Sim laughed long and weirdly. "And then he'll have to turn right round and cross the Chimneys again! Won't he be sick? Soft as a ripe tomato, Bill Hogard is. Nearly all the riding he's ever done has been on a chair in the Palmer House barroom. And about the only kind of criminals he ever caught were peaceful, law-abiding citizens, who just wanted to get drunk a little bit."

They traveled on. Old Sim had picked up a greasewood club, thick and tough, with a huge knob on one end, which caused it to resemble an exaggerated drumstick. With this resourceful implement he enlivened the Weasel's phlegmatic mount, bestowing upon its listless rump thumps of superior puissance, and scandalous invective of the vintage of Forty-nine.

Soon the country became more difficult. The desert growth grew higher and they began to encounter vast fields of cactus growing among the endless stretches of piled bowlders and yucca trees.

Emerging into a comparatively open space they came upon the sheriff. He sat in the stingy shade of a yucca, fanning himself with his hat. About him sat the members of his posse in varying degrees of semi-exhaustion. All were hot, weary and discouraged. Old Sim had been right. The ride across the Chimneys had broken their hearts. Near by stood the sorely tried horses of the party, their noses drooping nearly to the ground.

At first the astonished sheriff saw the Weasel only. He got to his feet as quickly as his stiffened muscles would permit and started to approach the captive, who sat upon his burro, inscrutable and passive.

"Well, Weasel," he exulted, "we've got you, haven't we!"

"*I've* got him!"

Old Sim Yaples gently interposed himself between the prisoner and the sheriff.

"What do you mean?" demanded Hogard. His sinister cross-eyed glare menaced Old Sim. "Ain't I the sheriff of the county? I've been trailing this man. Now I've got him; and I'll take him ——"

"*I've* got him!" Old Sim softly corrected again. "I'm a regular sworn peace officer of the thriving city of Copper Sky. I've arrested this man. We're in another county now—had you thought of that? And you'll *not* take him! He's my prisoner and I'll deliver him at the courthouse in the county seat and collect my reward. I don't trust any man with an eye like yours, Bill Hogard. I'll hang on to my prisoner if all hell pops!"

The old man's bleary eyes met the sinister, cross-eyed glare—and stayed. The sheriff hesitated.

"Where's your warrant?" he asked.

Old Sim relaxed and worried off a chew of tobacco.

"If you look close," he suggested, "you'll see my warrant!"

The sheriff's eyes traveled over the old desert man, took in the enormous star glittering upon his breast, and clung at last to the big shiny revolver in his belt, one brown old claw hovering near - unostentatious but handy.

Tales of Old Sim Yaples, vague tales but dark, recurred to the sheriff's mind; stories of men who had stirred up this viperish old desert rat, and — —

He recalled, moreover, the old fellow's reputed proficiency with that same worn revolver. It was notable, also, that Sim Yaples was always pleasantly willing to use it. . . . He hesitated yet again and the cross-eyes wavered slightly. Old Sim turned.

"Hup ka!" he yelled, and whacked the sleeping jackass upon the same old spot. "*Vamos pronto!* Hup ka!" And he was off over the awful going of the Chimneys.

The sheriff, still irresolute, turned to his posse.

"The old hellion's drunk!" he said. "Maybe it's just as well to humor him a little. We'll let him go ahead a while."

"You better watch that old poison lizard," advised Red Ochiltree. "He's hatching something in that bald head of his."

It was a hideous journey, back over the hot inferno of the Chimneys, across which the sheriff and his posse had already toiled. However, Old Sim Yaples seemed never to tire. His moccasined feet sought surely and with unerring judgment the best going, and his ancient shins always miraculously escaped the knobbed stalks of the wicked desert cactus, appropriately named the Devil's Walking Stick.

And the sheriff, perforce, followed. He dared not lose sight of the prisoner; but his tortured body begged for rest and every step of the way was like the cruel massacre of Saint Bartholomew. So weary he was that he could not think calmly and with the good judgment which should distinguish a man holding his high office.

Old Sim was a constable; there was no gainsaying that. He had made his arrest in another county; that also was not to be denied. To take his prisoner from him by force—that was the problem which worried the sheriff. He could not figure out exactly what would be the result of this proceeding. If only the diabolical old walking machine would stop and camp until tomorrow! Perhaps he could be made drunk; or failing this, perhaps he might be bribed—no, that wouldn't do; the old man already was worth a million, so it was reported. . . .

Over and over the sheriff mulled the problem, until his mind grew as weary as his body. But still the procession wound onward through the devilish desert wilderness, a wilderness high enough to shut out the air and the wider view, but not high enough to shelter one from the brassy sun which beat upon the sheriff's palpitating brain.

Night came. The moon was just coming up over the Panamints when Old Sim at last condescended to camp for the night. Ignoring the sheriff and his posse he helped the Weasel to dismount, took the cuffs from his hands, and gave him his supper. Afterward he put the Weasel carefully to bed and sat by his side while he slept; all through the night his faded old eyes were alert, vigilant and sleepless.

At an ungodly hour he was on the trail again. He had made no noise and the sheriff very nearly got left. The bedeviled officer, awakening barely in time, hustled to horse without any breakfast, and again took up his position at the tail of the procession. The prisoner's hands were now manacled in front of him and he smoked a cigarette.

"Better turn him over to me now, Yaples," called the sheriff as he rode up.

"Much obliged!" retorted Old Sim with elaborate politeness. "But I'm going strong yet, sheriff—that is, for an old 'Grandpa' of Copper Sky!"

Again the sheriff hesitated. The saddle had used him most cruelly and he had had no breakfast. Nor had his sleep been all that it should have been. No man can feel the proud swelling of conscious superiority when his whole body is one grand ache, crying out for food and sleep and comforting embrocations. He fell in behind again.

"I'll ride up close," he said.

"Ride where you dang please," said Old Sim ungraciously, "just so you don't bother my prisoner."

It was yet fifteen miles to the county seat. They had traveled long, but their progress had been slow, for speed was not to be thought of when crossing the Chimneys.

IV

IT WAS late in the afternoon when the motley cavalcade swung into the lower end of the county seat's main street. Old Sim had been drinking for an hour and somewhere he had lost his hat. Before entering the main business section he stopped and led the pack burro ahead. The long rawhide rope was still attached to the Weasel's manacled hands. Sim took the other end and climbed upon his pack donkey with it, sitting astride the mountain of water casks and camp paraphernalia. He kept the rawhide rope ostentatiously in his right hand, thus establishing clearly in the observer's mind that the Weasel was his individual captive. In his left hand he still carried the knob-ended club.

"Better rush him now, sheriff," suggested Ochiltree. "Quick—now ——"

But at that moment, looking straight ahead like a Roman general heading the triumphal march into his home city, Old Sim drew the big revolver from his belt; and again, just for a moment, the sheriff hesitated—just for a moment, but that moment was fatal.

Old Sim's skinny brown hand shot into the air, holding the gun and the rawhide

(Continued on Page 73)

The Man on the Dock

DOWN on a dock at New York, where ships come from afar to discharge their cargoes of crude rubber, is a man with a strange occupation.

He goes from case to bale marking the rubber.

His wonderful skill rejects or accepts the rubber according to its fitness, and the best of it goes to 47 factories of the United States Rubber Company, **the largest rubber manufacturer in the world.**

The man on the dock is the outpost of a scientific organization, a magnificent body of **260 chemists,** engineers and other technically trained men, who, with **841 inspectors,** stand guard over the integrity of the rubber goods made by the United States Rubber Company.

When the rubber moves from dock to factory it meets the advance guard of these men. They sample and test it by the most exacting methods known to the chemistry and physics of rubber. They divide it into classes according to the varying characteristics of its parts. They blend and treat each huge class to make it uniform.

They select and mix these different classes of rubber to get just the combination of desired properties.

This is because each kind of goods made —tires, shoes, garden hose—demands its own peculiar group of specialized characteristics.

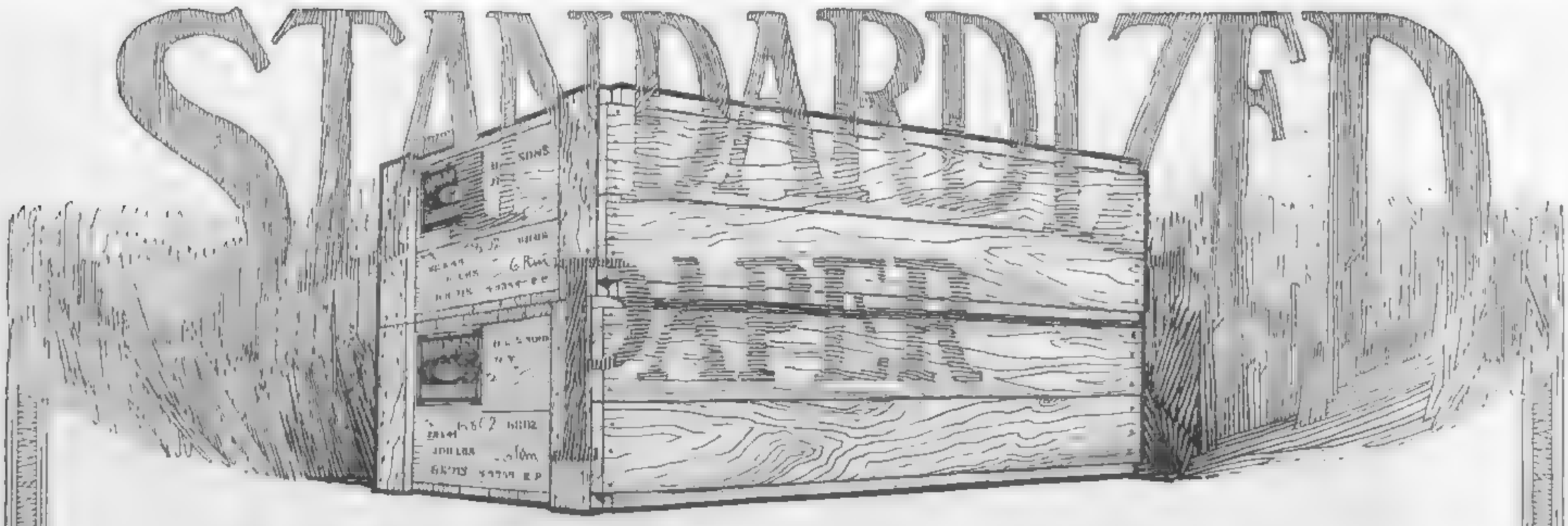
As these various products move through the factory, they pass at every step under the keen eyes of inspectors, alert for flaws and faults.

But not yet do they reach the selling force. The finished factory products are tested repeatedly to see that they conform to the quality standard set for strength, elasticity, softness, resistance to wear, and the effect of heat and light. They are run on special machines that in a few hours duplicate the wear and tear of months of use; and finally pass the last ordeal of severe actual-service tests.

The consummation of all this skill and care is found in every product you buy under the United States Rubber Company's trade-marks.

From the forest tree to the purchaser, this scientific control shines out in all our enormous production—**all styles of rubber footwear; canvas rubber-soled shoes; weather-proof clothing; tires for automobiles, motor trucks and all other vehicles; druggists' rubber goods; insulated wire; soles and heels; belting, hose, packing, mechanical and moulded rubber goods of every description.**

United States Rubber Company



In These Two Cases of Blank Paper Are a Million Dollars in Potential Catalog Sales

When your copy is written and your type is set—

When your drawings are completed and engraved—

When the last proof has been corrected and the final O. K. has gone to the press-room where the forms of your new booklet are locked tight on the press bed—

Then something vital to the success of your booklet happens.

A press-tender wheels a truck-load of blank paper from the stock-room.

This paper is to be the physical structure of your booklet. It is what people will see, feel and hold.

The soul of your booklet may be its message but its body is paper.

The paper can endow your booklet with a beautiful, strong, magnetic personality, or it may make of it a poor, crippled, ugly, limping booklet, stuttering a wonderful message that none will stop to hear.

The press starts to turn. In a few seconds it is rolling away at its usual speed—its standard speed.

Was the paper made to take impressions this fast?

Your fine screen halftones approach, touch and leave a sheet of paper—another sheet—another sheet—another sheet—nearly a thousand an hour!

How are they printing? Are there to be good pages and poor pages in your catalog—good copies and poor copies—copies that make sales and copies that fail?

It's up to the paper.

The printing papers manufactured for fine printing by S. D. Warren & Company are known as Warren Standards because they are standardized papers—whether considered by the sheet, ream, case or carload.

Do you know what the point system did for type?

Do you know what standards in the size and height and alignment of printing types have meant in efficiency, economy, beauty?

Warren's STANDARD

Printing Papers

The Warren Idea of Standardization in printing papers works along the same principle.

Warren's Cameo is *Warren's Cameo*. A case of *Cameo* is not an assortment of good *Cameo* and poor *Cameo*. If you buy a tinted paper of a Warren Standard you do not find some sheets of strong and some of weak tint.

If you buy *Warren's Cumberland Coated* or the still glossier *Warren's Lustro*—the coating will not adhere on some sheets and pick off on others.

One page of *Warren's Silkote* will not be noticeably thicker than another page in the same job. One booklet on *Warren's Printone* will not fold perfectly, while another cracks or "buckles."

The Warren papers are tested, made to a standard—every sheet.

Good printers tune their presses—their ink fountains—their folders—their binders to the standards of Warren's Standard Papers.

Beautiful examples of what may be done with standardized blank paper are in the Warren Suggestion Book. It, as well as interesting supplementary booklets, will be sent you on request. Address

S. D. WARREN & COMPANY, 162 Devonshire St., Boston, Mass.

Manufacturers of Warren's Standard Printing Papers

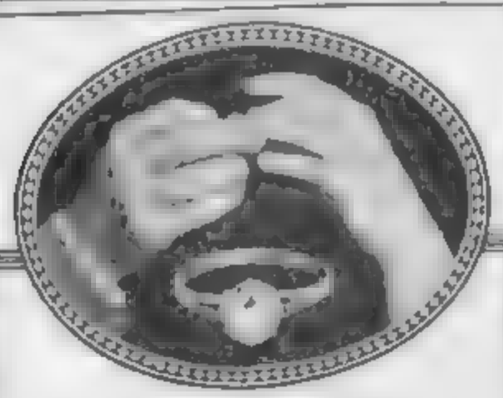
35c, 50c and up at good dealers'

FROM a prisoner of war in one of the European camps comes an urgent request for a couple of Wellington Pipes.

The Wellington
THE UNIVERSAL PIPE

is bringing solid comfort to men of every nation in all parts of the world. Its well catches all the moisture. There's no bubbling—just dry, clean smoke.

WM. DEMUTH & CO., New York



Engagement Rings

Before buying that Ring write for our free illustrated Diamond Book showing many handsome styles, including our Special Diamond Solitaire Engagement Rings from $35 to $350.

For 50 years we have been selling Diamonds. [illegible] in Diamonds. Less than one percent of [illegible] monds mined are fine enough to qualify [illegible] Perfect Solitaire Engagement Ring. Our new Diamond Book tells "the simple truth about Diamonds," information absolutely necessary for intelligent buying. It will save you money.

Daniel Low & Co.

Diamond Merchants since 1867

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Actual search free. Send sketch or model. 90-page, 1917 Edition Patent Book free
GEORGE P. KIMMEL, 211 Barrister Bldg., Washington, D. C

WANTED—AN IDEA! Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." RANDOLPH & CO., Dept. 15 Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.

(Continued from Page 70)

that advertised his prowess. The heavy gun cracked. Chairs went over backward on the Palmer House porch, a block ahead, and the loafers in front of that high-toned hostelry sprang to their feet and looked down the street.

Again the gun popped; and Old Sim, one hand still holding aloft the revolver and the end of the rawhide, the other hand beating time with the knobbed club upon the pessimistic donkey's resounding ribs, lifted up his screeching voice and sang. Unmusical was the song, but full of interest. The accented syllables indicate the beat of the club at regular intervals:

"He *turned* me *down* when I *came* to *town*,
This *cross*-eyed *cus*-to-*mer*;
He *passed* me *by* with his *cold* cross-*eye*—
And *me* an *old*-ti-*mer!*"

At the first bark of Old Sim's gun it developed that the sheriff's horse was gun-shy. The weary brute came to life as though struck by an electric shock, lifted its forefeet into the air, brought them down, and then flung its rear heels skyward. A poor rider at best, the sheriff struggled with it; but the frightened animal refused to consider reason. Another crack of the revolver and it came buck-jumping after the procession as Old Sim, throwing back his bald head, once more emitted the introductory "O-o-o-h—" that always preceded the chorus, the drumstick held aloft; then—thump:

"*Bury* me *deep* in the *clay*, boys!
Pity me *if* you *can*.
Write this *down*, when you *come* to *town*:
'*Beware* of a *cross*-eyed *man*'!"

The crowd on the Palmer House porch roared wild Homeric laughter. Even the prisoner laughed, bending over his irons. As far as one could see, the saloons were pouring the howling citizenry into the street.

The parade moved slowly along between two gathering gales of crude, unrestrained mirth, and still the sheriff struggled with his crazed steed, killing fury in his cross-eyes and his face mottled with exertion. Opposite the Palmer House he lost the reins and thereafter he clung to the saddle horn. Still, with a strange, unreasoning animal perversity, the accursed horse kept its place in the procession; and, though it circled all over the street, it kept going forward. And always, above the din, the voice of Old Sim Yaples, coming to the chorus with that eldritch screech of an afflicted coyote:

"O-o-o-h—" Then—thump:

"*Bury me deep* in the *clay*, boys!
Pity me *if* you *can* ——"

At last to the sheriff's horse came a dim flicker of horse sense. He saw a side street and recognized it as the avenue leading to his livery-stable home. He shot down this side street and the sheriff assisted the departure with savage curses, still clinging to the saddle horn. He was out of the parade for good.

He was through, and he knew it. Not one chance in a thousand would he have of reëlection. Before midnight Old Sim would have related the story to appreciative voters in every saloon of the county seat—of how he had gone alone into the desert and caught the Weasel; of how he had stood off the sheriff and his posse; had maneuvered them into the main street of the town to make fools of them.

"I'll make you sick!" the old man had threatened.

And he had made his word good. The sheriff was indeed sick. His very name, he knew, if mentioned in that town during the next twenty years, would be the signal for a loud, coarse guffaw.

There was something pathetic in the downfall of the man—something deserving of pity; but the desert is pitiful only to the strong.

Old Sim Yaples delivered his prisoner at the courthouse jail as he had promised. Just as he was getting ready to go out and collect his reward he and the Weasel were left together, with no one near.

"Weasel," whispered the old man, "I spent a night here not long ago. This jail won't hold a good man till midnight—and the sheriff will sleep sound to-night, won't he?"

"Sure!" said the Weasel, his quick cunning leaping ahead of Old Sim's words. "What is it? Quick!"

"You remember the stone I leaned back against when we were having our li'l' party at Squaw Rock Water Hole? After I had cuffed you?"

After Meals—*Billiards!*

Of all the hours in the day the "Billiard Hour" is best. Then fathers and mothers gather with their happy brood around the Brunswick Carom or Pocket Table, now the life of thousands of homes.

Dull care vanishes when Billiards starts and sport is king till bedtime comes.

For parties, holidays and leisure hours—for health and happiness—*your home needs billiards.*

BRUNSWICK
HOME BILLIARD TABLES

Live cushions, true angles, fast ever-level bed—on Brunswick Tables your skill will triumph best.

Beautifully built of rare mahogany and oak—life-time construction and scientific playing qualities.

A Size and Style for Every Home

"Quick Demountables" can be set up easily and folded away in a closet when not in use.

"Baby Grand" and "Regulation Grand" for homes with a spare room, basement, loft or private billiard room.

Cues, Balls, Etc., Free

You can enjoy the delights of Carom or Pocket Billiards every day without incessant expense. There is nothing to buy but the table—we include a High Class Brunswick Playing Outfit Free!

Write Today for Color Catalog

Low prices, easy terms and home trial offer all explained in our handsome billiard book and catalog—"Billiards—The Home Magnet."

It pictures all tables in actual colors, shows photos of homes like yours with letters from Brunswick owners that will show you the endless amusement you are missing.

Get this book by return mail free. Send today.

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER COMPANY
Dept. 46 E, 623-633 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Send Your Address Today For Color Catalog

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO. (726)
Dept. 46 E, 623-633 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Send free, postpaid, a copy of your billiard book and color catalog—

"Billiards—The Home Magnet"

and tell about your home trial offer.

NAME _____

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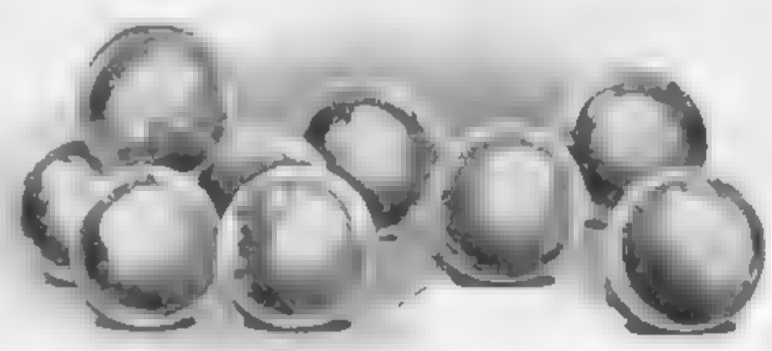
New Departure Ball Bearings



Obviously rolling balls at the points in your automobile mechanism where one part rotates on another, so thoroughly assist performance that less power is required.

Every ball bearing in your motor car adds materially to its performance, its permanence, and its inexpensive operation.

The New Departure Manufacturing Co.

Conrad Patent Licensee

¶ Dinner is never over until Beech-Nut Mints have been served

5¢

Tasteful Confections that Melt on Your Tongue —

Also Beech-Nut Cloves, Beech-Nut Wintergreens, Beech-Nut Chewing Gum

BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY, CANAJOHARIE, N.Y.

"Sure—yes! Come on, old-timer; come on! They'll be back here in a second ——"

"Scrabble in the sand where I sat. You'll find twelve hundred ——"

The jailer came up then, and Old Sim went forth to enter upon a spree that should far outshine the celebration which the now humiliated sheriff had ruined just when it was getting good.

A big round moon stood high above Squaw Rock, making of the landscape a spatter of shadow and white light. Into one of the patches of moonlight came a figure. It looked like a man, but it moved like a wild thing.

Twice it started to approach the rock by the water hole and twice it hesitated. Then it circled entirely round the spot, noiseless, furtive, exactly like an animal that has once found a trap and suspects another. At last the figure ventured nervously into the patch of moonlight and knelt by the rock, digging swiftly in the sand.

Presently there was a low exclamation. The man came to his feet, holding something in his hands. It rustled; also, it clinked with a dull and pleasant sound. There was a gleam, too, as it turned in the moonlight.

"He played square!" whispered the man. "I thought maybe it was a trap—but I risked it. And he played square!"

Perplexity, amazement, exultation and many more emotions were in the attitude of the man as he stood in the patch of moonlight, looking at the double handful of paper and gold.

Then —— A wandering rabbit, perhaps, or a night owl flapping to the ground by the water hole; but an instant after the faint crackle in the brush the patch of moonlight was all white again—and the Weasel had melted into the desert.

EXIT POST-MORTEM MERCHANT

(Concluded from Page 22)

our mistakes and trace them down to their sources. Understand? Look here, Quartersaw, do you know what happens every time goods are returned to us?"

Answering his own question, he handed the furniture man a schedule of thirty-three distinct things that had to be done in such cases. Nine executives were involved and twelve other employees. With considerable labor the research man had ferreted out this schedule from the routine of the store. Roughly he estimated that the money cost of one such transaction, in time and other expense, ranged from five to twenty dollars—sometimes more.

"It cost us somewhere round ten dollars to take back those table pads, Quartersaw. Now I want you to find out—diplomatically—why Mrs. Woodcliff Lake wouldn't keep them."

Later Quartersaw reported this:

"She says they were a week late in reaching her; so she bought elsewhere, not wishing to mar her new mahogany table."

To-day there is a system in that store, developed out of the investigations of the research bureau, which pins the responsibility on the very man who does a thing or doesn't do it. Of course this system, like all others, breaks down at times. But let us suppose that it breaks down in the furniture department and it isn't possible for the executives to tell what particular man is to blame for returned goods, or for something else. In that unhappy event Quartersaw himself must take the full blame, because he is the head of the department. A certain number of demerits are added to his record, anyway, no matter who is at fault in his department; but if the blame cannot be definitely fixed he gets a lot more of these demerits.

Tough? Yes; but the research man smiles and shoulders the blame for Quartersaw's predicament, for the store has cut down its returned goods sixty-five per cent.

Some research work devoted to charge accounts revealed the fact that the store had been neglecting some fertile fields. The credit manager had worked along conventional lines, and had lacked the imagination to undertake a statistical study of potential and actual customers. Curiously it requires imagination on which to base a mathematical inquiry.

"What kinds of charge customers pay the most promptly?" asked the research man of Mr. Cashdue, the credit chief.

"In a general way I should imagine ——" began Cashdue. But the research man didn't care for that variety of imagination.

"Omit generalities," he said. "Have you any exact facts that will show whether our charge customers who work on salaries are better payers than those in business for themselves, or vice versa? Have you ever dissected your credit records to discover whether families that have incomes round twenty-five hundred dollars a year, say, are more desirable relatively than those who have ten thousand? Did you ever take these two classes of families and analyze their purchases for a year, to discover what kinds of goods they bought and what the approximate net profit to the store might be on each class?"

"No; we have never been equipped with the office organization to make such an investigation."

"Did you ever make any such investigation based on groups of our charge customers, classified by ratings? Is the man worth ten thousand dollars as good a customer relatively as the man who ranks in the hundred-thousand-dollar class?"

Cashdue had opinions, but only meager facts.

"Have we ever gone out into suburban districts, or into the city itself, and made systematic studies of the residents, in order to provide ourselves with lists and information on which to carry out a campaign for good credit accounts?"

"No."

"Have we ever made an intelligent research into groups of spot-cash customers—people who have no charge accounts with us, but who might be much more valuable to the store if they had such accounts? Wouldn't it give us a great leverage if we were to list a few thousand of these people with cash in their pockets, and get concrete facts about them?"

Cashdue, of course, had vaguely contemplated the possibility of some of these things; but the research department is organized to turn contemplation and inaction into coördinated investigation, and this credit research is now being made. As the names and facts are gathered, the research man takes them and handles them from the standpoint of the economist and statistician. It is safe to say that ultimately this store will largely increase its credit business along conservative and profitable lines.

Analyzing the store's advertising, this research man found that certain departments were not getting adequate representation. It was found that some lines of goods—notably commercial stationery, linings and jewelry—actually had been given no space at all for nearly a year.

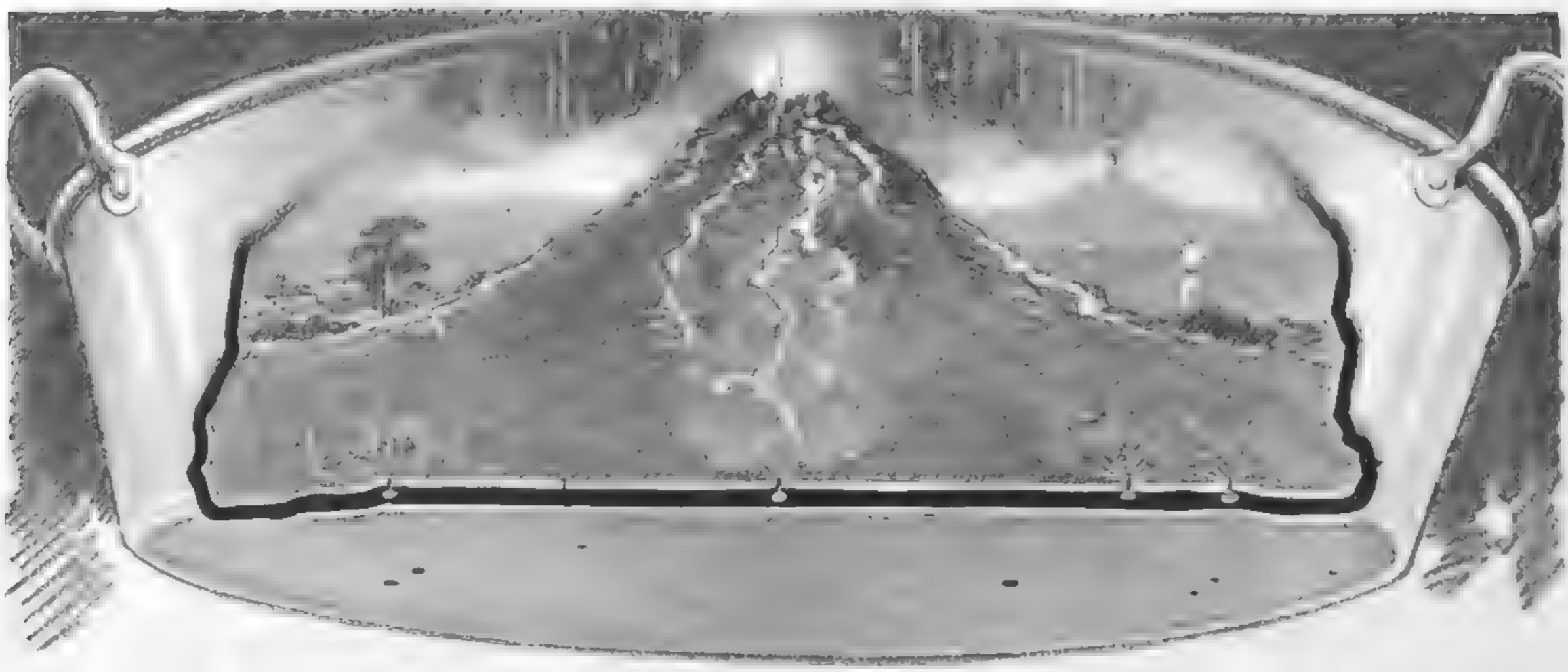
At various times the research man sends his assistants about the store to count the customers who trade at the various departments or who pause to examine goods but do not buy. These lookers are recorded as carefully as the regular customers; and when special advertising is done a certain allowance is made, in the calculation of sales results, for the nonbuying visitors. This factor is called advertising goodwill, on the theory that many of these people will become purchasers at the store in the future.

The men who do the counting of customers use small watchlike machines, which they hold in their hands; and they supplement the bare counts with pencil and notebook. They keep track of men, women and children; young, middle-aged and old; and, for purposes of special study, sometimes note the characteristics of the customers, such as faultfinders, boosters, discriminating or careless buyers, and so on.

Sometimes, for periods of days or weeks, the tally men are stationed at all entrances and a record is made of the total number of shoppers. Similar counts are made at the entrances of competing stores.

All this information is grouped and analyzed. It shows, for example, various kinds of ratio in each department. It shows the sales peaks and valleys, department by department and hour by hour, and thus indicates the number of clerks required. It reveals the time of the average sale in the different lines of goods; and this, when reduced to comparative studies year by year, and in connection with the same studies in other stores, gives important efficiency data.

Post-mortem merchandising is going out of fashion at the big stores. Post-mortems come too late; but the research man forestalls them.



Every Gas Pocket Becomes a Miniature Vesuvius

Imperfections in enameled surfaces come from impurities in the iron underneath. Chief of these are tiny pockets of gas. This gas expands rapidly and irresistibly in the heat required to bake the enamel. As the gas expands it forces through the surrounding iron and enamel coating—just as gases, lava and fire crack open the earth's surface in volcanic eruptions.

You know the result—rough places, blisters, easily cracked enamel and rapidly rusting base metal. Because of its comparative freedom from these gas pockets, because of its purity and evenness, many manufacturers of enameled products use

ARMCO IRON

Armco (American Ingot) Iron prevents waste. When you buy products made from it you have the most durable iron made. Whether galvanized, enameled or in plain sheets it stands up against corrosion or rust. Its purchase is economy.

The use of Armco Iron for enameled products insures a perfectly enameled surface which is easy to keep clean; is sanitary and a pleasure, besides, to the housewife's eye.

Manufacturers of enameled ware benefit by using Armco. It adds, of course, to the quality of their products. A far greater advantage, though, lies in the prevention of waste. Imperfect pieces are reduced to a minimum—there are practically no culls.

The distinguishing virtues of Armco Iron—rust resistance, enameling qualities, welding properties, electrical conductivity, workability—do not rest on its purity alone. Although it is the purest iron made, every step in its manufacture and handling is the subject of scientific and conscientious care. As a result it is most nearly perfect in respect to evenness and all the other qualities that form the basis of rust-resistance and waste prevention.

Of the many products made of Armco Iron these are representative: Furnace Radiators; Ventilator Ducts; Enameled products of all kinds; Kaustine Waterless Toilets; Metal Lath; Water Tanks; Boiler Tubes; Grave Vaults and Caskets; Corrugated Culverts; Underground storage tanks; Roofing; Fencing; etc.

If you have trouble securing any sheet metal product you want made of Armco Iron write to us. We will put you in touch with a manufacturer or dealer who will supply you.

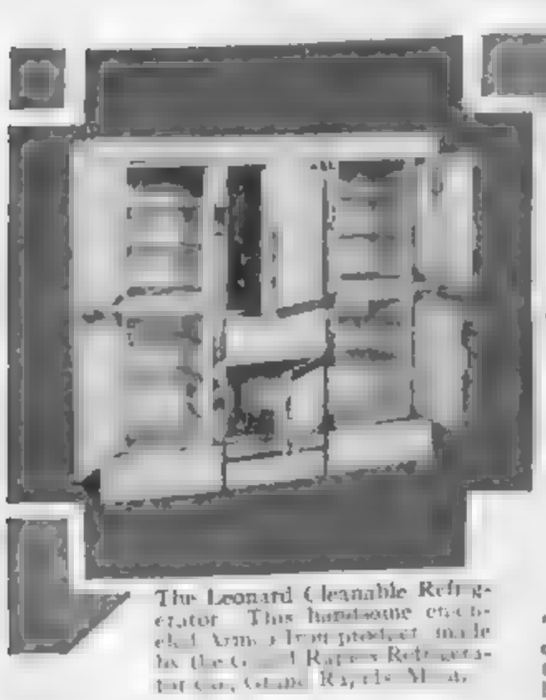
Write for "The Story of Armco Iron"—Free. Any maker, any user of enameled products should know the superiority of Armco Iron. The whole story is told in this book. Get it today.

Manufacturers with special problems are invited to call on Armco Laboratories for data and research. They are both able and willing to render effective assistance.

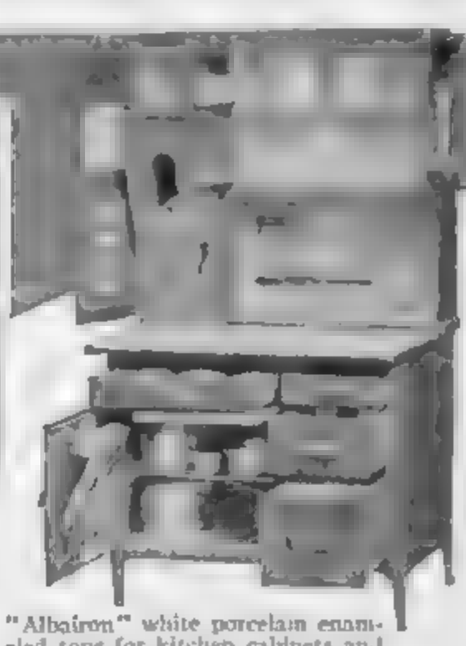
THE AMERICAN ROLLING MILL COMPANY, Box 844, Middletown, Ohio

Licensed Manufacturers under Patents Granted to The International Metal Products Company

BRANCH OFFICES: Chicago Pittsburgh Detroit New York St. Louis Cincinnati Cleveland San Francisco Atlanta



The Leonard Cleanable Refrigerator. This handsome enameled Armco Iron product made by the Leonard Refrigerator Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.

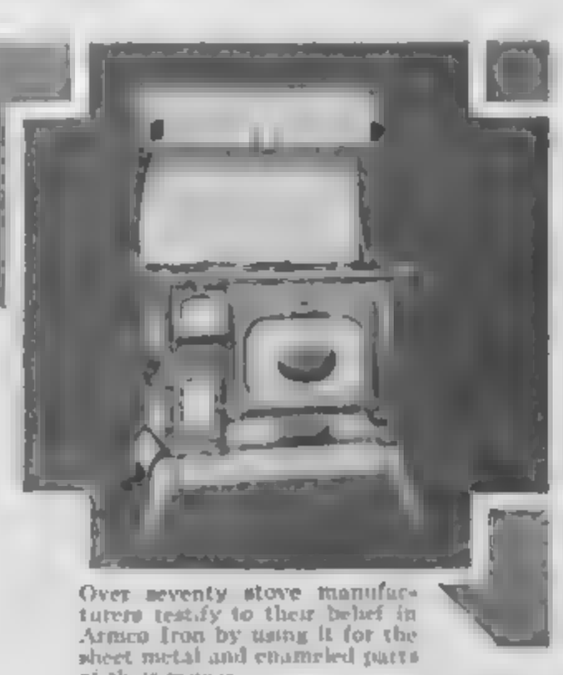


"Albairon" white porcelain enameled tops for kitchen cabinets and tables, manufactured of Armco Iron by the Enamel Products Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

"Albairon" white porcelain enameled tops for kitchen cabinets and tables are manufactured of Armco Iron by the Enamel Products Co., of Cleveland, Ohio, for the following firms: Cambell-Smith-Ritchie Co., Lehman Bat Company, Brown & Zook Manufacturing Co., Nappanee, Ind., the I. X. L. Furniture Co., Goshen, Ind., and Wenatch Endicott Co., of Andrews, Ind.

Perfect results in the work shown in the Armco Iron Enamel Tank made on an Armco Iron base by the Kalamazoo Stamping Mfg. Company, Kalamazoo, Mich.

The trade-mark ARMCO carries the assurance that iron bearing that mark is manufactured by The American Rolling Mill Company with the skill, intelligence and fidelity associated with its products, and hence can be depended upon to possess in the highest degree the merit claimed for it.

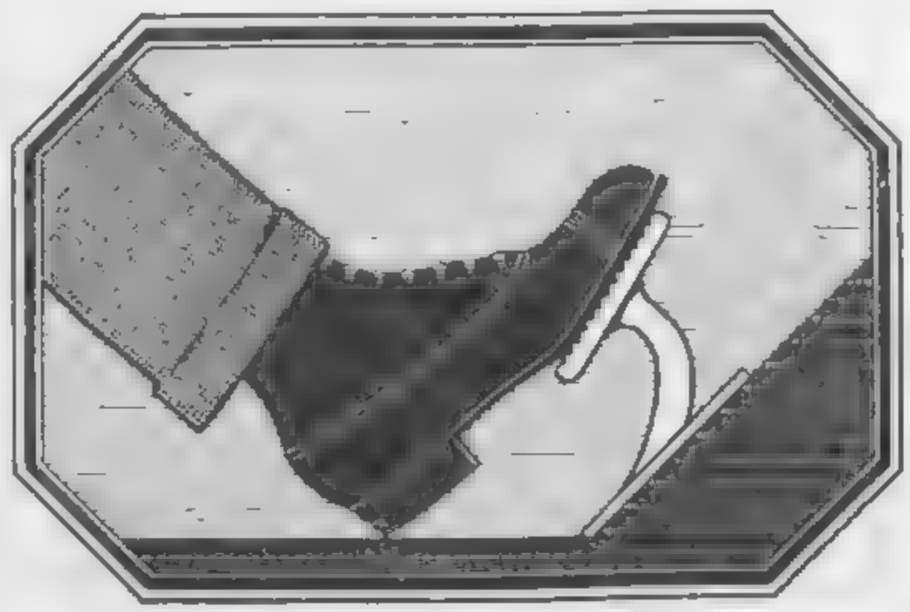


Over seventy stove manufacturers testify to their belief in Armco Iron by using it for the sheet metal and enameled parts of their ranges.

ARMCO IRON Resists Rust

How often do you press the brake pedal ?

←LOOK FOR THE SILVER EDGE→



You can't expect to get more out of your brakes than you put into them

YOU are particular about the tires you buy. Are you quite so careful when selecting brake lining? Both are equally important and in continuous use when car is running. Service in each case depends upon quality. Inferior tires are worthless. "Cheap" lining goes to pieces quickly. You can't expect to get wear out of your brakes unless you put wear into them. Safety, surety, prompt action are weighed in the balance. Why not pay a few cents more for genuine Raybestos? Remember that—

Raybestos

BRAKE LINING WEARS

It wears like a strip of steel—solid wear all the way through. And every foot of Raybestos possesses that *necessary* hardness which means wear. For the sake of safety and economy, avoid imitations. The Silver Edge prevents substitution. Patronize one of the 12,000 reliable dealers who sell Raybestos—*the brake lining that wears!*

The Raybestos Company, Bridgeport, Conn.

SOMETHING YET AGAIN: CHEMICAL CONTROL

(Continued from Page 17)

Again and again the banking experts of other countries have pointed out dangerous tendencies in the German scheme of finance and predicted a smash-up; but the German scheme has simply gone on working. It gets results for the Germans, whatever it might lead to in other countries.

Here is one illustration: The incandescent gas mantle, developed from rare earths that were nothing but mineral curiosities a generation ago, gave the gaslighting industry of the world a new means of growing in the face of electrical competition. When the war broke out supplies of thoria, which had come wholly from Germany, were stopped. John Bull was in a bad way for material, as we were ourselves. Investigation showed that the best deposits of thoria were in India, a British possession; but that German chemistry, backed by German banking, had secured a monopoly of these deposits, which had been worked for years at very high profits. John Bull had to take steps to gain control of his own thoria. The United States has deposits too.

When the American chemist goes to our bankers he finds a very different state of affairs. The average American banker has no conception of chemical values in industry, and is not able, under our banking laws, to do much about it if he had.

Our banking system has been compared to a pawnshop. Until lately it lent money, chiefly on stocks and bonds, to gentlemen who wanted capital for extending their speculative enterprises. You brought your securities to the banker just about as you would take your watch to your uncle, and the banker, after applying a drop of acid to your valuables, handed over part of what they were worth as a loan, and locked them up in his safe as a pledge.

Our new banking law extended the system to foreign commercial paper and to trade acceptances. Acceptances for merchandise bought of manufacturers or jobbers, and other negotiable instruments arising from trade and commerce, became rediscountable pledges for bank loans.

When Science and Capital Combine

We are now entering on a new era in business, when chemical industries and chemical control will need vast sums of money for development. Because our banking facilities are inflexible, it is difficult to get bank funds for these developments. The chemist does not blame the banker for legal restrictions imposed upon him by our banking system; but he does think the banker's knowledge of chemical values can be improved. If you take an article of value to a sure-enough pawnbroker, he will appraise it in a few minutes, and very shrewdly. It may be a watch or diamond, or your overcoat or ukulele—no matter; he knows values. But many a banker is not even a good pawnbroker within his own field. Though he has a fairly good eye for the things in which he is accustomed to deal, such as a listed railroad stock, a public-service bond, an industrial stock or a piece of commercial paper, there are other sound business assets that he does not understand, because he knows very little about the character of the business involved.

Sometimes he is timid and refuses to lend at all; while, again, he deceives himself and lends too much. When an enterprise involving chemical control is brought to him he will perhaps not see it at all. This is a bad state of affairs, for during the next ten years our industries are going to be improved and enlarged along this chemical line.

Even where the banker cannot furnish capital directly, his understanding and coöperation will help in securing it from promoters and investors not restricted by our banking system.

It is not well to scold the banker too harshly, however, for the importance of chemical control is not generally understood by the average business man. Almost any consulting chemist can point out factories in different industries that are operating on incorrect chemical principles. The fundamental chemical processes involved in their activities are wrong, and sooner or later they must fail, either of themselves or in competition with efficient competitors here or abroad. It is a hard job to straighten out these obscure chemical tangles, considering the lack of technical knowledge and the inertia of many business men.

A certain big corporation has a chemist on its staff. Several years ago this chemist worked out an improved process for making some of its products. Two hundred thousand dollars' worth of new machinery was needed to install the process, effecting remarkable economies in production cost. The chemist appeared before the board of directors again and again, explaining the technical details, but got no attention. The board simply yawned or looked up at the stars when he talked about his reactions and refinements, and said "Theory—blue sky—too much up in the air for us!" Meantime old methods were causing losses of thousands of dollars every month. One day the chemist appeared with a new argument.

"If you install this improved process," he said, "you might be able to sell the old machinery to some competitor. It will kill him to use it."

That so tickled the directors as a practical business maneuver that they ordered in his process immediately.

Insurance Against Costly Mistakes

The war emergency caused a shortage in a certain kind of imported material and led to the formation of a company to manufacture the stuff here, from substances found in a Western State. The management of this company called in a consulting chemist to advise on what it considered minor details of the process. The chemist outlined a complete plant, calling for an investment of twice the capital that had been thought necessary.

This looked preposterous to the management, and a civil engineer was engaged to design and erect a cheaper plant. He was a good civil engineer and built a factory beautiful in every way from the mechanical standpoint. Materials are taken in and handled with all the latest mechanical refinements; but the whole product rests on organic chemistry, and that plant will surely fail unless remodeled on a basis of chemical control.

It will fail and a group of investors will lose perhaps a quarter of a million dollars. Then a second company will tackle the problem, profit by the mistakes of the first and come nearer success. By that time, however, methods abroad may have been improved, and the second plant may fail. When a third company enters the field it may succeed; and so we shall have finally learned to make the stuff.

This is a wasteful way of establishing new industries. The Germans found that out long ago. They learned that they could not afford it.

The Germans spend just as little money as possible on their mistakes, at the same time making their mistakes large enough, so that a new industry is transplanted from the laboratory to actual business. A chemist can usually get wonderful results in the laboratory. He works out a new product or process, covering every possible factor and contingency, and attains eighty per cent efficiency, ninety per cent—maybe a clean hundred. He knows that things will not work like that in actual manufacturing, however; for when large quantities of material are manipulated, with differences in mass, temperature, time, and so on, results will be quite different. In the factory he will have to invent his process all over again.

Where we do this secondary research work in a plant built on a scale for making stuff to supply demand, the Germans have a thrifty way of building a test factory, at a cost of ten thousand, twenty thousand or fifty thousand dollars—as little capital as possible, but still enough. This test plant may not be intended for making a product to sell, but to determine the conditions under which a real factory must be built and operated. When the Germans know they go further; and if the project is not chemically or industrially or commercially feasible they drop it, and consider the money spent in finding out things well invested—a sort of mistake insurance, safeguarding national business affairs.

"Why can't American chemists do as well as those Germans?" the man in the street has been asking lately.

Dyes

THE Chemical Manufacturing Plants of The Sherwin-Williams Company located at Kensington, Ills., which commenced operations early in 1916, have recently been greatly extended.

Since the opening of the plants in March 1916 approximately 250,000 pounds of Beta-Napthol and 200,000 pounds of Paranitraniline have been produced. The quality of these materials has been in every respect equal to the best standards of the world's markets before the war. Additional machinery is now being installed which will greatly increase the daily output of these two important dye materials.

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All organic chemicals are manufactured at the Company's plant from refined coal tar products, Benzol, Toluol, Xylol and Napthalene. The Company also operates its own Aniline Plant with a daily capacity of five tons of Aniline Oil. The Company operates plants for the manufacture of Glacial Acetic Acid, partly with a view to utilizing by-products, and also to follow its well defined policy of logical, efficient and conservative development. The Company is also producing a limited number of dyestuffs for textile and similar uses and is gradually adding to and augmenting this line.

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There has never been any reason to reproach American chemists—or British chemists, either—when it comes to actual scientific achievements. Their results compare well with those of any other nation. Indeed, the American chemist, in discussing pure science, sometimes discounts the Germans, maintaining that their results show not scientific ability so much as ability to organize other people's discoveries commercially, and hand the results over the counter in a package.

However this may be, the man in the street often gets the product first bearing a German label and thinks the Germans made it all out of the air. Undoubtedly the German deserves all the credit he gets through his business organization, for that is a kind of genius, too, and one which we now see must be developed. In every case where American scientific discoveries have been backed up by American capital and commercial organization, results have been remarkable.

How shall we go to work to bring chemical knowledge and business organization together?

The chemist has been thinking about this ever since the war started, because the man in the street, on one hand, has been asking him what he is going to do to supply shortcomings in our industrial world, and the banker and business man, on the other hand, have been backward in coöperating with him to develop the chemical side of our industries. The chemist says we must begin by all getting together, for explanation and mutual education.

Bankers and business men must get the chemical viewpoint and learn to pass on chemical values. They now call in the engineer for professional guidance when they make investments and start new enterprises. They must learn to call in the chemist, in the same way, and use his knowledge in clearing up technical problems. Their relation with the engineer was not established in a day.

A similar relation with the chemist will take time. For the present, they should cultivate an acquaintance with chemists and do a little chemical reading.

The chemist, on his part, recognizes that he has been too closely absorbed in his profession, and that he must now cultivate the acquaintance of the banker, the business man and the man in the street, and show them where chemistry touches everything in modern life.

Suitable Provocation

ACCORDING to Andrew Mack, a friend of his, a retired contractor of New York residence but of Irish birth, a Fenian at heart and a fighter by instinct, was returning from a voyage abroad. One frosty evening he lay in his steamer chair, snugly wrapped in a plaid steamer shawl, when a little Cockney, for whom he had a personal as well as racial distaste, halted on the deck alongside the old Irishman to shiver.

The newcomer wore no overcoat and he suffered cruelly in the icy breeze that swept across the Atlantic and whistled through the rigging and the smokestacks. For a little while Mack's friend observed the sufferings of the other in silence.

Then he spoke to him; and his voice was very sweet and kind.

"For why do you stand there and shake?" he asked.

"It's like this," stated the Cockney from between his chattering teeth: "If Hi go below, the 'eat makes me seasick; and so Hi 'ave to come up again. But Hi didn't bring me overcoat with me; and so Hi almost freeze."

"Thot's too bad!" commiserated the Irishman. "Why don't you take this here thick, warrum blanket of mine and wrap yourself up in it?"

"But, Hi say, what would you do?" asked the Cockney.

"Me?" roared the Irishman in an entirely different tone, as he moistened the palms of his two hands and straightened up. "I'd knock the hell out of you!"

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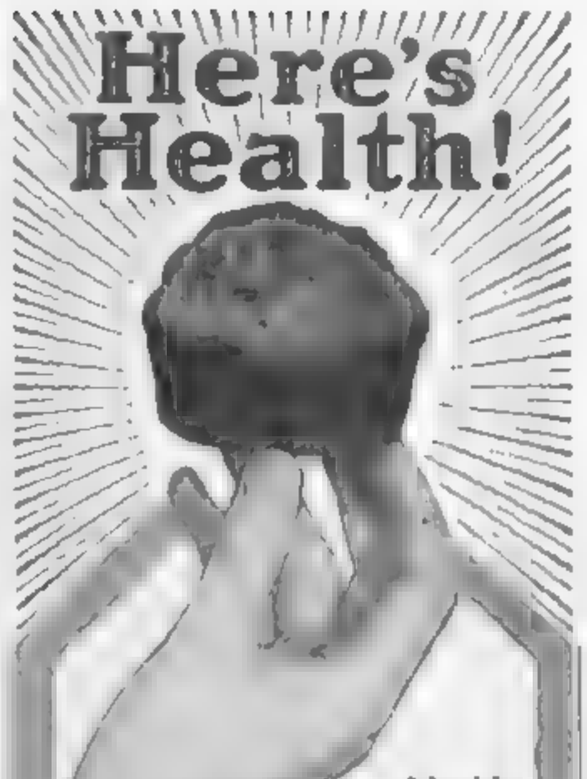

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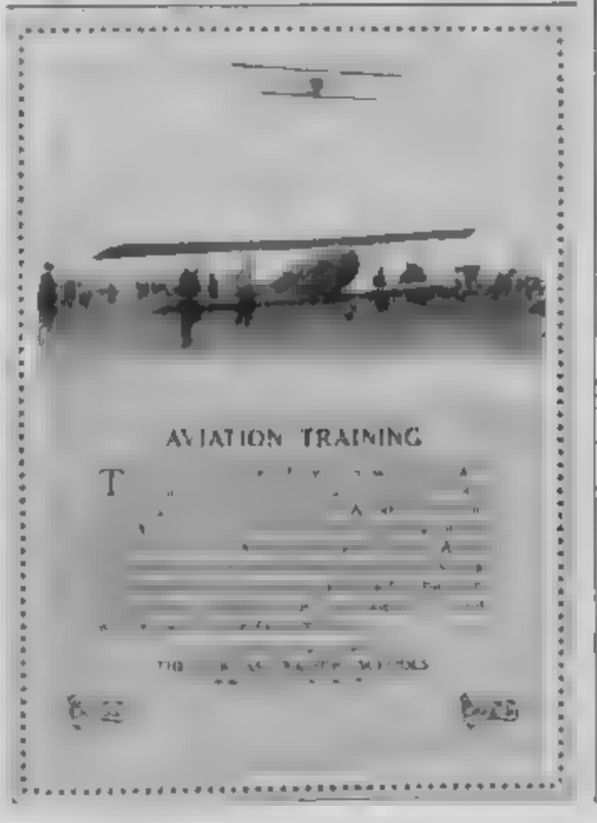

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A unique situation exists in Motordom today—one never met before.

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It has won all the stock-car records which can demonstrate supremacy. It has excelled in all feats of endurance.

It gives to the Hudson a pinnacle place, which rivals have not equaled.

It is vital that you know why. There is a medley of types—Sixes, Eights and Twelves—all opposed to the Super-Six. You must know the facts to form judgment.

Friction is the Foe

Why was the Six-type adopted?

Why was the heavy Six abandoned for the small-bore Light Six type?

Why did the Light Six—in 1915—seem to be a waning type? Why did many leading makers, including the Hudson, test out Eights and Twelves?

The answer to all is Friction. Too much power was wasted through motor vibration. Too much wear was caused by the resulting friction.

That was the Light Six limitation. And the trend toward V-types was an effort to reduce it.

The Best Solution

Hudson engineers, in the Super-Six invention, offered the best solution. They kept the Light Six. But they added 80 per cent to the motor's efficiency by reducing the vibration.

The Super-Six isn't perfect. It doesn't completely end friction. If it did we should have perpetual motion. But it comes close to perfection—so nearly ends friction—that there is no probability of getting any nearer.

It has done in the Hudson what a motor car never did before. It has made records in speed, in power and endurance such as all men deemed impossible. And Hudson stands today, beyond any question, the greatest motor car in existence.

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The amazing records made by Hudson Super-Six have all been due to super-endurance.

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It was all through endurance.

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THE HOUSE OF CRAIGENSIDE

(Continued from Page 5)

"I'm not an imaginary man," said Dave, disgruntled. "God knows Amos had enough on his conscience to walk after death, and I should know the mark of his foot if any man should. We were boys together."

"And you have seen this mark?"

"Call me a liar seven times," asseverated the fisherman. "I have seen tracks of the thing in the sand as plain as a pikestaff."

"Of old Amos?"

"Of old Amos, certain."

"How do you prove this?"

Dave leaned forward mysteriously:

"Because this was the track of a man with six toes on his right foot. Now you know as well as I do that old Amos had six toes. That was the deviltry of him, wasn't it? No natural man would have six toes. Of course that's only my way of looking at it. Every man is entitled to his own opinion."

"You have seen this six-toed track?"

"As plain as I see you. I was coming in from my weirs at sunrise, and just as I was passing the tomb I happened to look down, and didn't I see the sprawling mark of it there in the sand!"

"And was it coming or going?"

"That I can't say because I didn't stop to consider. I didn't wait for aye, yes or no."

"Wait a moment," said the doctor, shaking with silent laughter. "You are familiar enough with ghosts by this time, aren't you, Dave?"

"Yes, I am," said Crooker stoutly. "There ain't a man along this coast that has had more to do with 'em than I have. What I mean—that has come into more downright contact with 'em. I have had my grandfather and my two maiden aunts perching on the foot of my bed at one and the same sitting, and you ain't the man to argue me out of what I have seen with my own eyes."

"Well, then," went on the doctor, "I'm not denying it. I simply ask you, man to man, Did ever you know a ghost to leave a track in any way, shape or manner?"

"There has to be a first time with everything," said the fisherman, undaunted.

V

WE LAUGHED him out of sight, and thought nothing more of him at the time; and yet wrapped in the little fisherman's simple tale of a ghost record on the sands of the dunes was the germ of a mystery destined to have a terrible solution.

It is hard to credit even now the strange way in which the fortunes of the house of Craigenside were caught up in the folds of that mad Oriental nightmare which played itself out along this solitary coast. I have recalled the house to memory many times; and Mercy Cobb's mansion crouching in its shadow, shining under the moon with a wan light on its gray shingles, and bringing back the night when I encountered within its walls the scarlet figure which had become so puzzling and monstrous a problem to us. And even while standing there, with the dunes in prospect, I find it hard to summon in all their reality the details of that vain phantasmagoria of living men in the clutch of false gods. The dunes seem calm and lonely and secure. Sea goldenrod runs riot over the tomb of the Craigensides. The whole waterside is as serene as an old maid's sunbonnet. And yet I know that the things are literally true which had their rise in the first coming to Silver Glade of Mr. James Smith, the ornithologist, an event which occurred on the morning of our discussion of Dave Crooker's ghost.

James Smith was a huge, pasty, quaking man, with skin of a yellow pallor. His most striking characteristic was a lamentable and comprehensive baldness. He was bald in the usual manner, and beyond this he had no eyebrows, no eyelashes and no hair behind the ears. Just above the bridge of his nose he bore a protuberance, a small white knoll of flesh, which in moments of stress grew scarlet from a rush of blood into it. And this scarlet knoll accentuated the glossy pallor of his cranial arch and made him rather ghastly on a first acquaintance.

Moreover, although he spoke the best of English, there was a haunting foreign suggestion in the cast of his countenance which at first led me to think of a highly cultured Eskimo, and later of a still more gifted Mongol. The name James Smith ill sorted with this intimation of outlandish character.

The worst of Mr. Smith was in his eyes. They were grayish in color, drawn to a perpetual squint, perhaps instinctively and owing to a lack of lashes. The lid appeared double. When listening he often closed these eyes altogether, and then when he opened them the lid drew back with a slow, snakish motion, and there the eye appeared again, fixed as if it had all along been staring through the lid itself. I did not like the eyes of Mr. Smith. I did not like any part of him.

Very early on the second morning of his visit his shadow fell across us as we were polishing canoes. The sun had risen, and behind us the shopworn pines of the Glade loomed sallow green. Mr. Smith wore carpet slippers; he talked quietly of the beauty of the spot, and of its calm, its holy calm.

He raised his eyes to the dunes. Their tawny flanks were in dazzling contrast with the exceeding blueness of the morning sea and with the worn black hull of the Asphodel.

"The world in a crystal," he said pleasantly. "It is like the projection of a hypnagogist, isn't it, gentlemen?"

We assured him that it was. We were excessively amiable young men. With his eyes still on the dunes he inquired how the flight of black heron was along the coast.

In this way we came to know that he was an ornithologist.

"I am wise enough to have a hobby for my old age," he said jocosely. He was not an old man.

He gave us to understand that he appeased his intellect and exercised his legs by taking photographs of sea birds in their native haunts.

"I have special apparatus for creeping up on them," he said.

His apparatus was ingenious, as we discovered by sculling over toward his favorite dune one sultry mid-afternoon.

His method was to ensconce himself in a great burlap bag, held by wires to something the shape of a barrel. This bag had two holes in it, one for the eye of Mr. James Smith and one for the eye of his camera. So equipped, he selected some spot among the dunes, and settling back on a little plush-covered hassock became by slow degrees part and parcel of the scant scenery.

Nothing could be simpler, nor yet better calculated to get characteristic pictures of sea birds, taken in their unsuspecting midst.

"But what patience! What ungodly patience!" muttered Sturgis, aghast.

The resignation of the Oriental was manifested in the mind which could be content to station itself for so many blazing hours between sea and shore on so small a chance of action. Sturgis suggested that he must be under pay, in the service of some university perhaps—in short, a man making a virtue of necessity.

At least he never complained, but whether he secured photographs we were unable to determine. He was not a fraternizing man.

So matters stood until perhaps the fourth or fifth day of his stay in Silver Glade, when, in the course of a single afternoon, the ornithologist acquired another and more sinister character in my eyes. The management had sent to Silver Glade a box of fireworks.

These were to be set off by night from a raft in mid-channel, and I went across the river with a thought of warning the Craigensides to beware of the fall of rocket sticks and to have an eye out for sparks.

As it happened, Jane Craigenside herself met me at the little stone pier. As she took the painter from my hand I felt her fingers for an instant cold against mine. Her eye had never seemed blacker; it had gathered and concentrated rays of uncertain meaning. Her hair, braided in a blue-black coronal, gave a fine distinctness to the whole outline of the head. Her effect of melancholy was heightened usually by wistful upward curves of the lips, but to-day they were pressed tight.

She listened to what I had to say about the fireworks, nodded once or twice, and then with an uneasy gesture added:

"Won't you come up to the house? I want you to know my Uncle Ruel."

We went up the tiptilted old flags together. The late sun poured a deep, warm light through the pines across the river. In a moment the six wooden dragons became visible. Crouching with mouths wide open and weather-beaten wings outstretched, they were like guardians of some mythical treasure house. They gave a fantastically hostile air to that gaunt dwelling.

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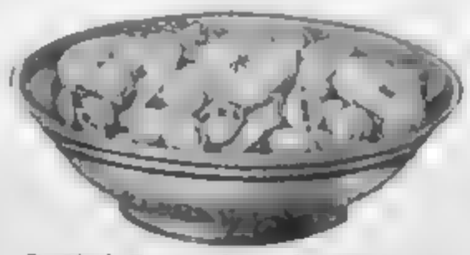

Puffed Grains Mixed with Fruit

What happened was this: Inside each food cell a trifle of moisture was changed to steam. When the guns were shot, a hundred million explosions occurred inside each kernel.

Every food cell was blasted, so digestion could act. Thus every element was made available, and every atom fed.

And the grains were made into food confections, flaky, toasted, airy, crisp. So these hygienic foods became the most delightful foods you know.

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and Corn Puffs

Each 15c Except in Far West

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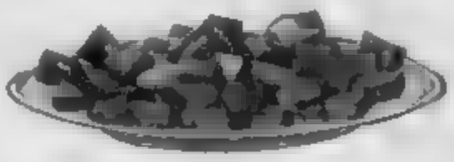
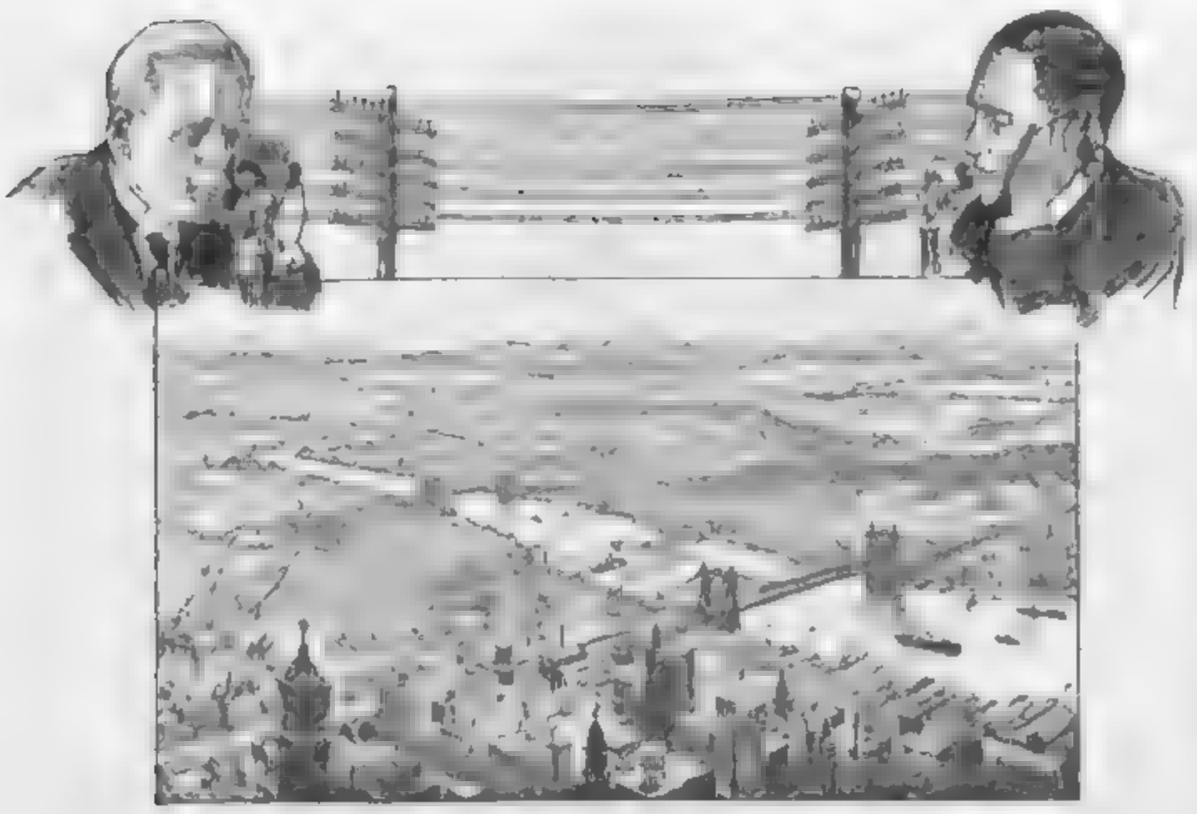


As Confections

The Quaker Oats Company

SOLE MAKERS

(1500)



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The portico was strewn with round reed mats and tumbled magazines and at the far end of it sat old Mercy Cobb asleep in a horsehair chair, the beak of the albatross peeping out of her lap. Her little black figure was strangely relieved against the dunes, now flushed deep crimson.

"He is on the bridge, I guess," the girl said, pausing on the threshold. This bridge had been placed on the roof of the house over the pediment.

The old lady woke up and said tartly, "Where's the wind," staring straight at me.

I began to explain to her that I never took notice of the wind, when the girl at my side suddenly seized my wrist in her hand and whispered: "What is that thing? Have you any idea?"

She had seen the ornithologist in his bag.

He, of course, was quite invisible; but he had come much closer to the house than was his wont. Indeed, he had settled down on a ridge of sand not two hundred yards from the stone wall which marked the western limit of the Craigenside terraces.

This wall, as I have said, had broken down in one place and I could very easily see that corpulent brown cylinder which concealed my fat friend rising from a tangle of sea goldenrod.

"What is it?" the girl repeated sharply.

"The ornithologist," I laughed. "Is he a bear to bite you?"

I looked at her narrowly. It struck me as odd that this device, so easily explained, should upset a woman whom I could not believe to be nervous or fanciful.

"The ornithologist. Whom do you mean? Why is he here?"

I explained briefly the nature of the apparatus which Mr. James Smith had invented for stealing into the midst of black heron.

"You see, he is a very patient man," I added.

"'Patient' is not the word for it," she answered in lower tones.

She shook her head impatiently, as if to throw off the weight of some childish oppression which had overborne her.

"Let us find my uncle," she said.

We passed in together.

The hall ran from porch to porch. Its walls were hung with musty Eastern fabrics, displaying in black against a yellow ground a pattern of sedate mandarins and writhing dragons. Nested in the stiff folds were foreign arms and armor. I noted particularly a dagger curiously sheathed in ivory. High on the wall hung a stiff portrait of an old lady with a black mustache.

The hall had the invincible odor of must which hangs about old houses; but the smell of the fireplace at the north end was sweet and the faded reds in the carpet had a comfortable look of use and occupation. On the staircase wall hung three speckled canvases of square-rigged ships. It was a house of seamen.

I followed Jane Craigenside to the top of the house and into an unfinished attic. Hand-wrought nails protruded through the boards of the roof; the anvil on which they had been pounded out was capsized in one corner, and in a long line under the eaves stood the sea chests of those master mariners. These chests, blue in color, iron or brass bound, were equipped with rusty padlocks and with white painted rope handles linked together by very ancient cobwebs. One of the chests lay open, and a mass of blue log books was visible therein.

"There you may read the secret history of the Craigensides," said the girl half jestingly.

I heard the scrape of a foot over my head. My eye fell on a flight of worn steps leading out of the attic.

"There he paces back and forth half the day sometimes," said the girl in a low voice. "Come."

She led me out upon the iron bridge, a structure perhaps thirty feet long, which straddled the peak of the roof. Here I found Captain Craigenside in a white shirt turned away at the throat, blue overalls and sennit slippers. He was a tall man, strongly made and wearing a black square beard. He had the fist of the Craigensides.

"This is Mr. Weymouth, of Silver Glade, uncle," said the girl.

The look that passed between them seemed to betoken on her part some secret pleading, on his a stern denial.

"What do you think of the wind, sir?" he said in a deep voice. "Is it backening in, or will it haul round to the south with the sun?"

"I never can tell you how the wind is blowing," I said for the second time that afternoon.

"You never had to sniff it out, I take it."

"Never."

"You're a lucky man, then," he returned gloomily, but there was a trace of contempt in his voice. To a seaman it is strange that a man can live with the winds all his days and yet not know one from another. Winds are the great factors in his life; they are invisible, and yet he is cheek by jowl with them always, and so it comes, perhaps, that he has so great a trust in the operation of unseen powers and in all manner of devilries that pass his comprehension and muster themselves out of the range of his vision. Hence also his willingness to lend a zestful ear to the follies of superstition.

I do not know if this fully explains the strange credibility which hurled Craigenside to his untimely end—the influence of that accursed jade may have had a deeper spring; and yet it was the invisibility of its devil's power which first had brought him to his knees, as I learned later.

He turned his face seaward again. The aspect of the sea was calm, the horizon like the edge of a metal disk tilted up from the dunes. A thin streak of smoke lay on the skyline. A warm green was on the land side, and the placid river reflected long, sharp clouds like daggers plunged in blood or dripping fire. To the south there was a good view of those jagged cliffs which began where the dunes ended.

The girl's eye sought the unsightly bag in which the ornithologist was lodged. The fellow was on the very edge of the inmost dune now—in fact, had come surprisingly close to the broken line of the stone wall, considering the business he had in hand.

"Uncle Ruel," she said, "Mr. Weymouth has explained the mystery. There is a man in that bag studying birds."

Craigenside's head came round sharply and his eyes were fixed on the bag.

They held a fierce light, as of an emotion hovering between fear and black defiance. And then even this expression left his face. His jaw sagged; he stared in a stony-eyed trance, and a series of bright flashes came from the bag, at a point near the middle of it. The ornithologist was evidently turning the lens of his camera. The behavior of the burly skipper was certainly strange, and a sense of something unnatural in his position began to steal over me.

"He must have got his eye on something," I tried to say lightly.

Craigenside was as still as if his soul had left his body, and the girl uttered a long, nervous sigh.

Meantime, the shadow of the bag had lengthened by imperceptible degrees across the sand. The thing was motionless; it began to seem hideous and fateful. I thought of the jellylike, hairless being crouching there, and how his pale eye had glinted under the infernal double lid.

I remember saying, "He is probably sent here from some university," when suddenly the intermitted flashing of the lens ceased, the bag upreared, slackened, bellied out and began to crawl toward the sea beach, swaying from side to side like a bloated spider.

Craigenside muttered in his beard: "The bird catcher! He smears his lime!"

VI

YOU may believe the ornithologist was a figure to intrigue me after that. Was his ornithology a pretext, and was his bag a sort of ambush? Why should he stalk that house in company with those gulls of ominous prophecy? It seemed a method too absurd to admit of sinister interpretation, yet why should Ruel Craigenside stand with a slack jaw and glazed eyes at the mere flashing of a lens? And what had been that urgent something in the girl's eye at the moment of my introduction to her uncle?

Mr. James Smith himself did not enlighten me on these points. His talk was chiefly of bird photography, and of the enormous difficulties there were in the way of getting characteristic domestic scenes. He might wait for hours, he said, only to have the picture dispersed by the shriek of a gull or a slight rising in the wind.

How could I suspect him of improper motives? This novel avocation could not be less than genuine. One day he came toward us chuckling and holding gingerly in his fat thumbs a negative he had just developed. He had caught a cloud of angry sea gulls on the wing, chasing a cat which had broken in upon their nests and eaten the eggs.

Witnessing the flight of the unfortunate cat under those harpy wings, I recalled the girl's suggestion that these gulls were possibly the reincarnation of the Craigensides,

(Continued on Page 85)

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(Continued from Page 82)

a race of men now doomed to wrangle among themselves eternally, wheeling and tossing along that forlorn coast and fishing for a living in the very shadow of their earthly tenement. It was a metamorphosis of Oriental imagining.

I began to haunt the house of the Craigensides more devotedly than ever. One afternoon I found its terraces deserted. The great blistered front door stood half open and the sun flashed on that brazen body of a mermaid rising from foam which constituted a knocker. The dragons stood with yawning mouths. In the still peace of late afternoon I felt more deeply than before the something dark and fateful which seemed to cling to every corner of that lonely place. It had woven a shroud of its own traditions; it faced the sea like a hooded menace. In the midst of that immense loneliness of sea and shore it had power to affright and concealed lurking horrors within its cavernous and musty depths.

How was it that this haunting suggestion of terror became so invincibly linked in my mind with the house and fortunes of the Craigensides? Was it the voice of the sea, interpreting to me what was austere in the fated lives of all those seamen whose chests I had seen ranged under the eaves? Was it the look of wild beauty which the turf terraces had, their long grasses bending and shimmering in the sea breeze, conveying to me the sense of a structure which perhaps had outworn even Destiny's patience? I cannot say. But something devilish was there, something formidable; avenging shades trooping in the train of that strange old woman, perhaps.

As I sat musing, my legs sprawled on the warm stone flags, I heard the tap of her cane as she came toward me feebly. Her black eyes burned on me. It was always her right foot that she put forward, and so the suggestion in her shuffling gait was of a person moving in utter darkness, and fearful of bringing up somehow with a round turn. Yet there was no suggestion of blindness or even dimness in the sharp eyes which she fixed upon me mistrustfully. She looked, poor old lady, more than ever like a shrunken black beetle in its shining case.

She crossed her hands over the worn pink bill of an albatross which constituted the head of her cane. The sun had caused her eyes to water and an amazing net of fine wrinkles to be cast suddenly athwart her haglike face.

"How is Captain Craigenside?" I said.

"As well as a body can expect," replied the Tartar.

"He seemed a little out of tune when I was here before," I ventured.

"Ha! Laughing on the wrong side of his face, I guess you mean?"

"It seemed to me that he had certain—apprehensions, shall we call them?"

"Ah, the world is full of those," said the old lady, opening and shutting her lips several times as if she were tasting something bitter. "I've been chased by blue devils since I was knee high to a grasshopper, and many times I've wished the streets were built crooked here, as they are in China, so that I could dodge out of the way of them."

"The blue devils, yes," I said. "But such devils are aimless—mere premonitions or foreshadowings. A sea dog, such as Captain Craigenside, can't be thought to have them."

Mercy Cobb came close to me.

"Young man," she croaked, "I read you like a book of print. But you want to know more than will be good for you."

"Such words can have no meaning to an officer of the law," I said sharply. "Some form of peril lurks about this house."

"If there is," she said, tapping with the cane at each word, "it is not what mortal hand can turn away."

"How shall I judge that?"

"By taking the word of an old lady for it, my dear."

I muttered that I was a policeman, and as such sworn to keep my eye on all unlawful doings.

"There are no unlawful doings round about this house," she answered harshly, and with those words the hidden Tartar stood boldly in her black eye.

"Then why this atmosphere of dread, this furtiveness?" I cried in a low tone. "Do you mean to tell me that that man in there is not afraid of something? Because if you do, you tell me what I know is false by the testimony of my own eyes."

"It's the truth, something has come over him," said Mercy, sinking back. "He was never the man his father was, no more than chalk is like cheese; but now he's not even the man he was. He isn't in a fit humor to be seen any hour of the twenty-four."

"He is afraid of the man who sits out there on the dunes under a burlap bag," I sharply returned.

She thrust her chin out over the handle of her cane and presently muttered:

"Have it your own way! Have it your own way! I'm an old body and one of these nights I'll be going out with the ebb, for that's the way with old folks hereabout, young man. They go out with the tide. Yes, yes, it drains their lives away."

Her voice died, the lids drooped over her sharp eyes. Immediately she reopened them, and said:

"I hope you may never see what these old eyes have seen. No, no!"

She sighed, clucked her tongue, and the skin under her throat drew up in folds.

"Is there nothing you can say to me?" I urged.

"The heart's its own secret," she whispered mournfully. "So we say, we old women. Why should you come prying here into this moldy house? Go away, young man, before it lays a finger on you."

There came from the depths of the hall a sort of hiss, followed by four jangling strokes of a bell. I heard old Mercy's finger nails screech on the table top between us.

"There's part of his misery at any rate," she said. "Is it a pleasant thing for a man to live in the company of his own coffin? For it's fallen to him since Amos died abroad and was leaded up for transportation."

"Then why not throw the thing away?"

Mercy Cobb smiled a ghastly smile and put out a hand to me.

"Help me up. Oh, dear, my shoes are pints and my feet are quarts since this rheumatism came on me. Here, this way. Let me get my foot over the sill."

She stood in front of Time and Eternity, and bending forward swung open the dark lid.

Peering within, I saw the rusty pendulum swing back and forth, and behind this was a wooden shelf on which had been built a little cage of five or six vertical wooden slats. Within this cage I saw, as if held in captivity, a little pug-nosed idol of green jade. The thing was not over twelve inches high. It showed the usual precise Oriental workmanship, and the eyes in a certain light emitted a curious green flare from the depths of shadowy sockets.

Before I had more than glimpsed it the old lady whipped to the lid again, hearing a heavy footstep overhead.

"He's the last to come under the curse," she whispered; "and what form the thing will take he doesn't know."

"Perhaps the ghost of Amos walks to make that clear to him," I said musingly.

"What's that?" cried the Tartar, pouncing on me with the savage certainty of a fishhawk. "The ghost of Amos?"

"Yes. Tracks of his six toes have been seen recently, I understand."

At this intelligence the countenance of the old lady was hideously transfigured.

"A track!" she gasped feebly. "With six toes? Where?"

"In the sand leading from the tomb."

"Ruel, come here," breathed Mercy Cobb, staring at Craigenside, who came toward us sullenly. Her eyes flared strangely, and the jaws of the albatross clicked against the black beadwork of her dress as the cane twirled idly in her nerveless hands.

"A six-toed track, you say?" Craigenside repeated stupidly.

"Idle talk, no doubt," I answered. "You know Dave Crooker's reputation. This is how legends take their rise."

"This is how devils heat their irons," said Craigenside huskily, and supported the old lady, half fainting, into the house.

VII

SILVER GLADE lay directly across the river from the Craigenside estate. It was an amusement park, owned and operated by a trolley company which ran between the two towns of Dockport and Hanbury.

The Glade was the device of a new management to increase summer travel on the line. Here on pleasant nights hundreds, in the typical mood of the pleasure seeker, thronged to bowl in its warped alleys, sail in its blistered little rowboats, sit in its creaking swings, and eat its execrable shore dinners, while children paddled in the water with red and blue tin pails, and snatched at rings in the mad whirl of the merry-go-round, gripping the necks of varnished tigers and world-worn lions with melancholy eyes.

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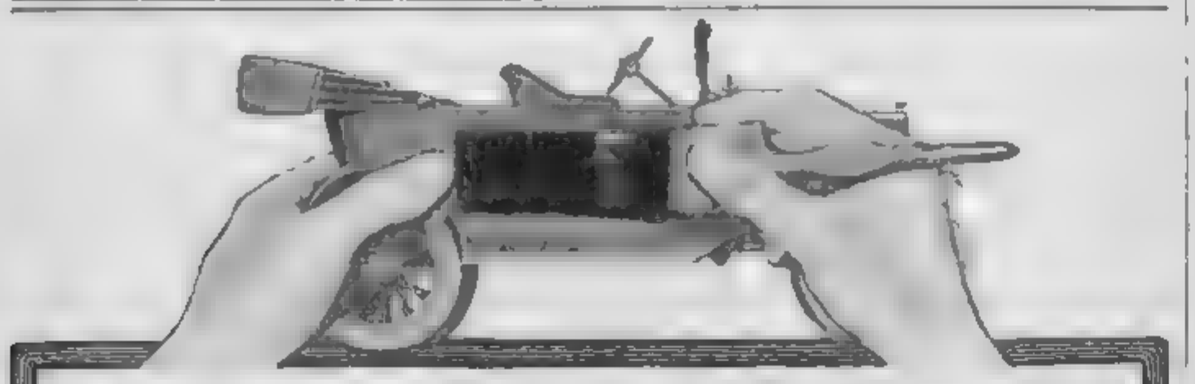

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The Glade was made up largely of chafed and shopworn pines. These were situated on a side hill, and this hill on its river side furnished the right slant for the auditorium of an open-air theater. This theater was inclosed by a high board fence, and served as a kind of left ventricle in the general scheme for circulating patrons through the Glade. At the hour of eight o'clock everybody in the Glade began to drift through the gate in the fence, to sit, wrapt or clamorous, until the hour of eleven, when they poured out through side entrances, rosy and rejuvenated, and were reabsorbed by the power of capillary attraction which the minor concessions of the Glade possessed.

There was that week an attenuated musical comedy on the boards, and the members of the company had formed a habit of coming down fantastically wrapped in sheets to go swimming in the early morning hours.

On the night following my strange session with old Mercy, roused by gleeful shouts I came out of my room at the extreme end of the bathhouse and strolled down to the water's edge. My attention was deflected from the bathers by the sudden appearance of Doctor Starr and Sturgis out of the shadow of the canoe shed.

"Mercy Cobb has taken to her bed at last," said the doctor. "A very queer old lady, beguiled and fooled too long. And not long for this world now, I am afraid."

"It is a curious notion of hers that she will go with the tide," I remarked.

"Did ever you know it to fail?" replied the doctor.

He explained in his high tones that the withdrawing tide took on its bosom some of the electricity in the air, so that the vitality even of healthy people was lowest at the ebb; and what wonder then if the sick gave up the ghost!

"The sea has been her life," he went on, "above and beyond all this. I don't know how many years she went as stewardess, all because she had the trick of embalming. I know for a fact that Amos Craigenside had a horror of being thrown to the fishes in those hot oceans."

"It is good, clean burial," said Sturgis slowly.

"Young man," replied the doctor, "the longer you live the clearer you will see that good, clean burial is not enough. Locality comes in. One man will want burial under a tree, and another on a hill. Old Amos wanted to lie beneath those dunes."

He lowered his voice:

"It was said of him that he had sold himself to foreign devils. I've heard it said that he bowed down to an idol near the close of his life. Did ever you hear those women speak of an infernal little god, no bigger than the length of a man's arm?"

"I have seen it myself. It is in the tall clock, Time and Eternity."

Doctor Starr shrugged his shoulders.

"There's stranger things happened in that house than worshiping false gods," he vouchsafed us. He showed his teeth. "Maybe he's paying for it now by being driven out of his tomb. Well, the old Tartar did her best for him in his days of nature. And yet he wasn't grateful, and on his last voyage he had no mind to take her at all, but she rowed out to the ship in spite of him, and wasn't to be denied."

Doctor Starr and Sturgis went on up the hill.

Alone again, I returned my eye to that interesting raft, when an object nearer at hand engaged my attention. The theater stage was built at the river's very edge, to give all the room possible for seating capacity. In consequence the dressing rooms behind the stage overhung the water and were founded on long piles. What I had suddenly seen was my ornithologist sculling out from between two of these piles in one of the smaller boats.

"How the tide runs here!" said Mr. James Smith as soon as he could bring his boat to the bank. "I was swept under there in a twinkling."

"Yes, it must be swift," I said, "to bear its burden of lost souls."

His eye flashed into mine.

"How do you mean?" he said.

"I mean that old ladies have a habit of dying at ebb tide," I replied.

"Ah, you are a cryptic young man," said Mr. James Smith; and immediately, with a movement of his thumb toward the dressing rooms, he added composedly: "This is a curious structure."

I explained the reason for it. He nodded, and with a vague movement toward those shapes of sin indicated on the moonlit raft, he continued:

"So much the easier to gratify a suicidal impulse after a bad performance." I laughed, and Mr. James Smith at once said: "I speak professionally. Photography is my hobby; in daily life I am an exponent of the high art of vaudeville."

"May I ask what is your act?"

"Certainly. It is called Man or Mechanism. However, I will not explain it, because I am very shortly scheduled to transfer it to this circuit, and you will then have a chance to see for yourself."

We began to walk together toward the hotel, and I asked him how he had fared in the matter of black heron. He smiled and said:

"No luck as yet. But I shall get them Patience! Patience!"

"You must know the dunes pretty well by now," I said, struck by a certain thought. "But you have not met with the ghost of Craigenside, I suppose?"

He smiled amiably.

"What form would it take?"

"It leaves a track in the sand—a track with six toes," I returned lightly.

Not one feature of that Oriental mask moved; but I remember to this day the mysterious rush of wind among the black pines, the devil's dance on the raft, and then the sudden pausing of that man as if a hand had been laid upon his shoulder.

"I shall have to keep my eye out for this ghost," he said calmly. "They say photography will detect invisibilities."

He passed into the hotel.

Sturgis and I roomed together in the end of the bathhouse nearest the river. That night when he came in he turned and stared long and hard at the ship in mid-channel. A ship at anchor is a wonderful and portly personage, with mystery scored on her dumb sides and romance in every seam. The Asphodel was doubly mysterious by reason of the situation of her skipper.

"Are you awake, Dal?" asked Sturgis.

"Yes."

"I have just been talking with the watchman of that ship. He tells me a strange thing. Craigenside is ratty in one particular at least—he hears bells."

"Bells?"

"Yes, tingling over his head or under his feet, but, bless you! not heard by anybody else."

"I give him up," I murmured, half asleep. "Or better, refer him to Mr. James Smith."

But in the morning Mr. James Smith was gone.

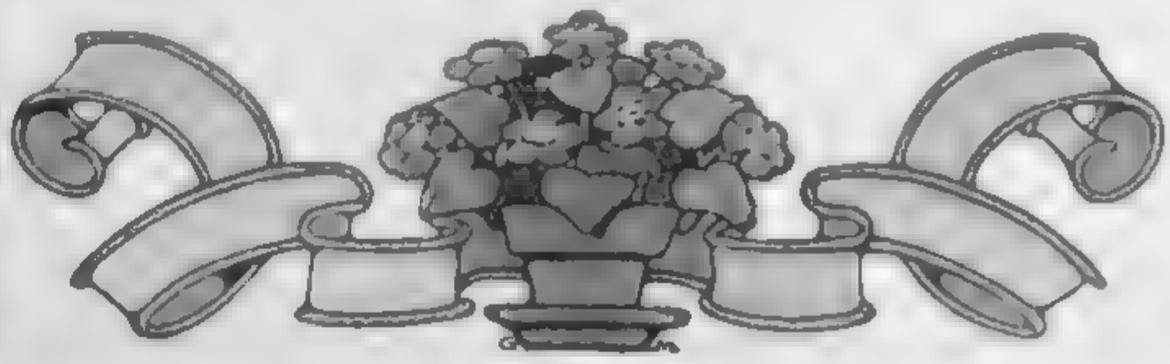
(TO BE CONTINUED)

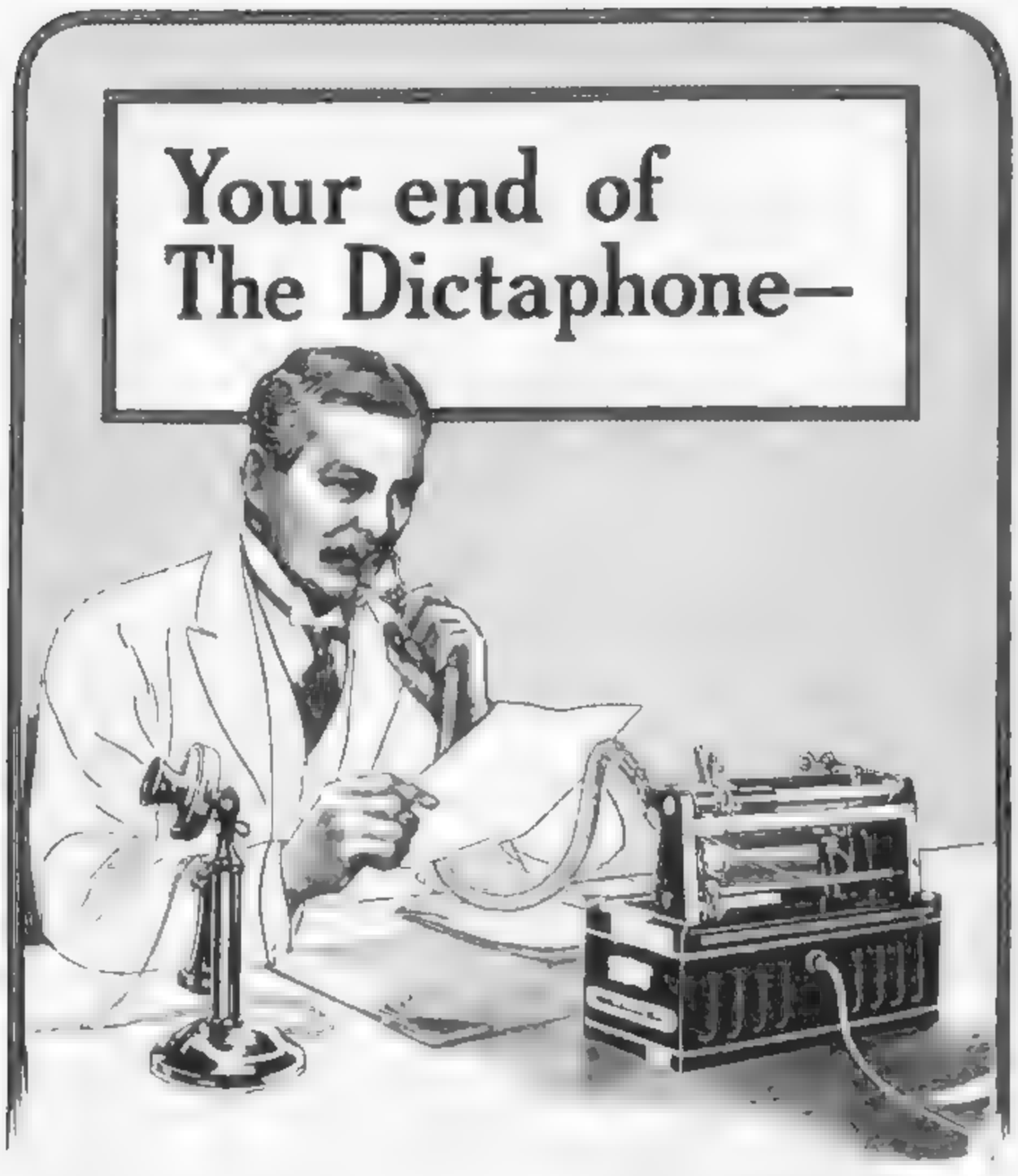
A Spilt Yuletide

COPELAND TOWNSEND, who owns a hotel in New York, used to live in a small town out in Wisconsin. One of the official characters of the town was an aged negro, chiefly noted for his brevity of speech and his love of alcoholic compounds.

One twenty-fourth of December, at a late hour in the evening, the old darky was carrying home a quart bottle under his arm. He stumbled, and the flask slipped out of the protecting crotch of his elbow and hit the earth, with a crash of splintering glass. The owner contemplated the ruin, meantime snuffing the freed odor of cheap gin.

"Umph!" he said, wagging his head disconsolately. "C'rismus done come and gone already!"





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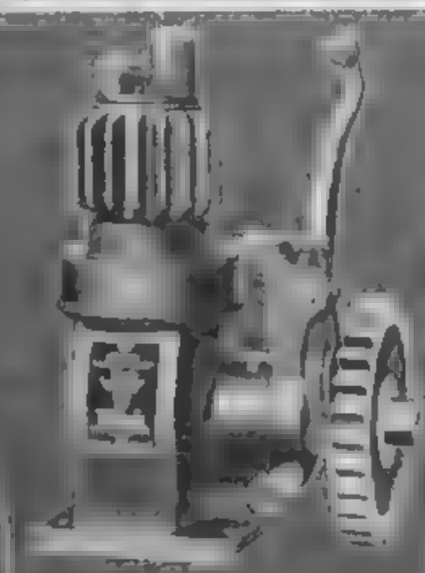

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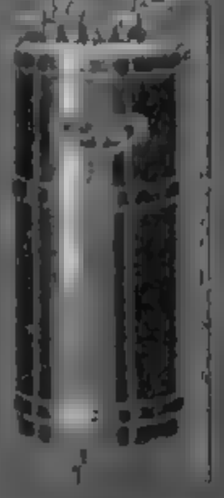

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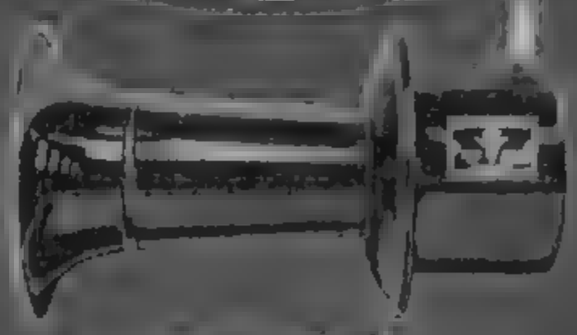

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THE MAIN-CHANCE LADY

(Continued from Page 11)

a much nicer and more cheerful person if I had money—and I am! She did not tell me then—in fact, not until after our marriage did she tell me—of the schemes and devices she had employed to gain the entrée she then had; but she was very certain that, together, we could not only be happy but become rich.

"I spoke of my lack of money; she replied that it did not matter; and that, to prove her confidence in our joint future, she would liquidate the few thousand dollars which gave her her tiny income and gamble it upon what we should mutually accomplish. Why, Cliff, she told me then and there that she'd have the game going in under two years!

"Well, I said I'd think it over; that I didn't like the idea of her risking everything she had, or the idea of benefiting by her atom of prosperity. At which she laughed and told me that her whole suggestion did not rest on sentiment but on business, in which risks were inherent and sentiment did not count; and that if I went into the arrangement she had proposed it would be the first really businesslike thing I had ever done. And so it went. You know the result. I braved criticism and we were married.

"No need to tell you about the little house we got or the way in which we began. Before we had settled, Madge had cashed in her property and had enough money, so that, with what I had, we were insured a couple of years of fairly good living, including a certain amount of entertaining.

"More important, though, she had her plan. You've probably surmised already that the town of Prothero was her conception. She saw lots of advantages in it—a new prestige for the name Prothero, but, most particularly, wealth. The weakness, however, in the scheme was, after all, I suppose, I. Anyhow, she realized—and so did I—that a suburban development, with me as its head, wasn't going to attract capital swiftly and automatically. It was a matter of forcing it in. And, so long as memory lasts, I shan't forget Madge's skill in accomplishing that.

"Naturally she began by having me secure a list of the big, solid fortunes in Grantsburg. I got it; there were about ten names, and I recall how one evening we sat down together and she pried and prodded at every name. I had calculated—and at the time I was certain that I was right and safe in my figures—that about a quarter of a million dollars was necessary with which to start. Madge said five men for fifty thousand each. She hit upon that sum because she believed it was enough, so that no one, once in, should drop out too readily, and yet wasn't so large as to frighten off any really rich man. Anyhow, we selected five names out of the ten. They were David Colfax, or Mabel, who actually had the money; old Major Stone; Phillip Hoyt; Axtel Wrenn; and this boy, Emmett.

"'Fifty thousand apiece from each of them,' declared Madge; and I remember the little jerk she gave to her head. 'That's my job for the next two years.'

"And it was! All five eventually came in; Madge never missed fire once, and upon the day, about eighteen months later, when I got those men together for the final say-so there wasn't one of them who didn't have some excellent private reason for not wishing to back out. Every one of those reasons had been carefully created in advance. Oh, she did a stunning job!

"Take the Colfaxes: They were easy. A great principle with Madge is always to nurse your assets. Her friendship with Mabel had steadily grown. Not only had Madge not abandoned interest in the boys' club but she had done myriad other things to tighten her relations with the lady who had a good many hundreds of thousands in her own name—Christmas gifts, week-end excursions together, parties for the Colfax children, oceans of flattery—and much more. When David Colfax, acting for his wife, sat in at our little meeting it's certain Mabel had said to him beforehand that she should dread any coolness to come up between her and Madge.

"Axtel Wrenn was a proposition of a different sort. With him there was a tacit but none the less actual bargain. You see, Wrenn had been piling up money in the brokerage business hand over fist, and with his money had come an ambition to be in with the 'swells,' as I have heard he used to term the Hill crowd. No one had ever exactly wanted to know Wrenn, with his clublike mustache and air of brutal commercialism; but he wasn't altogether impossible. Madge perceived in the situation that for which she always searches first—the elements of a trade, of a business deal; she'd have him at her table, introduce him, give him every chance to make his way if he'd stand ready to deliver a *quid pro quo* when she gave the word.

"Of course they didn't throw the thing out in the open between them; but when two clear-visioned, thoroughgoing mercenaries like Axtel Wrenn and Madge look each other in the eye, each knows the other for what the other is, and they could buy and sell a continent merely by discussing an invitation to dinner. Words with such folks are futile; when Wrenn found himself being included among Madge's guests he knew that an hour for payment would inevitably come. And so, she having pronounced upon him the social benediction she had become able to pronounce, he became in due course a backer of the town of Prothero.

"The case of old Major Stone was odd. It was an example of Madge's everlasting genius—the genius I believe all the real getters of the world have—for catching up the unconsidered trifle and turning it to account; for being aware of value and opportunity where others are not. Why, Madge is the sort who, if she had a sore throat, could make money out of it! Anyhow, she saw a possible fifty thousand dollars for the town of Prothero in that miserable son of the major.

"You remember—he was a drug fiend, and though his father continued to support him, he was steadily sinking lower, and was stalking about town, lean and emaciated as a question mark and a veritable outcast, when she took hold of him. The poor weakling adored her because she was the first decent woman in years to treat him as if he were not loathsome.

"Maybe you've heard how she walked him until he staggered, danced with him in our house until he almost dropped, stung his dead pride until he almost wept. That was how she cured him; and a day came when the old major stood in our tiny hall, tears streaming down his cheeks, his hands shaking on Madge's shoulders, as he tried to thank her. Did the major turn down the suburban land scheme? Not much!

"Young Tom Emmett? Well, Madge had long observed that Tom was susceptible—yes, very susceptible. First, it was one lovely lady and then another; and he was always letting his newest enthusiasm run away with him. A weakness, you see—and weakness in one person always spells opportunity for another. Like the minx she is, she bided her time; and then, a month or so before the launching of the idea for the town, she furbished up every instrument of lure she had.

"Oh, yes, she told me; I didn't care—I knew Madge. Anyhow, Tom Emmett was dwelling upon the heights of madness when he joined the final session of the backers. He still is; Madge says you never can tell what's going to turn up.

"Now that leaves the Hoyts; and the reason Hoyt, for all his canniness, did not fail us was because Madge is thrifty with everything she has. For example, she had made Mabel Colfax her own personal intimate; she and Mabel did the woman things together; it was a friendship between two women. But there was another kind of friendship that could be employed—the kind that married folks have between them as married folks—family friendships; and Madge made our relations with the Hoyts distinctly that.

"We and the Hoyts were constantly doing things as married pairs, while Madge and Mabel were constantly doing things as two friends. To Madge it would have been pure waste to have made the Colfaxes our family friends; and, because she had manipulated the Hoyts and not the Colfaxes into that particular relation, Hoyt, when the check-signing moment came, would have found it awkward and embarrassing to stay his hand.

"Anyhow, that's the story; and those five men, with five big fat fortunes behind them, all found themselves in positions where each one felt he couldn't exactly throw the Protheros down. Of course you must remember that the scheme was really

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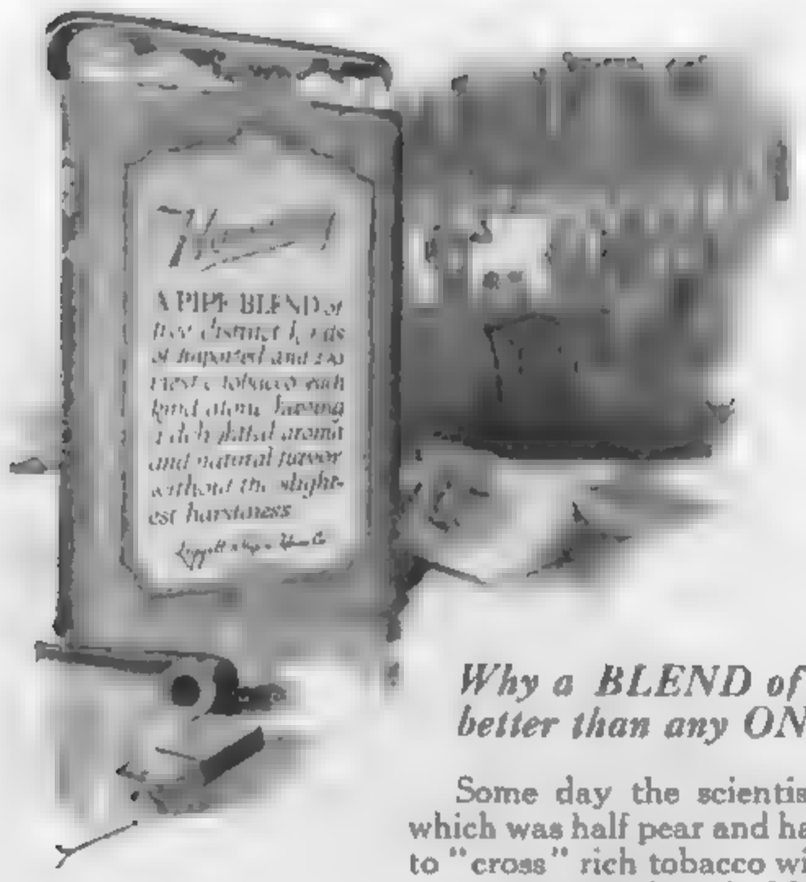

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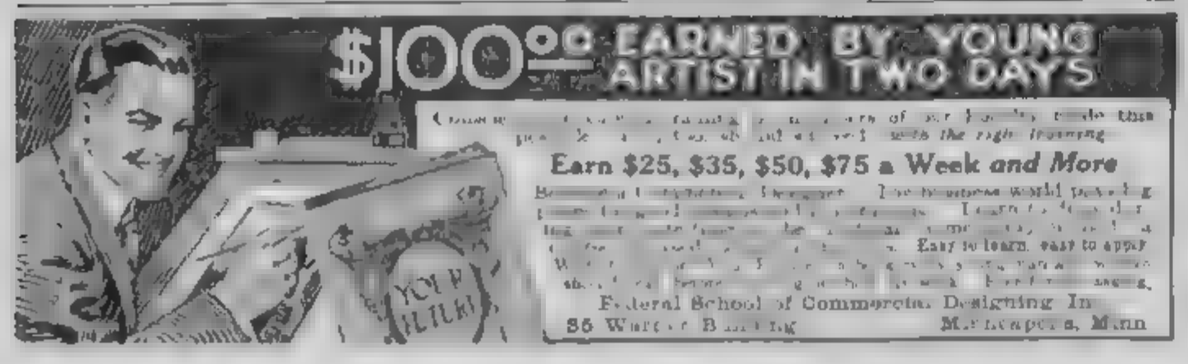
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a good scheme; it was a matter of stretching a point for me or for Madge, as you choose to look at it. But creating and finding reasons why others should stretch points for you is about half the art of making bricks when you haven't got straw.

"Ah, well—now let me see. They gave me a substantial salary and we moved into a larger house. We were very comfortably fixed now, and for a little while Madge hadn't very much on her mind. Nevertheless, she kept up her interests and her friendships, and in scores of ways cultivated what she's always termed her assets. She had become a good deal of a personage by now and enjoyed being one. She never paid attention to the work out at Prothero, where we had broken ground and had begun laying out streets and sewerage systems, and so on, except to ask how it was moving. It was not till nearly two years more had gone by that she got into action again.

"I hardly know how to begin telling you the end of this yarn. Very likely you remember some of the circumstances—how the town of Prothero was very nearly on the verge of smash when, as luck would have it, we happened to be entertaining the governor of the state, Ernest Holt, and his wife, at a dinner at which the other guests were, naturally enough, the most prosperous men in town, and also the backers of the town of Prothero.

"The eyes of the state, you may recall, were more or less upon the Hill at that particular time. It has often been said that, for me, it was a happy coincidence that the governor should have come to us just when he did, because his visit made it well-nigh impossible for my friends to let me down just then. They were almost as much in the limelight as Madge and myself; and, had there been an ugly smash, they would have been bespattered by the awkward situation almost as much as we should have been. That was another case of Prothero luck.

"Now I'll tell you about it. It was way back at the end of the preceding summer. Everything had been costing more than I had figured it would, and the original money was not going so far as I had calculated. Finally, when it came to constructing a big retaining wall at the far side of the town, I cut down expenses as much as I dared. The wall wasn't what it should have been; there was a chance—a remote one, to be sure, but a chance—that it wasn't stout enough.

"Neither the engineer nor I was precisely worried, but we were not altogether satisfied. However, we knew that if it held through the freshets of the next spring all would be well. If it did not hold, and it was necessary to build a new wall, either more capital would have to come into the enterprise or there would never be any town of Prothero, and the Prothero Development Company would become a busted concern.

"The matter was enough on my mind for me to mention it casually to Madge. At my first words she was on the alert. I tried to assure and reassure her that there was no real cause for concern. She kept pinning me down and finally I admitted there was, say, one chance in a hundred that a catastrophe might occur. That was enough for Madge, and within a week she was on the move. But what possible connection her new activities could have to my retaining wall was far beyond me.

"That was the year for the election of the governor of the state and Madge had gone to the headquarters of Ernest Holt and enrolled herself as a worker. For two months she beat up and down the state trying to align the suffrage vote for her candidate. You remember about that and the speeches she made—good speeches they were too. The Hill roared. Everyone said it was just like Madge—always up to something. I was puzzled; but not a peep could I get out of Madge. She'd only smile at me, or pat me on the head and tell me not to forget the spring freshets. Finally the election came and, as you know, Holt won. As soon as we knew the result Madge said to me:

"'I don't know that I care whether the wall holds or not. Perhaps I'd rather it wouldn't.'

"'Rather it wouldn't!' I cried.

"'Exactly! If the wall breaks and those backers put up more to rebuild it they'll be in so deep that afterward none of them will dare quit. They would then be in a position in which, whether they chose to or not, they'd have to see the scheme through—have to get their money; and in doing that —— Well, we'd be rich!'

"I realized that what Madge said was true, but I asked her how she expected to force the backers to go on.

"She wouldn't tell me. All she did was laugh and say that she had made a new asset against an evil day in her friendship with the governor and his wife. And now let me tell you how she used it:

"Early in March she began going over pretty regularly to the town site. There she would get after the engineers and me to see what the prospects were for the big testing out of our retaining wall. It began to look as if the heavy water flow would come along between the middle and end of the month. Madge was off. Without an explanation she boarded a train and went up to see Mrs. Ernest Holt at the state capital. When she returned she very calmly and smilingly told me that the Holts were to dine with us at a large dinner upon the night of April the first.

"Well, I imagine this brings the story nearly up to date. As, of course, you know, the retaining wall gave way on March eighteenth; on March twenty-ninth, after having whiffled round for several days, the gentlemen composing the directorate and financial backing of the enterprise gave out word that the damage done by the freshets at the suburban development would be promptly repaired, and that much additional capital would be put into the enterprise in order to insure its ultimate success. On April first Madge gave her dinner. Isn't that clear? Don't you see? More Prothero luck!

"Oh, Cliff, the woman's a marvel! In one set of circumstances she'll gamble every last cent she has; in another she'll slave herself to the bone to guard against the smallest contingency. She's superventuresome and she's supercautious—all true materialists are like that. And that's Madge!"

Tony had finished; it was dawn, and I was staring wide-eyed at a funny faintly disheveled little man who, with a red-flushed bald spot, stood above me. A hundred questions were on my lips.

For example, I wanted to ask—but never mind. That very injunction came to me upon the moment: Never mind! Madge was Madge and Tony was a little drunk; and, any way you considered his narrative, an amazing, a grotesque portrait had been etched for me. Why not let it go at that?

I was willing to, but there was one point which, in the perverse hour of sunrise, I could not resist. I had spoken of luck and Tony had snatched me up. But surely, when it came to the matter of getting things, it was luck to have been born with such bloodlessness, such cool calculation, such utter materialism. I said as much.

"Huh!" jeered Tony. "She wasn't born that way—not by a good deal! Something else did that—changed her."

"That—er—first marriage?" I asked guardedly.

Tony only nodded.

We did not move immediately. The thing began to creep over my comprehension—the horrible tragedy of what her life with Moulton must have been. I recalled the mystery she had made of it. I remembered that upon an occasion I had veered near the topic with her.

"Now, Cliff," she had said, "we will not go into that, if you please."

And it had been one of the few moments when I had ever seen her stern. I had concluded then that the Moulton affair was too painful for discussion; and I may add that once or twice I thought I had detected, beneath her light, gay exterior, a subsurface—not precisely of bitterness, but rather of a kind of hardness, which life with a beast of a man might produce. I yawned and got to my feet.

"What was he?" I asked. "A dope fiend or a drunkard—or a crook?"

"Who?" demanded Tony sharply. "Moulton?"

"Yes; what did he do to freeze Madge up so?"

Tony glanced at me in the oddest manner; and then very quietly he said:

"He died."

"Died?"

"Why, certainly!" my cousin almost shouted. "You idiot! Don't you see? She was mad about him—mad. Gave him all the love and warmth and affection she ever had and ever could have had. For nine years they lived clean above the world and filth and money. She gave him her youth and gave him her soul, and they were in Paradise together. Then he died—that's what he did; and her soul died. And Paradise was empty—and she came down. More of Madge's luck? Cliff, you're a fool! Come to bed."

Saves His Company $80,000 a year

How an ambitious man increased his value to a five million dollar corporation

THREE years ago an ambitious young man entered a company as auditor. This company manufactures more than 5,000 separate products, and is the largest in its line.

Many men would have been contented to perform nothing but the many hard duties of that job. He wasn't.

He spent his spare time equipping himself for bigger work.

He went to school again

He learned every phase of business outside his own department. In order to get a broad, sound knowledge of modern business methods, he studied the big principles that underlie all business.

His growth and increased value were recognized by the heads of the five million dollar corporation. He was soon entrusted with greater responsibilities. He put into force many new methods which increased the company's efficiency and its business. One plan of his, changing their branch office policy, saves the company $80,000 a year.

The secret of his rapid rise

This successful man gives a generous measure of credit for his success to the thoro grounding in business principles which he acquired by reading the Modern Business Course and Service of the Alexander Hamilton Institute. On his recommendation many of the progressive men in his company are now taking advantage of this same short cut to business knowledge.

The secret of his rapid rise to place and power was that he learned from the Modern Business Course to solve quickly and correctly the problems every executive must meet.

The important decisions any executive must make *every day* must be backed up by a clear grasp of the why and how of the problem in hand. He must know the principles that underlie every phase of business, and he must know how to apply them practically.

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Do you know why most inexperienced promoters fail in trying to raise money for a new business, and how to avoid their mistakes ?

Do you know what facts to get in order to figure the percentage of its sales that a business can afford to spend for advertising ?

Do you know the vital difference to a business man between "getting a loan" and "discounting his note," and when each is necessary ?

What are the essentials a business man should watch for and satisfy himself on before he signs his name to a business paper ?

Can you answer a letter of complaint so as to satisfy the complainant and yet preserve the firm's prestige ?

Can you analyze the market of a proposition so as to tell accurately whether it will be cheaper to sell direct by mail, or thru usual trade channels ?

By comparison of a series of financial statements, can you tell whether the business is going as it should, and then put your finger on the weakness or strength shown ?

The knowledge that carries men thru

You cannot catalog the answers to these broad questions. Circumstances vary. But the underlying principles always remain the same. It is the knowledge of the *basic principles* that carries men thru to success.

It is this broad grasp of the fundamentals of business that the Alexander Hamilton Institute is giving to more than 50,000 business men today.

The Modern Business Course and Service of the Alexander Hamilton Institute gives you a logical foundation on which to build your future business knowledge and experience. All departments of business are covered and presented to you in interesting, practical form.

Based upon the actual experience of thousands of successful business men

The Institute collects, classifies and transmits to you, thru the Modern Business Course and Service, the best thought and practice in modern business. It will give you a thoro and sound training in the fundamental principles underlying all departments of business. It will give you a knowledge that could otherwise be obtained *only* by years of bitter experience—if at all.

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In the Standard Oil Co., 242 men are enrolled in the Alexander Hamilton Institute; in the U. S. Steel Corporation, 450; in the National Cash Register Co., 194; in the General Electric Co., 282; in the Pennsylvania Railroad, 87; and so on down the list of the biggest concerns in America.

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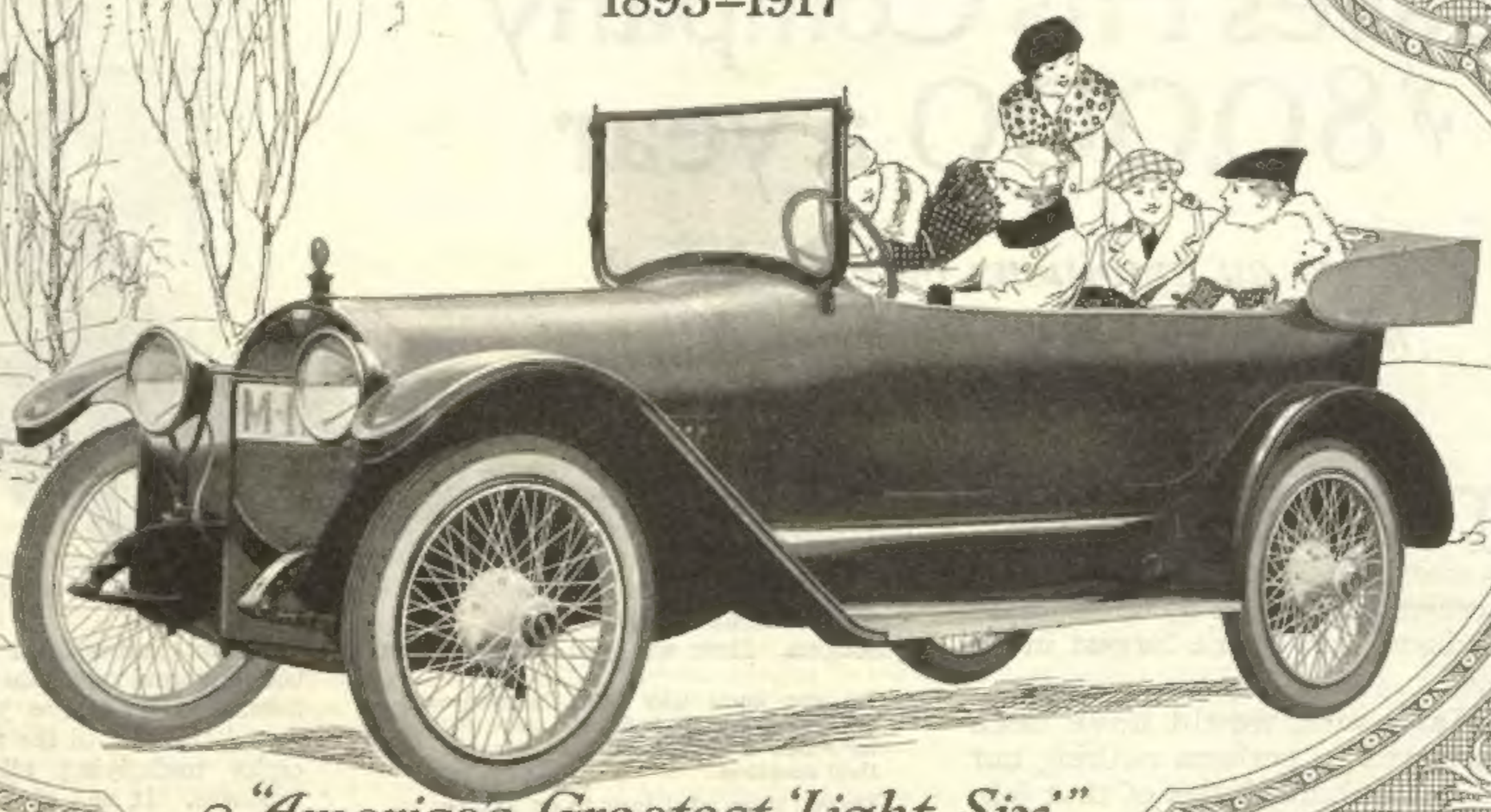

"Americas Greatest 'Light Six'"

HAYNES

"America's Greatest 'Light Twelve'"

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"Light Twelve"
$2095

Greater power—longer life—lower upkeep costs!

8,000 miles on tires. Remarkably high mileages from gas and oil. A mere fraction of a cent per mile for repairs. Everywhere you hear it said "The Haynes is a big, powerful car *but you can afford to run it.*"

A100,000,000 mile "endurance run," by some 15,000 Haynes "Light Six" owners during the past 2¾ years, is made the basis for all statements herein contained. For the 1917 Haynes is akin in *power-plant, weight and principal mechanical structure* to Haynes "Light Sixes" of the last 33 months.

Fifteen thousand owners have found these cars close to mechanical perfection. A few minor structural betterments have been the limit of change. This despite our quarter-century of motor and car building experience.

Thus—in 1917 cars, which we believe, for refinement and modernness of equipment, excel all other new models—are you able to know accurately in advance:

That upkeep will be *extremely low* for years to come. That good performance is *permanent.* That *long life* is a certainty. That depreciation will be *slight.*

The Haynes "Light Six"—the car YOU get with its regular stock gear ratio—will *perform for years* as follows:

Any speed between one and sixty miles per hour *without shifting from high gear.*

***Pick-up* from a stop to thirty miles per hour in 7½ seconds.**

Climb* "low gear" grades on *high.

Develop *more pulling power* at moderate speeds, or through sand, mud and snow, *than any other* 3½ x 5-inch, 6-cylinder motor.

You are virtually given a guarantee of satisfaction, not alone for 1917, but for 1918, 1919, 1920 and on.

"Demonstrations" *prove little.* What "doctored up," specially-geared "stock" cars, nursed along by skilled professionals, can do, *proves nothing.*

But take 15,000 cars. Let 15,000 average everyday motorists run them for 100,000,000 miles. Let them drive over all kinds of roads—in weather fair and foul—for periods up to nearly three years.

There you have a *test.* There you have a *true examination* for endurance. The results of *such* use *mean everything.*

And such is the 100,000,000 mile "endurance run" which assures the *long life* and *permanently low after costs* of each Haynes.

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The Haynes "Light Twelve" for 1917 is a masterpiece of multi-cylinder perfection. Vast power, record speed, marvelous flexibility and lightning pick-up blend with upkeep economy in characteristic Haynes fashion.

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Demand always exceeds the supply of Haynes cars. We advise early action again this year.

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Seven-passenger Touring Car	1725
Closed Cars	
Five-passenger Sedan	$2260
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Wire Wheels Extra. F. O. B. Kokomo

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Catalog of Haynes "Light Six" and "Light Twelve" models—together with name of nearest representative—on request.

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Four-passenger Roadster	2225
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Closed Cars	
Five-passenger Sedan	$2760
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Lemons for Hot Tea

Fashion and *Reason* Both Say
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A cup of hot tea—for rejuvenating warmth—plus a slice of zestful lemon!

Few drinks have more character—few are more dainty—and few are better for you.

"Tea isn't tea without lemons," so they say abroad. And few American housewives who entertain serve tea today without them.

Thus have lemons become fashionable—and in a beneficial way. It is wise—not merely whimsical—to follow a fashion that so improves a food or drink.

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Learn the many ways in which lemons serve to add to the pleasures and lighten the cares of housekeeping. There is no other fruit that compares with lemons when it comes to usefulness.

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Lemons are healthful. Sunkist lemons are juicy, tart and practically seedless. They are mechanically washed until bright and waxy and are sent to your dealer in clean, crisp, tissue wrappers. Sunkist come in several different sizes at the same prices asked for ordinary lemons. Ask to have them delivered in the original wrappers.

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Hands out such go-to-it-again flavor and fragrance and satisfaction without bite or parch that it keeps putting squad after squad of new smokers on the firing line and jams real and true delight into fresh crops of "regulars" day after day!

Make P. A. in the tidy-red-tin your pocket-pal!

PLAY this Prince Albert smoke-tip like a thoroughbred—and, it's tobacco-joy-for-yours on a silver platter! Can't any more stop you having the smoke-sessions of your life with P. A. than you can put thirty days in February!

No matter how long you've been on the trail of tobacco-that-hits-the-spot, *you quit now* while the year's young! For with Prince Albert for a smoke-pal you've landed right, at last! You've hit ore! You've uncorked a mine of quality-smokings that'll keep you pleasure-puf-f-f-f-ing as long as the flowers bloom in springtime!

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Prince Albert lets you drill-mighty-deep into smoke-smiles, it's so friendly and cheery in a jimmy pipe or whicheverway you fire-up! P. A. is your certain-sure-proof of the bang-up-happiness and content that *can come* via tobacco quality! For, Prince Albert hands you *nothing but quality!* We prefer to give you tobacco that smashes all smoke-rules-and-records and lets you take-a-smoke *without a comeback* fast as your smokeappetite shoots in a demand!

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

Prince Albert is to be had everywhere tobacco is sold. Toppy red bags, 5c; tidy red tins, 10c; handsome pound and half-pound tin humidors —and—that clever, practical pound crystal-glass humidor with sponge-moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition.

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